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Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Vol. III.

**LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET**

Bishop Percy's
Folio Manuscript.

Ballads and Romances.

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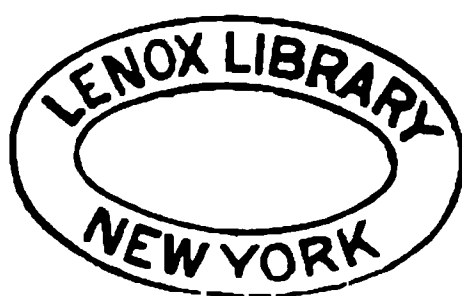
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Vol. III.

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P R E F A C E

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T H E T H I R D V O L U M E .

—♦—

OF this third volume the Historical Ballads are the principal feature. Though the Robin Hood set are continued by *Adam Bell*, and *Younge Cloudeslee*, the Arthur set by *The Carle off Carlile*, the Romances and Romance-poems by *Sir Degree* and *Sir Cawline*, yet the Historical Ballads far outweigh these in number and importance. Starting at *King Edgar*, they take us down through *William the Conquerour*, *The Drowning of Henery the I his Children*, *Edward the Third*, the *Seege of Roune* (1418–19), *Proud where the Spencers*, the *Murthering of Edward the Fourth his Sonnes*, *The Rose of Englande*, *Sir John Butler*, *Bosworth Feilde*, *Ladye Bessiye*, *Sir Andrew Bartton* (1511), the *Wininge of Cales* (1596), *The Spanish Ladies Love*, to *A Prophecy* of James I.'s time, 1620 A.D., written some twenty years before the MS. was copied.

More Songs also appear in this volume than in either of the previous ones, and include the beautiful *Nut-Brown Mayde* (though in a poor text), *Balowe* (in which Mr. Chappell and Dr. Rimbault have helped us), and a spirited hawking song, *A Cauilere*. But the piece of chief merit is undoubtedly the fine alliterative poem in two fitts, now for the first time printed, *Death & Liffe*. The best authority on English alliterative poetry, the

Rev. Walter W. Skeat, has been good enough both to 'introduce' and comment on the poem for us, and also to write us an Essay on Alliterative Metre, which we commend to the study of our readers.

Of the other Introductions, Mr. Hales has written all, except those to *Sir John Butler* (which is by Dr. Robson), *Æneas & Dido* (by Mr. W. Chappell), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *In olde Times paste, Thomas of Potte, The Pore Man & the Kinge, Now the Springe is come, Carle off Carlile, A Cauilere, Sir Andrew Bartton, Kinge Humber, Seege off Roune*. For the slightness of several of the Introductions we hope that our readers will accept the excuse of other pressing engagements, which have kept back the volume since Nov. 11, 1867, when the text was all finished, and the MS. returned to its owners.

We again return thanks to Messrs. Skeat, Dyce and Chappell, to Mr. G. E. Adams (Rouge Dragon), Doctors Robson and Rimbault, and to Mr. Alfred Tennyson for a letter on the origin of the legend of Godiva.

February 29, 1868.

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AN ESSAY ON ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

BY THE REV. W. W. SKEAT

(Editor of "Piers Plowman.")

NOTHING has more tended to obscure the rules and laws of English prosody, than the absurd and mischievously false terminology that has been made use of in discussing it. Whilst it is pretty clear that it is based on quite a different system from the Latin and Greek metres—on an *accentual*, that is, not on a *temporal* system—we have attempted to explain its peculiarities by terms borrowed from the Latin and Greek, such as trochees, dactyls, &c., and we make perpetual use of the words *long* and *short*. The truth is, the whole terminology of English prosody, if it is not to be misleading and fruitful in all kinds of errors, has yet to be invented. Instead of *short* and *long*, I think the terms *soft* and *loud* might be employed with great advantage. Dr. Guest¹ shows clearly enough that “an increase of *loudness* is the only thing *essential* to our English accent,” in opposition to the theory of Mitford, that it consists rather in sharpness of tone, though the two are often found together. Whichever view, however, is the more correct, this at least is certain, that, whereas the words *long* and *short* are almost sure to mislead, the words *loud* and *soft* will by no means do so in an equal degree; and I shall therefore henceforth employ these terms only. I define a *loud* syllable as that whereon an accent falls, a *soft* syllable as an unaccented one. In German, the terms heaving and sinking (*hebung* und *senkung*) have some-

¹ Guest, *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 77.

times been employed to denote this *raising* and *sinking* of the voice.¹

It were much to be wished that we had some genuine English terms to supply the place of the *trochee*, the *iambus*, the *dactyl*, and the *anapæst*. A trochee means a long syllable succeeded by a short one; but an *English* trochee is something quite different, viz., a *loud* syllable followed by a *soft* one, and it may even happen that the loud syllable is as rapid as the other, as for instance in the words *Egypt* or *impact*, which have so puzzled some writers, that they have, in despair, named them *spondees*! Were it allowable to give new names, they should be given on the principle of representing the things meant by help of the accents on the very *names* themselves. Thus a loud syllable followed by a soft one might be called (not a trochee, but) a *Tonic*; a soft one, succeeded by a loud one, might be called a *Return*; a loud one, followed by two soft ones, might be named (not a dactyl, but) a *Dominant*; and, finally, instead of anapæst, we might use some such term as *Arabesque* or *Solitaire*, until a better one can be thought of; for single words thus accented are rare in English, the nearest approach to them being exhibited by such words as *refugee*, *cavalier*, and *serenade*; and none of these even are free from a slight accent on the *first* syllable. I feel convinced that until some such new terms are invented, writers upon English metre will continue to say one thing, and to mean another. I shall therefore introduce hereafter the terms above defined, merely to save all misconception and a good deal of tedious explanation.

The Anglo-Saxon and Early English alliterative poems are, for the most part, closely related in their structure to the Icelandic méasure called *Fornyrðalag*. Their versification, however, is often less regular, and in the poems of the four-

¹ Dr. Latham, in his English Grammar, gets out of the difficulty another

way, viz., by employing algebraical symbols.

teenth and fifteenth centuries especially we meet with several infringements even of the most important and cardinal rules of it.

In what follows, therefore, I hope I may be understood as speaking with reference to the Anglo-Saxon and Early English poems *only*, and with reference rather to Early English than to Anglo-Saxon; for many remarks that are perfectly true and important as regards these contravene the rules of Icelandic prosody, and relate to licences that, regarded from that point of view, would seem almost intolerable.

The principal rules of alliteration, such as we actually find them to be from a careful survey of Early English literature, may be very briefly stated.

Supposing the poem to be divided into *short* lines,¹ as e.g. in Thorpe's editions of Cædmon and Beowulf, the following canons will be found to hold, at least in those lines which are of the strictest type:

1. The complete verse, or alliterative couplet, consists of two lines, each containing two loud syllables, coupled together by the use of alliteration.

2. The initial letters which are common to two or more of these loud syllables are called the *rime-letters*. Each couplet should, if possible, have *three* of these, of which *two* belong to the first line, and are called the *sub-letters*; and *one*, which is called the *chief-letter*, to the second line.

3. The *chief-letter* should begin the *first* of the two loud syllables in the second line. If the couplet contain only *two* rime-letters, it is because one of the *sub-letters* is dropped.

4. If the *chief-letter* be a consonant, the *sub-letters* should be the *same* consonant, or a consonant having the *same sound*. If a vowel, it is sufficient that the sub-letters be vowels. They need not be the same, and in practice are generally different.

¹ In "Death and Liffe" and "Scotish feilde," the *sections* of each long line answer to the *short lines* of Beowulf.

We sometimes meet with a combination of consonants, such as *sp*, *st*, and the like, taking the place of a rime-letter. In this case the other rime-letters often, but not always, present the same combination, though the recurrence of the *first* letter only of the combination is sometimes deemed sufficient.

These rules may be exemplified by the following examples, in which the feet consist either of a loud syllable standing alone (which I shall call a *Tone*), of a loud syllable and *one* soft syllable (which I shall call a *Tonic* as above explained), or of a loud syllable followed by *two* soft syllables, i.e. of a *Dominant*; from which it appears that the one thing *essential* to a foot is its *loud syllable*.

(1) *swiðe* *geseðige* ;
synna *ne cūþon* ;

very happy ;
 sins they knew not.
 (*Cædmon*, ed. Thorpe, p. 2. l. 12.)

(2) *hām* & *heah-setl*
heofena rices.

home and a high seat
 of heaven's kingdom.
 (*Cædmon*, p. 3, l. 9.)

(3) *ðeol-staðolas*
eft geseðte.

the native settlements
 might again establish.
 (*Cædmon*, p. 6, l. 25.)

In example (1), the rules are all fulfilled: the initial letters of *swiðe* and *sælige* are the *sub-letters*; that of *synna* is the *chief-letter*. In example (2), the first foot of the first line has but *two* syllables. In example (3), the vowel *e* is the rime-letter, and there is but *one* sub-letter. These rules alone will not, however, carry us very far on our way. One most important modification of the verse may be thus explained.

Lines do not always begin with a loud syllable, but often one or two, and sometimes (in Early English especially) even three soft syllables precede it. These syllables are necessary to the sense, but not to the scansion of the line. This complement, which I shall call the *catch*, answers to the Icelandic *málfylling*. The use of it is a very necessary license, and lines in which it occurs are more common than those without it. No special

stress should, in reading or reciting, be laid upon the syllables of which the *catch* consists. The following are examples of its use :

dóme & dūgeðe
&) dreāme benám.

of sway and dignity
 and joy deprived them.
 (*Cædmon*, p. 4, l. 19.)

geond-)fólen fyre
&) fæ̃r-cýle.

filled throughout with fire
 and cold intense.
 (*Cædmon*, p. 3, l. 29.)

ge-)grémed grýmme
gráp on wráðe.

provoked bitterly,
 he gripped in wrath.
 (*Cædmon*, p. 4, l. 29.)

Here *&*, *geond*, *&*, *ge*, are the catches. The third example shows us the combination *gr* used as a rime-letter. I add a few examples from Early English.

In) cūntinaunce of clóthinge,
 queinteliche degyset ;
 To) préyere and to pénaunce
 pūtten heom mónye ;

Bote in a) Māyes mórwnynge
 on) Máluerne húlles,
 Me bi-)fél a férly,
 A) féyrie me thouhte ;
 I) slumberde in A slépyng,
 hit) sownede so mūrie.

(*Piers Plowman*, ed. Skeat, A. *prol.* l. 24, 25, 5, 6, 10.)

I have said, in rule 2, that rime-letters are the initial letters of certain *loud* syllables. In a large number of instances, the rime-letters are made to begin *words also*, such words being chosen as *commence* with loud syllables, as in—

wéreda wuldor-cīning
 wórdum hérigen ; (*Cædmon*, l. 3.)

Wórchinge and wóndringe
 as the) wórlð ásketh ; (*Piers Pl.* A. *prol.* 19.)

This is undoubtedly the best arrangement, but it cannot always be followed ; when it is not, care should be taken that the

initial syllable of the word is as soft and rapid as possible, as in *gesælige* and *bifalle* in the lines

swiðe gesælige
synna ne cūþon ; (*Cædm.* ed. Thorpe, p. 2. l. 12.)

Mony) fêrlyes han bifalle
in a) fêwe zêres. (*P. Pl. A. prol.* 62.)

Indeed, these can hardly be considered as exceptions; for *ge-* and *bi-* are mere prefixes, and it is with the syllables succeeding them that the words themselves truly begin.

The more this rule is departed from, the more risk is there of the true rhythm of the line being unperceived.

Occasional instances may be found where rime-letters begin *soft* syllables, of which I shall adduce instances; this, however, is decidedly bad, the fundamental principle of alliterative verse being this, that alliteration and heavy stress should always go together.

The *second* line of the couplet is nearly always the *more regular*. Sometimes, but rarely, it contains *three* loud syllables. In the first line, however, the occurrence of three loud syllables is by no means uncommon. Examples :

lyhtlic heofen-timber ;	the joyous heavenly-frame ;
hólmas dædde—	the waters parted (he).
	(<i>Cædmon</i> , p. 9, l. 23.)

fêgre freoþo-beawas,	fair kindly thews,
freá eállum leof—	the Lord dear to all.
	(<i>Cædmon</i> , p. 5, l. 29.)

Now is) Meéde þe Mâyden i-nómen,
and no) mó of hem álle. (*Piers Plowman*, A. iii. 1.)

Another variation, not uncommon in Old English, is that each line of the couplet is alliterated *by itself*, independently of the other line. Examples :

For) Jâmes þe géntel
bónd hit in his bóok
what þis) Mouttein be-méneþ
and þis) dérke dæle.
(*Piers Plowman*, A. i. 159, 1 ; see also iii. 93, vii. 57, 69.)

The following licences are also taken :

(a) The *chief-letter* falls on the *second* loud syllable of the line ; as in

Vn-)knynde to heore kún
and to) álle cristene ; (P. Pl. A. i. 166.)

(b) Sometimes there are two rime-letters in the *second* line, and *one* in the first, which is the converse of the usual arrangement.

An example is furnished by the line—

týle he had sýluer
for his) sáwes and his sélynge. (P. Pl. A. ii. 112.)

(c) The chief-letter is sometimes omitted, which is certainly a great blemish, and such lines of course occur but rarely. Examples are :

I wol) wórschupe þer-wiþ
treuþe in my lýue. (P. Pl. A. vii. 94.)

And) beóre heor brás on þi béc
to Cáleys to súlle. (P. Pl. A. iii. 189.)

(d) Rime-letters sometimes begin *soft* syllables, even when the soft syllable occurs in the initial catch. An obvious instance is afforded by the line—

In Gla-)mórgan with glée
thare) gládchipe was évere. (Morte Arthure, l. 59.)

(e) By a very bold licence, the *chief-letter* even occurs in the initial catch of the second line. This, according to all the rules of Icelandic prosody, involves an absurd contradiction ; but there are not only *some*, but *rather numerous* instances of this in Old English, and I add several examples in order that the point may become more obvious. I could add many more.

And) éndeþ as Ich ér seide
in) prófitable wérkes. (P. Pl. A. i. 120.)

þer to) wónen with wóng
whil) gód is in héuene. (P. Pl. A. ii. 74.)

yit I) *préye þe, quod përs,*
par) chàrite, ȝif þou cónne. (*P. Pl. A. vii. 240.*)

God) ȝineþ *him his bléssyng*
þat his) lýflode so swýnke . (*P. Pl. A. vii. 239.*)

where it should be noted that *his* is not without a slight emphasis on it, notwithstanding its position. In *William and the Werwolf* this licence is rather common, and I may instance lines 2836, 3000, 3113, 3133, 3137, 3467, 3614, 3984 as occurring to me after a very slight search. One instance may suffice; the rest are quite as decisive:

&) *faírest of alle fason*
for) ény ríche hólde. (*Werwolf, 2836.*)

(f) Occasionally no alliteration is apparent at all. I fail to discover any in the line,

whi þat) *véniaunce fél*
on) Sául and his children. (*P. Pl. A. iii. 245.*)

yet this line is undoubtedly genuine, as appears by a collation of MSS. See also *Werwolf*, l. 5035.

In fact, a continual and oft-repeated perusal of thousands of alliterative verses has convinced me that our old poets considered such licences quite allowable, provided that the *swing* of the line was well kept up by the regular recurrence of loud syllables. A line wholly without alliteration was quite admissible as a *variation*, and is not to be rejected as spurious. If however two or three irregular lines occur *close together*, they may then be regarded as probably not genuine. When, for instance, we meet with

lérne his láwe þat is so léle,
 &) *sipþe téche it fúrþer,* (*P. Pl. ii. 31.*)

and, only three lines below, come upon

when) *heó was me fró*
 I) *lóked and byhélde,*

it is not surprising to find that these lines rest on the authority

of one MS. only, and are in all probability an interpolation. In the same way I was first enabled to suspect the spuriousness of l. 817–821 in *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, which lines are, in fact, omitted in *both* the existing MSS. But *occasional* licences, even when most bold, are scarcely to be regretted. They give freedom to the poet, and relief to the reader, who in old times was often a *listener*.

It appears further, from rules 2 and 3, that the *second* line should contain but *one* rime-letter. The point aimed at was no doubt this, viz., that in order to give the greater force and stress to the syllable containing the chief-letter, it is desirable that the *second* loud syllable in the *second* line of the couplet should NOT begin with a rime-letter. Hence couplets with *four* rime-letters are by no means good. Yet there are several instances in *Piers Plowman*, as

In a) sômer sésun
whon) sôfte was the sônne. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 1.*)

That I) wás in a wildernesse
wúste I néuer whére. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 12.*)

There is, however, no such objection to four rime-letters, if the first three can be got into the *first* line of the couplet. The following lines are very effective:—

With) dēop dēch and dērk
and) drédful of siht. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 16.*)

Fairè flotres for to fēcchē
that he bi)-fōre him sēye. (*Will. and Werwolf, l. 26.*)

Skāthylle Scōttlande by skýlle
he) skýstys [*read skyftys*] as hym lýkys. (*Morte Arthure, l. 32.*)

As regards the *number* of rime-letters in a couplet, *three* has generally been considered as the standard, regular, and most pleasing and effective number; but it is not always easy to be attained to, and hence couplets with only *two* are common enough. I think it would be well worth inquiry as to whether or not the *frequent* occurrence of *only two* rime-letters in an

Anglo-Saxon couplet is a *mark of antiquity*. I imagine it will be found to be so,¹ for it would appear that their system of verse was but a rough one at first, and was elaborated in course of time. It is tolerably certain, on the other hand, that the frequent introduction of a *fourth* rime-letter in Early English poems is a mark of lateness of date, as is curiously shown by the alterations made in the Lincoln's Inn MS. of *Piers Plowman*, where the lines

Wende I) wýdene in this world
wóndres to hére—
Vndur a) bród bánke
bi a) Boúrne syde—
I sauh a) Toúr on a Tóft
trízely I-máket—

have been improved (?) by altering the words *here*, *syde*, and *I-maket*, into *wayte*, *brymme*, and *ytymbred* respectively.²

With regard to the *complement* or *catch*, Rask says:³—
“The chief-letter does not necessarily stand first in the second line, but is often preceded by one or more short words, yet not by such as require the tone or emphasis in reading. These short precursory words which, though independent of the structure of the verse, are necessary to the completion of the sense, constitute what may be called the *complement*, which, in arranging verses that are transcribed continuously, we must be careful not to confound with the verse itself, lest the alliteration, the structure of the verse, and even the sense, be thereby destroyed.” This statement Dr. Guest tries to hold up to ridicule in strong terms,⁴ but I take it to be perfectly sound and correct as regards the main point at which Rask is aiming, though requiring some *limitation*, for though the catch *may* consist of “one or more words,” it is rarely of more than two

¹ Such, I find, is also Dr. Guest's opinion; Guest's *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 141.

² See *Piers Plowman*, Text A, ed. Skeat, p. xxii.

³ Rask's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, translated by Thorpe, 1830, p. 136.

⁴ Guest, *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 6.

syllables. The *catch*, as Dr. Guest points out, is not absolutely *toneless*; yet it is clear that the accented syllables which occur in it have a comparatively *lighter* tone, a *slighter* stress, than those in the body of the verse; they do not attain, in fact, to the same *strength* of accent as those syllables possess which have accent and metrical ictus *both*, and to which *special* force is lent by the use of rime-letters. Even in modern English verse, all accents are far from being *equal*, much depending on the position of words, so that we may even to some extent *alter* the accent on a word by merely shifting its place. Thus if we alter

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,

into—

Constellations burning larger, mellow moons and happy skies,

we give a very different effect to the words *larger* and *constellations*; whilst in both cases the accent on *mellow* is *comparatively* slight. Whilst allowing to the *catch*, when of two or three syllables, a *slight* accent, we neglect it, in scansion, as compared with the heavier ones that follow.

In further illustration of the statement, that special stress is given to syllables by the use of rime-letters, I may draw attention to the fact that this is true in poetry that is by no means professedly alliterative. It was not by chance that Shakespeare wrote—

Full fathom five thy father lies;—
Though thou the waters warp;

and the like; or that Gray wrote—

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;—
Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;

or that Pope chose the words—

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles billets-doux;

where the absurd contrast between “bibles” and “billets-doux” is much heightened by the fact that they begin with the same letter. It may be said that alliteration draws attention rather to the *words* themselves than to their initial syllables, but in *English* it comes to much the same thing, owing to our habit of throwing back the accent, and in English poetry, accent and alliteration go together; or if not, the alliteration fails to strike the ear, and has but little effect. Hardly any alliterative effect is produced by the repetition of the *w* in *Edward's* in the above line from Gray. This is why the licence of beginning a *soft* syllable with a rime-letter is over-bold and almost ruinous. See Hyde Clarke's *English Grammar*, pp. 137–145.¹

All Anglo-Saxon poetry is alliterative, and very nearly all of it alliterative only, without any addition of rime whatever. This is by no means the case in Icelandic; their poets delighted in adding various complexities, such as *full-rimes*, *half-rimes*, *line-rimes*, and *assonances*. Space would fail me to discuss these here, nor is it necessary perhaps to do more than point out the very few examples of rime which are to be found in Anglo-Saxon.

There are some instances of full-rime in Cædmon, but they occur in words close together, and in the same short line, as in the lines “gleam and dream,” “wide and side,” &c.; they are found also in other poems, as “frodne and godne” in the “Traveller's Song,” “lænne and sænne” in “Alfred's Metres, &c. : see Guest, vol. i. p. 126, &c. There are also *half-rimes*, as in “sar and sorge,” “his boda beodan,” &c. The most curious example is in the Riming Poem in the Exeter MS.,

¹ Compare—
 τυφλὸς τὰ τ' ἄτα τὸν τε νοῦν τὰ τ' ὕμνατ'
 el. (Sophocles, *Œd. Col.* 371.)
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite
 vires. (Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 833.)
 Il pietoso pastor pianse al suo pianto.
 (Tasso, *G. L.* vii. 16.)
 nie Saite noch Gesang,

Nein! Seufzen nur und Stöhnen und
 scheuer Sklavenschritt.
 (Uhland, *Des Sängers Fluch.*)
 But minds of mortall men are muchell
 mard
 And mov'd amisse with massy mucks
 unmeet regard.
 (Spencer, *F. Q.* iii. 10, 31.)

which is written in rime throughout, the alliteration being mostly preserved at the same time, as in

wic ofer wóngum,
wénnan góngum;
lisse mid lóngum,
leóma getóngum.

(*Codex Exoniensis*, ed. Thorpe, p. 353.)

See also the most extraordinary lines in the same poem (p. 354), beginning

fláh mäh fliteþ,
flan món hwiteð,

where there is indeed abundant proof that the Anglo-Saxons were acquainted with rime in its modern sense.

Other examples occur in the "Phoenix" (p. 198 of the same vol.) in the oft-quoted lines

ne) fórstes fnæst
ne) fýres blæst,
ne) hægles hryre
ne) hrimes dryrc.

Of another curious example I shall speak presently.

The following notation may perhaps prove useful for marking the scansion of Anglo-Saxon and Early English alliterative poems. If we denote a *Tone* by *T*, a *Tonic* by *t*, a *Dominant* by *d*, and a catch by a line (—), it is easy to represent the scansion of *Cædmon*, to the extent of any number of lines, by putting a comma at the end of a line, and the mark | at the end of a couplet. The poem begins thus:

Us is) riht mícel
þæt we) róðera wéard
wéreda wúldor-cíning
wórdum hérigen,
módum lúfen;
he is) mægna spéd,
heafod eálra
heáh-gesceáfta.¹

For us it is very right
That we the heaven's Warden,
The Glory-King of hosts,
With (our) words should praise,
With (our) minds should love;
He is of powers the Speed,
The Head of all
High-created (ones).

¹ The accents merely mark *stress*; I am obliged here to ignore the usual

system of accents which regulates the length of the vowels.

The scansion is as follows :

— T t, — d T | d t t, t d | t d, — t T | t t, t t | .

I have no space here to discuss Cædmon's "longer rhythms." I cannot see that they present any difficulty. The lines have more feet in them, and that is all. Commonly, these lines have *four* feet, whereas the more usual length is just half this, or of *two* feet.

With some slight modifications, the same method is applicable to the scansion of all other existing English poems that are written in alliterative verse. It will be found upon comparison that the one striking and chief point of difference between Anglo-Saxon poems, as Cædmon's, and Early English poems, as *Piers Plowman*, is this, that whereas Cædmon's poem abounds in *tonics*, and has the *tonic* foot as its base and foundation (the *dominant* being merely a variation of it), *Piers Plowman* is the exact contrary, and its base is the *dominant* foot, for which the *tonic* is occasionally employed. Beyond this there is very little difference, excepting that in the later poems there is, as might be expected, a freer and more frequent use of initial *catches*.

There has been much discussion as to whether alliterative poems should be printed in *couplets* of *short* lines, or in *long lines* comprising two sections. It is more a matter of convenience of typography than anything else ; but if there be a choice, it is better to print the later (Old English) poems in *long lines*, as they are *invariably so written* in MSS., and it may be allowable to print the earlier (Anglo-Saxon) poems in short lines, because, though written as prose in the MSS., metrical dots occur very frequently (though seldom regularly), which are often not separated from each other by more than the length of a half-line.¹ Even these, however, are sometimes

¹ Such, at least, has been the usual practice with respect to Anglo-Saxon poems, the idea probably being taken

from the usual method of printing Icelandic poems. But it should be noted that when such a poem as *Piers*

printed in long lines, and I believe this to be the least confusing; for nearly all those who have adopted short lines have forgotten to *set back* the second line of the couplet (as should always be done), and then the eye of the *reader* cannot detect how the lines *pair off*.

In printing the later poems in long lines, the two parts of the couplet (which is now but *one* line) become *sections*, as before explained, and the pause which was formerly made at the end of the first [short] line becomes *the middle pause*, marked in the *Scotish Feilde* by a colon, and in *Death and Liffe* by an inverted full-stop. This pause was always made, there can be no doubt, in reciting such poems aloud, and in some manuscripts is carefully marked throughout by a dot, though others omit it. It is very essential to the harmony of the verse, and is worth retaining, as it greatly assists the reader. It should be noted, also, that the second section of the verse is almost always the most carefully and smoothly written, and very rarely contains more than two feet, on which account it is often shorter than the first section. The greatest stress of all generally falls on the first loud syllable of this section (i.e. on the one commencing with the chief-letter) which is just what it should do. This stress is heightened in many instances by the introduction of a very short catch at the beginning of the second section, consisting of one soft and rapid syllable.

That this is the usual rule appears from the following analyses of the catches beginning the second sections in the 109 lines of the Prologue to *Piers Plowman*:

Second sections *without* catches, 28.

With a one-syllable catch, 67.

With a catch of two syllables, 12.

Plowman is written as *prose* (as in MS. Digby 102), there is the same marking off into half-lines, and it may be questioned whether the printing in *half-lines*

has not been an utter and an unnecessary mistake, adopted rather because it happened to be convenient than because any good reason could be given for it.

With a catch of three syllables, 2; though there may be doubt about these; I refer to the lines,

That) Poúl précheth of hém¹
I dar not) préouen héere (l. 38);

and—

That heore) Párisch hath ben póre
seththe the) Péstilence týme (l. 81).

In l. 104, the catch seems to contain the chief-letter. The line is—

Cóokes and heore knáues
cryen) hóte píes, hóte.

It should be observed further that the catch in the second section is very frequently modified by the way in which the first section *terminates*. If this ends in a *Tone*, a catch of one or two syllables is required for smoothness, to make up, as it were, a *Tonic* or a *Dominant*; if it ends in a *Tonic*, the catch should have but one syllable; if it ends in a *Dominant*, the catch should be dispensed with.²

The earliest alliterative poem after the Conquest is, perhaps, Layamon's *Brut*. In this poem, of which there are two copies that often do not agree as to the readings, rimes are continually found mixed up with the alliteration, without any preparation or warning to the reader, and the scansion of it has consequently caused some perplexity. To be sure of the right scansion, I think that most heed should be paid to such passages as stand the same in both MSS., and I fancy that instances may be

¹ *hém* is here emphatic; see the context.

² Modern poets learn this rule by the ear. Thus, in Lord Byron's lines—
Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are) emblems of deeds that are done
in their clime;

Where the) rage of the vulture, the love
of the turtle,

Now) melt into softness, now madden
to crime,

the words *myrtle* and *turtle* are succeeded by a catch of *one* syllable; but *clime* by one of *two* syllables. Let the reader change *Are* into *Are as*, and *Where the* into *The*, and see how he likes it then; the former of these changes is by no means pleasing. See this worked out in Edgar A. Poe's essay on *The Rationale of Verse*, which, though very mad towards the conclusion, contains some good hints.

detected in which the rime was superadded as an after-thought, either by the scribe or by the poet himself. The following lines occur at p. 165 of vol. i. of Sir F. Madden's edition, in the *second* column :

He was) wis and wār
 he) wélde thes riche
 al) hit hine lofede
 that) liuede on lónde,

which lines are clearly alliterative. But in the *first* column, i.e. in the other MS. copy, the first couplet is altered to—

he wes wis he wes fæir
 he wélde that riche hærr ;

where the word *hærr* (here) is clearly inserted to make a rime, though neither the sense nor the rhythm require it. The variations between the two copies render it dangerous to theorize on the *rhythm*, though we may feel tolerably confident about the readings as far as the *sense* and the *language* are concerned. But it seems worth remark that there is an Anglo-Saxon poem of 20 couplets to be found in the Saxon Chronicle—the one to which I said I should have to refer again—which presents the same kind of mixture of alliteration and rime as is found in Layamon. It is on the death of Ælfred, the son of Æthelred, and is entered in the Chronicle under the date 1036.¹ One couplet is clearly rime—

súme hí man bende
 súme hí man blénde ;

whilst another is a fair alliterative specimen,

thæt hi blission
 blithe mid Críste.

Most of the lines are still less regular, but this poem exhibits, I believe, the nearest approach to Layamon's rhythm that is to be found in Anglo-Saxon, and it is on this account that it seems worth while to mention it.

¹ Grein, *Angelsächsische Bibliothek*, vol. i. p. 357. See A.-S. Chron., ed. Thorpe, p. 294.

I now give a list of all the poems I have as yet met with that have been written as alliterative, yet *without rime*, since the Conquest. It is a very short one, but many of the poems are of great length, most of them are of importance, and they all possess considerable energy and vigour.

The oft-quoted statement of Chaucer, in the prologue to the "Persones Tale," that alliterative metre was not familiar to a *southern* man, deserves notice. The best examples of the metre are to be found in poems written in the *northern* and *western* dialects. The example which seems to contain most *southern* forms is the "Ploughmans Crede," which must, however, have been written after Chaucer's remark was made.

1. Layamon's *Brut*, about A.D. 1200. The author was a native of Ernley on *Severn*. There are two texts (MSS. Cotton; Calig. A. ix., and Otho, C. xiii.). *Both* of these were edited by Sir F. Madden for the Society of Antiquaries, in 1847, in 3 vols. 8vo. (Here, however, a considerable admixture of rime is occasionally found. It should be compared with the "Bestiary" from MS. Arundel 292, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 208.)

2. *Seinte Marherete*, about A. D. 1200. See MSS. Reg. 17. A. xxvii., and Bodl. 34. This poem, as edited by Mr. Cockayne, was reissued by the E. E. T. S. (Early English Text Society) in 1866. The metre is tolerably regular.

3. *William of Palerne*, translated from the French by one William, at the request of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, then residing at *Gloucester*, about A. D. 1360. The MS. is in King's College, Cambridge, No. 13. It was printed by Sir F. Madden for the Roxburghe Club, 1832, 4to; and I am now preparing a reprint of this edition for the E. E. T. S.

4. *Alexander* (A); a fragment originally written at about the same date, preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Greaves, 60), now being edited by myself for the E. E. T. S. in *William of Palerne*. (Sir F. Madden conjectures it to have been written

by the author of No. 3. A comparison of the language of the poems, lately made by myself, confirms this supposition.)

5. *The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman*, together with *Vita de Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest*, by William Langland, said to be a native of Cleobury Mortimer in *Shropshire*. Of this there are three texts at least. A. About A.D. 1362; MS. Vernon in the Bodleian, printed by Skeat for the E. E. T. S. (1867, 8vo), and collated with MS. Harl. 875 and several others. B. About 1366–67; first printed by Crowley in 1550, 4to. An excellent MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb., marked B. 15. 17, was printed by T. Wright (1842, 2 vols. 12mo). There are several other MSS., such as Laud 581, &c. Bb. A text slightly altered from B, and found in MS. Bodley 814, MS. Additional 10574, and MS. Cotton Calig. A. xi. Never printed. C. A little later than B. MS. Phillips 8231, printed by Whitaker (1813, 4to); and in several other MSS.; as, e. g. MS. Vesp. B. xvi.

6. *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, about A.D. 1394; first printed by R. Wolfe (1553, 4to), and reprinted from his edition by Crowley, Whitaker, and T. Wright. MSS. still exist; one in Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 15, and another in MS. Bibl. Reg. 18. B. xvii. These are more correct than R. Wolfe's printed copy, and the former has been lately printed by myself for the E. E. T. S. (1867, 8vo). The author is evidently the same as the author of the *Plowman's Tale*, which is inserted in some editions of Chaucer.

7. *The Deposition of Richard II.* (A. D. 1399). A fragment only is known, existing in MS. Camb. Univ. Lib. Ll. 4. 14; printed by T. Wright for the Camden Society (1838, 4to), and reprinted in *Political Poems* by the same editor. This is the only other poem that *can* be attributed to William Langland, and I think it quite probable that he wrote it. Mr. Wright, however, thinks differently, and the question requires much careful investigation.

8. Two poems, one on *Cleanness*, and a second on *Patience*, (MS. Cotton, Nero, A. x.), printed by R. Morris for the E.E.T.S. (1864, 8vo). The dialect is *West-Midland*, and Mr. Morris supposes it to be Lancashire. The MS. can scarcely be older than A. D. 1400.

9. *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, called by Warton (*History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 105 ; 1840) *The Warres of the Jewes*. MS. Cotton, Calig. A. ii. ; MS. Camb. Univ. Lib. Mm. 5. 14 ; and elsewhere. To be edited for the Early English Text Society.

10. *Morte Arthure* ; about A. D. 1440. MS. in the Thornton volume at Lincoln, printed by Halliwell (1848, 8vo), and reprinted by Rev. G. G. Perry for the E. E. T. S. (1865, 8vo). The scribe was archdeacon of Bedford in the church of *Lincoln*, though a native of *Yorkshire*.

11. *Alexander* (B and C). There are two fragments, one (C) preserved in MS. Ashmole 44 and MS. Dublin D. 4. 12, the other (B) in MS. Bodley 2464. *Both* were printed by Stevenson for the Roxburghe Club (1849, 4to). The fragment C has traces of a *northern* dialect, and is about A. D. 1450. But the other is much older (probably *before* 1400), and its language approaches that of fragment A (*No.* 4), though I hardly think they belong to the same poem.

12. *The Destruction of Troy*, translated from *Guido de Colonna* ; an edition is now being prepared for the E. E. T. S., to be published in 1868. The dialect is certainly of a *Northern* tendency. The MS. is in the Hunterian museum at Glasgow, numbered S. 4. 14. I have observed a line in it (l. 1248) which almost entirely coincides with l. 4212 in the *Morte Arthure*, and other indications show some connection between the two. Either they are by the same author, or one is imitated from the other. The *Morte Arthure* seems superior to the *Troy* poem, which makes the former supposition doubtful ; but this point will no doubt be settled when the edition of the

latter poem which is now being prepared for the E. E. T. S. shall have been printed.

13. A poem of 146 lines, beginning—

Crist crowned king, that on Cros didest;

of which 27 lines are quoted by Bishop Percy (*Rel.* v. ii. p. 312; from 5th ed.) a small 4to. MS. in private hands. It is a pity he did not quote the remaining 119 lines at the same time. He conjectures it to be of the reign of Henry V.

14. *Chevelere Assigne, or the Knight of the Swan*; temp. Henry VI.; ed. Utterson (Roxburghe Club), 1820. A short poem of 370 lines, contained in MS. Cotton Calig. A. ii., the same, be it observed, as contains a copy of No. 9. The editor draws attention to its having a few rimed endings, but the author clearly did not regard them as essential. The following list comprises all of them: *where, there* (12, 13); *lene, tweyne* (28, 29); *were, there* (31, 32); *swyde, leyde* (158, 159); *faste, caste* (166, 167); *swanes, cheynes* (198, 199, and again at 350, 351); *were, mysfare* (237, 238); *myskarrye, marye* (260, 261). There are also several *assonances*, such as *wenden, lenger* (302, 303). The following is a specimen to show the effect of the superadded rime:

And it) wéxedde in my hónde
&) wéllede so fástè,
That I) tóke the other fýue,
&) fró the fýer cástè.

It is a faulty specimen of verse, upon the whole; the alliteration is not always well kept up, and many of the lines halt, as does the fourth line of these here quoted; unless, indeed, we alter the whole system of accents, putting three *Tonics* in every line, not counting the catches.

15. A fragment of a poem, not in very regular rhythm, about Thomas Becket, beginning—

Thomas takes the juelle, & Jhesu thankes.

It is printed in the Appendix to *Lancelot du Lac*, ed. Stevenson (Maitland Club), 1839.

In the same Appendix is another short poem in this rhythm, not very regular. It begins with the line—

When Rome is removyde into Inglande.

Of another poem we find the first line in the preface :

Quhen the koke in the northe halows his nest.

All three poems are from MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 5, the same MS. that contains *Lancelot of the Laik in Lowland Scotch*.

16. *The Tua Maryit Women and the Wedo*; by William Dunbar, about A.D. 1500; see Dunbar's works, ed. D. Laing, vol. i. p. 61. Conybeare quotes from this in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. lxxii.; and shows how the author sometimes kept up the same rime-letter throughout *two* couplets, as in the following:

Silver SHóuris down SHook
as the) SHEen cristal,
and) birdis SHóuted in the SHáw
with their) SHrill nótis;
the) Gólden GLítering GLéam
so) GLáddened their héartis,
they) máde a GLórious GLee
among the) GRéen boúghis.

17. *Death and Life*; printed in the present work, probably by the author of No. 18.

18. *Scotish Feilde*; printed in the present work, vol. i. p. 199, written about A.D. 1513, by one of the family of the Leghs of Baguleigh in *Cheshire*.

19. *Ancient Scottish Prophecies*, reprinted by the Bannatyne Club, 1833; some of them having been printed by Waldegrave, 1603. The alliteration is often imperfect, though some are perfectly according to rule, and may be cited as among the latest English specimens of this kind of verse.

Vpon) Lóndon Láv
a)-lóne as I láy :—
Stríueling that strait place
a) stréngth of that lánde :—

Then a) chiftaine vñchósen
 shal) chóose for himsélfe,
 And) ride through the Reálme
 and) Róy shal be cálléd. (See pp. 26, 31, 35.)

20. I may add that the "Reply of Friar Daw Topias" and "Jack Upland" (see Wright's *Political Poems*, vol. ii. pp. 16–114) are more or less alliterative, and without rime.

21. There is yet at least one more poem, of which a fragment exists in the Vernon MS. fol. 403, and which must be older than A. D. 1400. I hardly know what it is (though it makes mention of the baptism of Vespasian); but I have already called attention to it in my "Piers Plowman," text A., p. xvii. *note*.

22. See also two scraps printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 84, 240.

It was, in my opinion, a mere mistake, a superfluous exertion of human ingenuity, when rimes were regularly superadded to the alliteration, and the lines arranged in regular stanzas. Yet some of these gallant efforts possess great merit; I have no space for more than the names of some of the more important.¹

1. *Songs on King Edward's wars*, by Laurence Minot, about A. D. 1352, in a *northern* dialect. They are *not all* founded on a basis of *Dominants*, and therefore *not all* of the type now under consideration.

2. *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knigt*, about A. D. 1530, ed. Sir F. Madden, 1839; re-ed. Morris (Early English Text Society), 1864.

3. *Golagros and Gawayne*; and

4. *Awntyrs of Arthure*; in the same vol. as Sir F. Madden's *Gawayne*.

¹ Here, again, I am speaking of *English* poetry, in which the addition of rime to alliteration makes the poet's work a dance in fetters. The *difficulty*

of writing such poems in English is very great, whence many of the specimens are rather short. A like objection does not apply to Icelandic poetry.

5. "Susanna and the Elders, or the Pistill of Susan;" see *Select Remains of Scottish Poetry*, by D. Laing, 1822.

6. *Tail of Raul Coilzear*; see the same work.

7. "Saint John the Evangelist," printed in *Religious Pieces*, ed. Perry (Early English Text Society), 1867.

8. *The Buke of the Hurlat*, by Sir R. de Holande, about A. D. 1455. Printed by Pinkerton, 1792; and for the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

9. The prologue to book viii. of Gawain Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*.

10. See also three poems in the *Reliq. Antiq.* at p. 291 of vol. i., and pp. 7 and 19 of vol. ii.; and a fourth in Guest's *Eng. Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 298.

In the above poems the longer lines are of the standard length, and have the true swing. Poems (such as those of William Audelay) in which alliteration abounds, but which are not of the true type, are very numerous.

These are all that I have noticed, though I dare say these lists are not altogether complete.

It may be interesting to observe that the alliterative rhythm is suitable for all Teutonic and Scandinavian languages. Examples from some old German dialects will be found in Conybeare's *Illustrations*, at p. li. It is also the rhythm of the *Heliand*, an Old-Saxon poem of about A. D. 840. The best examples, both ancient and modern, are to be found in Icelandic, in which language they are all-abundant at the present day.

I have before remarked that, in Anglo-Saxon, the prevalent foot is a *Tonic*, but in Old English the prevalent one is a *Dominant*. Something of this change may be observed in canto xxi. of Tegnèr's *Frithiofs Saga*, written in Swedish in 1825; and doubtless any one writing in this metre in modern English would have to do the same, or would find it convenient to do so at the very least. Our older poems remind one of the

ringing of hammer-blows on an anvil, or the regular tramp of an army on the march ; our later ones have often the rapidity and impetuosity of a charge of cavalry, and a sound as of the galloping of horses. One special characteristic belongs equally to both, that it was evidently considered a beauty (and rightly so) to make every line, if possible, end with a *Tonic*, and not with a *Tone* or a *Dominant*. By forgetting to pronounce his final *e*'s, a modern reader is very apt to lose something of this effect ; yet an analysis of the 109 lines in the prologue to the earliest version of *Piers Plowman* gives the following results :

Lines ending in a *Tone*, 7.

Lines ending in a *Dominant*, 1.

Lines about which there may be doubt, 21.

Lines certainly ending in a *Tonic*, 80.

That is, 73 per cent. at the very lowest computation, which is quite enough to give a very decided character to the verse.

This is the place to mention also an empirical rule, which is the result of my own observation. In verses beginning with such a common formula as "He saide," or "And saide," and the like, these words *sometimes* form no part of the verse whatever, not even belonging to the initial catch. We may well suppose that they were uttered in a lower tone by the reciter, who immediately after raised his voice to the loud pitch which he had to maintain in recitation, and proceeded to give the words of the speech which such a phrase introduced.

The same rule holds good for the words "quoth he," "quoth I," &c., even in the middle of a line. This accounts for the greater length of lines wherein such phrases occur. I may instance the following :

"And seide—

Hedde I) loúe of the kýng,

luíte wolde I récche." (*Piers Plowman*, A. iv. 51.)

“ Woltou) wédde this wómmon—quod the kyng—
 gif) I’ wol assénte ? ” (*Piers Pl. A. iii. 113.*)
 I) wás not wónt to wórche—quod a wastour—
 git) wól I nót biginne. (*Piers Pl. A. vii. 153.*)
 & sayd—
 O) lotelye liffe,
 ceáse thou such wórdes : (*Death & Liffe, 258.*)

The usefulness of the rule consists in this : that the examples of it are rather numerous, especially in *Piers Plowman*.

Alliterative verse is well deserving of careful study and attention. Although not altogether confined to “ Gothic poetry ”—for it has been “ employed by the Finlanders, and by several Oriental nations ”—it is a special characteristic of it.¹ It is the prevailing measure in Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon, and appears in the Old Saxon of the *Heliand*, as well as in the song of “ Hildibrant and Hadubrant,” and in the “ Wessobrunn Prayer.”² It has been employed by poets during some fifteen hundred years, and is employed still. Considering it as an English rhythm, we may fairly say that, at any rate when unfettered by rime, it is of a bold and vigorous character, and is marked also, in the later poems, by considerable rapidity. This characteristic, viz. of vigour, has been very generally conceded to it, but it has not often been credited with other merits which it possesses in quite an equal degree, when employed by a skilful writer. It has much versatility, and is as suitable for descriptions of scenery and for pathetic utterances as it is for vivid pictures of battle-scenes or even for theological disquisitions. See Mr. Perry’s preface to *Morte Arthure*, p. xi. Owing to a loss of many very convenient words of Anglo-Saxon origin, it would be found much more difficult to compose in it at the present day than formerly, besides the additional difficulty arising from a want of familiarity with it ; for though the ear of a

¹ Marsh, *Lectures on English*, 1st series, p. 550.

² Bosworth’s *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, pp. cxxiv, cxxvi.

modern Englishman can perceive alliteration, it is not trained to perceive it *at once*, as readily as it does rimed endings. But the metre is in itself a *good* one, and might still be employed by us with effect if skilfully adapted to suitable subject-matter. The same not overwise energy that has been bestowed upon the attempt to naturalize hexameters, would have revived this metre long ago, and the gain would have been greater. The verses quoted above from Dunbar, though they are more loosely and irregularly written than they should be, are quite sufficient to show that something may be made of it, though I have nowhere seen any example of it in modern English except in a few lines of my own, some of which are quoted in the preface to Text A. of *Piers Plowman*.

There is yet one more point too important to be disregarded. It has often been remarked that the metre of Milton has so influenced English writers that many a passage in modern English prose presents a succession of nearly perfect blank verses. There are several such in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. Now this suggests that alliterative verse may have influenced Old English prose in like manner. This is a point which has hardly ever been considered; but it might throw much light on the rhythm of such prose writings. The succession of *dominants* would introduce a remarkable rapidity, very different from the measured cadence, which is due to an imitation of Milton. There is an undoubted instance of the kind in one of Dan Jon Gaytrigg's sermons, in *Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse* (ed. Perry, Early English Text Society). There the cadence is so evident that the scribe has in many places *written it as verse*, and I can safely repeat what I have once before said, that it affords an example of "the regular alliterative verse, *perfect* as regards accent, *imperfect* as regards alliteration; in fact, the very kind of metre into which the old *Piers Plowman* metre would naturally dege-

nerate.”¹ It contains several *perfect* lines, alliteration and all, such as,

Wélthe or wándreth, whéthire so betýde.

Mr. Perry has remarked that he does not see his way to bringing the whole of the sermon into this form. But I am clear that I see mine, and I could easily show that, with a little close attention, very nearly the whole piece can be marked off into well-defined lines from one end to the other, though it occupies over thirteen pages. What makes me sure that this is no mere fancy, is that a similar attempt to mark off other prose pieces in the same volume failed signally. I could not find a single true line in a whole page of it, whilst in a page of the *Sermon* I found forty. Be this as it may, the hint is, I am sure, well worth attention.

A good example of this rhythmical prose, founded on alliterative verse at its base, appears even in Anglo-Saxon times. The prologue to the A.-S. version of “St. Basil’s Advice to a Spiritual Son,” was marked as *verse* by Hickes; but its latest editor, Mr. Norman, remarks that “although not in verse, it (like some of the Homilies, as for instance that of St. Cuthbert, &c.) may be said to be a sort of alliterative prose.” I should add that the prologue is not the only part of it to which the remark applies. I propose for it the name of *Semi-alliterative Rhythmical Prose*, for it is marked rather by the *want* of alliteration than by its *presence*, the rhythm and length of the lines being at the same time well preserved. Or it may be termed, with almost equal fitness, *Imperfect Alliterative Verse*, as it is open to any one to call it *bad verse* instead of *good prose*. I think that good prose is the fairer title of the two.

For the help of the student who wishes to see more of this subject, or to form judgments about it for himself, I subjoin the following references:

¹ *Religious Pieces*, ed. Perry, p. vi. of Preface.

Guest, *History of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 142, &c.

Rask, *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, tr. by Thorpe, 1830, p. 135.

Conybeare, *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. xxxvi., &c.

Marsh, *Lectures on English*, 1st series, p. 546.

Craik, *Hist. Eng. Literature*, i. 243.

Whitaker, *Preface to Piers Plowman*.

Professor Morley, *English Writers*, i. 264.

Percy, *Reliques*, ii. 298, 5th ed.¹

Vernon, *Anglo-Saxon Guide*, p. 135.

Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii.

Hyde Clarke's *English Grammar*, p. 137.

I may also refer him to further remarks of my own, at the end of Mr. Perry's edition of *Morte Arthure*, and in my edition of *Piers Plowman*, Text A. preface p. xxx.; also to my essay on the versification of Chaucer, at the end of the preface to the Aldine edition, as edited by Mr. Richard Morris (Bell and Daldy, 1865). On the more general subject of English metre, see Guest's *English Rhythms*; a Treatise on Versification, by R. W. Evans; and the excellent essay by W. Mitford, called *An Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of Verse*, 2nd ed. 1804.

¹ The reader must be warned against three extraordinary misstatements in this essay, following close upon one another near the end of it. These are (1) that Robert of Gloucester wrote in anapaestic verse, whereas he wrote in the long Alexandrine verse, containing (when perfect) six *Returns*; (2) that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre [the twelve-syllabled Alexandrine] for their serious poems, whereas we may be sure that Michael Drayton, the author of the *Polyolbion*, meant his poem seriously; and (3) that the cadence of *Piers Plowman* "so exactly resembles the French Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced which cannot be exactly matched

in the alliterative metre." This is indeed a curious craze, for the alliterative metre is founded on *Dominants*, the Alexandrine on *Returns*. Percy gives some examples, and the metre which he selects for murdering is the *French* one, as the reader may easily judge for himself, when he finds that the line

Lé succès fût toujours | ün ënfânt dë l'aüdäce

is marked by him as it is marked here, and is supposed to consist of FOUR ANAPÆSTS! Yet one more blunder to be laid at the door of the "Anapæsts"! Would that we were well rid of them, and that the "longs" and "shorts" were buried beside them!

NOTES.



p. xxviii., Allit. Essay, Chaucer's lines are :

But trusteth wel, I am a suthern man,
I can not geste, rim, ram, ruf, by letter.

v. iii. p. 202, l. 42-3, ed. Morris.

p. 16, l. 1, 2. *Sir Degree*. The Affleck MS. of this Romance is not complete. It wants both beginning and ending, and a few other lines. Some of its deficiencies were supplied by Mr. Laing from the Cambridge University MS., which contains the first 602 lines of the romance. The Affleck MS. starts with

Kniȝt
Ferli fele wolde fonde
And sechen aventouris, bi niȝte and dai,
How ȝhe miȝte here strengthe asai;
So did a Knyȝt SIRE DEGARRRE,
Ich wille ȝou telle wat man was he.

and ends with—

“ Certes, Sire, (he saide,) nai;
Ac ȝif hit your wille were,
To mi Moder we wende i-fere,
For sche is in gret mourning.”
“ Blethelich, (quath he,) bi Heuene King.”

From line 1070 to line 1115—the end—is printed by Mr. Laing in the Abbotsford Club *Sir Degarré* (as he gives notice) from a black-letter edition (Copland's).

The Romance has been printed *five* times in editions known to us, not *four* only as stated in p. 16, l. 6, for the edition printed by John Kynge, mentioned on p. 18 below, is noticed by Mr. Laing in these words: ‘Among Selden's books in that [the Bodleian] Library, there is a copy of the edition printed at London by John King, in the year 1560, 4to, 16 leaves (Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iv. p. 338).’ Further, Mr. Laing mentions that “the late learned Archdeacon Todd, in his ‘Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer,’¹ has described a fragment on two leaves containing 160 lines of this Romance, as forming part of a Manuscript supposed to be of the Fourteenth Century, now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere; but the volume, at present, is unfortunately not accessible.”

Mr. Laing also states that the Wynkyn de Worde 4to is in 18 leaves, and is described in Dibdin's *Typ. Ant.* ii. 376; that the mutilated Douce transcript, apparently made from W. de Worde's edition, is dated 1564;

¹ Page 167, Lond. 1810, 8vo and 4to.

and that Utterson reprinted Copland's edition (probably about 1545) which is in the Garrick collection in the British Museum.—F.

p. 56, l. 11, "*noe truse can be taken*," i.e. no truce, no peace can be made:—

"Could not *take truce* with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace."

Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet*, iii. 1.

"With my vex'd spirits I cannot *take a truce*."

Shakespeare's *King John*, iii. 1.—Dyce.

The linking of *treasure* with *truse* makes me hold still that the two are like in kind, and that my note is right.—F.

p. 135, *Thomas of Potte*. Ritson printed another version in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 248, from a large white letter sheet, published May 29, 1657; among the King's pamphlets in the Museum. Its title is "The Two Constant Lovers in Scotland; or, a Pattern of True Love: expressed in this ensuing Dialogue, between an Earls daughter in Scotland, and a poor Serving-man; she refusing to marry the Lord Fenix, which her Father would force her to take; but clave to her first love Tomey o' the Pots. To a pleasant new tune." A slightly different version of the present Ballad was printed in 1677, for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, and reprinted by Ritson in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, with collations. Utterson had an undated edition printed by A. P. for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. From this, collated with the 1677 ed., Mr. Hazlitt printed the Ballad in his *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 251, with the heading, "The Lovers Quarrel or Cupids Triumph. Being the Pleasant History of fair Rosamond of Scotland. This may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewel." Ritson printed a different version of the tale in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790. See other bibliographical details in Halliwell's *Notices of Popular English Histories*, No. 15, p. 17, 18, and Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 251-2. Compare the opinions of the deceased wife of *The Knight of la-Tour Landry*, ab. 1370 (p. 178-9, E. E. Text Soc. 1868) against her daughters marrying men of a lower degree than themselves: "I wylle not that they haue or take ony plessaunce of them that ben of lower estate or degrez than they be of; that is to wete, that no woman vnwedded shalle not sette her loue vpon no man of lower or lesse degree than she is of. . These whiche louen suche folke, done ageynste theyre worship and honoure. . I, theyr modyr, charge and deffende them that they take no playsaunce, ne that in no wyse sette theyr loue to none of lower degree then they be come of. . . Also they whiche putte and sette theyr loue on thre maner of folke, that is to wete, wedded men, prestes, and monkes, and as to seruantes and folk of noughte, these maner of wymmen whiche take to theyr peramours and loue suche folke, I hold them of none extyme ne valewe, but that they be more gretter harlottes than they that ben dayly at the bordell. For many wymmen of the world done that synne of lechery but only for nede and pouerte, or els by cause they haue ben deceyued of hit by false counceyllle of bawdes. But alle gentylle women whiche haue ynough to lyue on, the whiche make theyre peramours or louers suche maner of folke as before is sayd, it is by the grete ease wherin they be, and by the brennyng lecherye of theyr bodyes. For they knowe wel that, after the lawe of theyr maryage, they may not haue for theyr lordes, ne to be theyr husbondes, men of the chirche *ne other of no valewe*. This loue is not for to reconere ony worship, but alle dishonour and shame."—F.

p. 151. Thorne (Twysden's *X Scriptores*, c. 1786) is the earliest authority for the story told in this ballad. He brings his chronicle down to the end of the fourteenth century, but professes to base it on Sprot, who had written down to 1232, and whose work seems to have perished, though there is a spurious chronicle called Sprott's.

I. Thorne points to Kent as the only county where the old English custom still prevailed. He probably alludes to the law of gavelkind or socage tenure, by which all the children shared equally. This was stipulated for by the citizens of London (*Liber Albus*, ed. Riley, ii. pp. 246, 247, 504), and undoubtedly prevailed in other parts of England besides Kent, but gradually died out before the growing use of primogeniture. Elton says (*Tenures of Kent*, p. 50) that the body of Kentish usages as we now possess them was formally allowed in the 21st year of Edward I., also "The Kentish usage was not a mere partition as it has come to be in our time, but it was curiously mingled with a custom of borough English."

As early as Glanville's time (lib. vii. cap. 3, v. 6) socage lands only went to the daughters, failing sons. But this, I think, was an innovation. See Coote on *A Neglected Fact in English History*, p. 57, and the authorities he cites.

II. Fitz-Stephen says (*Vita S. Thomæ*, p. 230), that by the custom of Kent, a man condemned for contempt of court pays a customary fine of 40s. instead of 100s. as in London. This he ascribes to the burdens arising from its exposed position.

III. There is a legal distich, which I, as a Kentish man, remember, but cannot give a reference for, "The traitor to the bough, and his son to the plough," implying that in cases of felony the lands of the felon did not escheat to the crown.

IV. On the other hand, the claims of the county of Kent to be exempt from making presentments of Englishry was disallowed in 6 Edward II. and 7 Edward III. *Yearbooks of Edward I.*, 30 and 31, ed. Horwood, p. xl. —C. H. Pearson.

p. 151, l. 4; p. 153, l. 35; p. 155, l. 83, 94. The *Consuetudines Cantie* or Customs of Kent, are given in the Record Commission Statutes, i. 223-5.

1. that all the Bodies of Kentishmen be free, as well as the other free Bodies of England.

2. they do not choose the King's Escheator.

3. they may give and sell lands without license asked of their Lords.

4. they may plead by Writ of the King, or Pleint, for the obtaining of their right, as well of their Lords as of other Men.

5. they ought not to come to the common Summonee of the Eire, but only by the Borsholder and four Men of the Borough.

6. if attainted of Felony, they lose their goods only, and their heirs shall take their lands; whereupon it is said in Kentish 'the Father to the Boughe, and the Sonne to the Plough.'

7. a Felon's Wife is dowable out of his lands, and the King shall not have the lands for a year, or wast them.

8. a man's lands are shared between all his sons, the messuage going to the youngest.

9. a dead man's goods shall be parted in 3 parts, 1 to pay his debts, 1 for his children equally, the third for the widow.

10. an infant heir is taken charge of, not by the lord, but by his next of blood to whom the inheritance cannot descend.

11. the heir is married, not by the lord, but by his own friends.

12. the heir comes of age at 15 years.

13. the widow has $\frac{1}{2}$ her husband's land for dower while she is chaste, and the widower $\frac{1}{2}$ his wife's.

&c. &c.—F.

p. 174. *The Nuttbrowne Maid*. "1558-9. John Kynge ys fyned for that he did

prynt the nutbrowne mayde w^tout lycense, ij^e vj^d." *Collier's Registers*, i. 16.
See the note there.

p. 177, l. 1, notes, for *i tshalle* read *it shalle*.

p. 301, *Cressus*. See the "curious ballad" on "Troilus & Cressyd," from MS. Ashmole, 48, fol. 120, in *The Marriage of Wit & Wisdom*, (Shaksp. Soc.) p. 102.

p. 374, *Maudline*. This ballad should have been divided into 4-line verses. It is printed also in *Early Ballads*, ed. R. Bell, 1856, p. 217.—F.

p. 402, l. 17. See Henry's answer, August 12, 5th year of his reign, in Harl. MS. 787, leaf 58.—F.

p. 466, last line, p. 470, l. 10. See the "Articles of Enquiry for the Monastery of Walsingham," in Harl. MS. 791, leaf 27.—F.

p. 473. There are several charters or grants by Godiva and Leofricus in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*.—F.

p. 499, *Queene Dido*. 1564—5. A ballett intituled the Wanderynge prynce. [No doubt the ballad printed by Percy (*Reliques*, iii. 244), under the title of "Queen Dido," and which Ritson, in closer adherence to the old printed copies, calls, "The Wandering Prince of Troy." See *Ancient Songs*, ii. 141, edit. 1829.] *Collier's Extracts*.—F.

p. 541, The Egerton MS. gives the name of the writer (and not the copier, seemingly), of the *Sege of Rone*, thus :

Thys processe made Johan page,
Alle in raffe,¹ and not in ryme,
By cause of space he hadde no tyme;
But whenne thys werre ys at A nende,
And he haue lyffe and space, he wylle hit a-mende,
They that haue hyrde thys redyng,
To hys blysse he tham bryng
That for vs dyde vppon a tree
Say Amen for Charyte, Amen!
Explicit þ^e sege of Rone.—F.

¹ *Raff*=refuse, a confused heap, a jumble. Here it means in lines jumbled together: see *Raffle* in Wedgwood. *Ryme* would mean *regular* verses with properly rimed endings.—Skeat.

Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

Ballads and Romances.

Sir Cauline : ¹

"This old romantic tale," says Percy, in his Introduction to the Sir Cauline of the *Reliques*, "was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting."

The First Part of the Bishop's version concludes with the triumphant return of Sir Cauline from his encounter with the Eldridge Knight, and the acceptance of his love by the King's daughter. It comprises the first 129 lines of the MS. copy; it consists of 189 lines. The Second Part has only one feature in common with the latter stanzas of the MS. copy, viz., the fight with the Giant. All its other incidents—the stolen interviews of the lovers, their interruption by the King, Sir Cauline's

¹ A strange romantic old song—very defective & obscure. N.B. This seems to have been originally a Scotch Song:

which will account for its being so corrupted.—P.

banishment, his reappearance in disguise, his death, her death are the Bishop's own production. Altogether, the MS. c contains 201 lines; that in the *Reliques* 392. These additional stanzas show, indeed, an extensive acquaintance with old ballad and a considerable talent of imitation. Percy could write such mimicries with a fatal facility, "stans pede in uno." Of capacity in this respect there is no better instance than Sir Cauline. For our part we prefer the Folio copy, with all its roughness and imperfections, to the Bishop's revision, with its cleverness. Ever so few gold-grains are more precious than heaps of tinsel. If one touch of nature makes the whole work kin, one touch of affectation mars and dissolves that universal kinship. Percy's version abounds in affectations. The general sense of unreality that pervades his interpolations and additions reaches its climax in the concluding passage of the Second Part, where Sir Cauline, wounded to his death in fight with the Soldan, is recognised by his lady.

It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partingo looke,
He closed his eyes in deathe,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knight
Indeed was dead and gone,
Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onely lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
 And with a deepe-fette sighe,
 That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

As Mr. Furnivall in his original Proposal for the publication of the Folio said, "With a true instinct Professor Child remarked in his *Ballads* (ed. 1861, vol. iii. p. 172), "It is difficult to believe that this charming romance had so tragic and so sentimental a conclusion."

However, the Bishop understood and served his generation.

The story of the fight with the Eldridge Knight is told in the Scotch ballad of *King Malcolm and Sir Colvin*, given by Buchan in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland* (copied by Professor Child). But there can be little doubt that this is one of that collector's many fabrications.

LESUS : lord mickle of might,¹
 that dyed ffor vs on the roode
 to maintaine vs in all our right,
 4 that loues ² true English blood.

ffor by ³ a Knight I say my song,
 was bold & ffull hardye ;
 Sir Robert Briuse wold fforth to ffight
 8 in-to Ireland ouer the sea ;

I'll sing you
 a song of

& in *that* land dwells a king
 which ouer all does beare the bell,
 & with him there dwelled a curteous Knight,
 12 men call him Sir Cawline.

an Irish
 knight,

Sir Cawline,

¹ For the first four stanzas Percy has in the *Reliques* these two :

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
 There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;
 And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
 Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
 In fashyon she hath no peere ;
 And princely wightes that ladye wooed
 To be theyr wedded feere.—F.

² love.—P.

³ of.—P.

who loved a
king's lovely
daughter,

And he hath a Ladye to his daughter,
of ffashyon shee hath noe peere ;
Knights & lordes they wooed her both,
16 trusted to haue beene her peere.¹

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but durst not
disclose his
love,

Sir Cawline loues her best of oné,²
but nothing durst hee say
to discreene³ his counsell to noe man,
20 but deerlye loued this mayd.⁴

and had at
last to take
to his bed,

till itt beffell vpon a day,⁵
great dill⁶ to him was dight ;
the maydens lone remoued his mind,
24 to care bed went the Knight ;

and declares
he should
die.

& one while he spread his armes him ffroe,
⁷ & cryed soe pittiouslye
“ ffor the maydens lone *that* I haue most minde,
28 this day may comfort mee,
or else ere noone⁸ I shalbe dead !⁹ ”
thus can Sir Cawline say.

Just before
dinner,
the King
asks for him,

when our parish masse *that* itt¹⁰ was done,
32 & our¹¹ king was bowne to dine,
he sayes, “ where is Sir Cawline
that was wont to serue me with ale & wine ?¹² ”

¹ perhaps *fere*.—P. peere is equal, mate, match.—F.

² All, or any.—P. loveth her best of all.—*Rel.*

³ *discreeve*, discribe, discover. Chauc: *forté*, diskevere.—P. He discreeve.—*Rel.*

⁴ he lovde this may.—*Rel.*

⁵ on a daye it so beffell.—*Rel.*

⁶ grief. A.-S. *díol*, deceit, trouble?—F.

⁷ For the next five lines *Rel.* has three :

One while he spred them nye :
And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

⁸ Only half the second *n* in the MS.—F.

⁹ This was the usual resource of love-sick knights. Compare *Sir Generides*, p. 237, and *Will Stewart* below.—F.

¹⁰ And whan our parish-masse.—*Rel.*

¹¹ Our.—*Rel.*

¹² That is wont to serve the wyne.—*Rd.*

but then answered a curteous Knight
 36 fast wringing his hands,¹
 "Sir Cawlines sicke, & like to be dead
 without and a good leedginge.²"

and is told
 that he's
 very ill.

"feitch yee³ downe my daughter decre,
 40 shee is a Leech ffull fine⁴;
 I, and take you doe⁵ & the baken bread,
 and eene⁶ on⁷ the wine soe red,⁸
 & looke no day[n]tinesse ffor him to deare,
 44 for ffull loth I wold him teene.⁹"

The King
 sends his
 daughter to
 cure Sir
 Cawline.

this Ladye is gone to his chamber,¹⁰
 her maydens ffollowing Nye,
 "O well," shee sayth, "how doth my Lord?"
 48 "O sicke!" againe saith hee.¹¹

She goes to
 him,

asks how
 he is,

"I, but rise vp wightlye, man, for shame!
 neuer lye soe cowardlye here¹²!
 itt¹³ is told in my ffathers hall,
 52 ffor my loue you will dye.¹⁴"

and tells him
 not to lie
 there like a
 coward.

"itt is ffor your Loue, ffayre Ladye,¹⁵
 that all this dill I drye.
 ffor if you wold comfort me with a Kisse,¹⁶

He says he's
 in love with
 her;

if she'll kiss

¹ fast his hands wringing.—P.

² leechinge; to Leche is to heal, cure.
 lye.—P. *Leedginge* is from the Fr.
alleger, to assuage, mitigate, allay, solace.
 Cotgrave. This stanza is in *Rel.*:

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,
 And fast his handes gan wringe:
 Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
 Without a good leechinge.—F.

³ Fetcche me.—*Rel.*

⁴ Cp. Loospaine in *Eger & Grime*,
 vol. i. p. 362-3, p. 393.—F.

⁵ Goe take him doughe.—*Rel.* An
 odd misreading of Percy's. The & is
 redundant (as it so often is), and doe is

the auxiliary verb.—F.

⁶ ? MS. edne.—F.

⁷ And serve him with.—*Rel.*

⁸ the red wine.—P.

⁹ Lothe I were him to tine.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ Fair Christabelle to his chaumber
 goes.—*Rel.*

¹¹ thou fayr ladye.—*Rel.*

¹² here *delend* [as in *Rel.*].—P. ? here
 soe cowardlye lye.—F.

¹³ For it.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ You dye for loue of mee.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ Fayre ladye, it is for your love.—
Rel.

¹⁶ Compare *Sir Gonerides* again, p. 238.

him he'll get
up.

56 then were I brought ffrom bale to blisse;
noe ¹ longer here ² wold I lye."

But he can't
be her peer

³ "alas! soe well you know, Sir knight,
I cannott bee your peere."

60 "ffor some deeds of armes ffaine wold I doe
to be your Bacheeleere.⁴"

unless he'll
watch all
night by
Eldridge
Hill,

"vpon Eldrige hill there growes ⁵ a thorne
vpon the mores brodinge ⁶;
64 & wold you,⁷ Sir Knight, wake there all night
to day of the other ⁸ Morninge ⁹?

and fight the
Eldridge
King.

"ffor the Eldrige King *that* is ¹⁰ mickle of Might
will examine you beforne;
68 & there was neuer man *that* bare his life away
since the day *that* I was borne.¹¹"

This, Sir
Cawline
undertakes,

"but I will ffor your sake, ffaire Ladye,
walke on the bents [soe] ¹² browne,¹³
72 & He either bring you a readye token
or He neuer come to you againe.¹⁴"

Again, when Sir Generides is expecting
death:

The flesh wasted fro the boon,
He was so feble he might not goon,
In him was noon hope of life: (p. 304)
his love, Clarionas, comes to kiss him,
and at once

So glad he was of hir comyng,
Of his euel he felt no-thing;
He kist and clipt with al his might,
And kept hir in his armes al that night.
(p. 308.)—F.

¹ ? MS. now.—F. ² No lenger.—*Rel.*

³ For the next stanza *Rel.* has:

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

⁴ knight.—P. ⁵ groweth.—*Rel.*

⁶ *brode*, to prick. G.D.—P. ? breadth,
cp. l. 76.—F. ⁷ dare ye.—*Rel.*

⁸ Untill the fayre.—*Rel.*

⁹ id est, till Day of the next Morning.
—P.

¹⁰ knighte, so.—*Rel.*

¹¹ And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.
—*Rel.* ¹² Cp. l. 81.—F.

¹³ That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles He
walke,

For thy sake, faire ladie.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ never more you see.—*Rel.*

but this Ladye is gone to her Chamber,¹
 her Maydens ffollowing bright;
 76 & Sir Cawlins gone to the mores soe broad,²
 ffor to wake there all night.

and goes to
 the moor.

vnto midnight they³ Moone did rise,
 he walked vp and downe,
 80 & a lightsome bugle then⁴ heard he blow
 ouer the bents soe browne.
 saies hee, "and if cryance⁵ come vntill⁶ my hart,
 I am ffarr ffrom any good towne⁷;"

At midnight

a bugle
 blows;

84 & he spyed ene a litle him by,⁸
 a ffurious King⁹ & a¹⁰ ffell,
 & a¹¹ ladye bright his brydle led,
 that seemlye itt was to see¹²;

he sees a
 furious king,

88 & soe fast hee called vpon¹³ Sir Cawline,
 "Oh man, I redd thee fflye!
 ffor if cryance come vntill¹⁴ thy hart,
 I am a-feard least¹⁵ thou mun dye."

who warns
 him that
 if he's craven
 he'll die.

92 he sayes, "[no] cryance comes to¹⁶ my hart,
 nor ifaith I ffeare not thee¹⁷;
 ffor because¹⁸ thou minged¹⁹ not christ before,
 Thee lesse me dreadeth thee."

[page 370]

¹ The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere.—*Rel.*

² Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone.—*Rel.* Two bad lines for one good one.—*F.*

³ that the.—*Rel.*

⁴ Then a lightsome bugle.—*Rel.*

⁵ MS. cryamce. Fear, Old Fr. *cricnte*, *crainte*.—*F.*

⁶ Quoth hee, If cryance come till.—*Rel.*

⁷ My life it is but gone.—*Rel.* 1st ed.; printed right in the 2nd, with a note:

"This line is restored from the folio MS."—*F.*

⁸ And soone he spyde on the mores so broad.—*Rel.*

⁹ knight: vide infra.—*P.*

¹⁰ wight and.—*Rel.*

¹¹ A.—*Rel.*

¹² Clad in a fayre kyrtell.—*Rel.*

¹³ on.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ For but if cryance come till.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ I weene but.—*Rel.*

¹⁶ He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ in faith, I wyll not flee.—*Rel.*

¹⁸ For, cause.—*Rel.*

¹⁹ *id est*, mentionedst.—*P.*

Cawline
charges the
King.

Their spears
break ;

they fight
with swords.

96 but Sir Cawline he shooke a speare,
the King was bold, and abode¹,
& the timber these 2 Children bore²
soe soone in sunder slode,³
100 ffor they tooke &⁴ 2 good swords,
& they Layden on good Loade.⁵

Cawline cuts
off the
King's right
hand.

but the Elridge King⁶ was mickle of might,
& stiffly to the ground did stand ;⁷
104 but Sir Cawline with an ankeward⁸ stroke
he brought him ffrom his hand,⁹
I, & fflying ouer his head soe hye,¹⁰
ffell downe of¹¹ that Lay land :

His Queen
begs him to

spare
her Lord,

108 ¹² & his lady stood a litle thereby,
ffast ringing her hands :
“for they maydens loue *that* you haue most need,
smyte you my Lord no more,

¹ The Eldridge knight, he pricked his steed ;

Syr Cauline bold abode :

Then either shooke his trustye speare.—*Rel.*

² bare.—*Rel.* ³ yode.—*Rel.*

⁴ “&” is often redundant: compare line 120.—*Dyce.*

⁵ Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,

And layden on full faste,

Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,

They all were well-nye brast.—*Rel.*

⁶ The Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

⁷ And stiffe in stower did stande.—*Rel.*

⁸ a backward.—*Rel.*

⁹ smote off his right hand.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud.—*Rel.*

¹¹ on.—*Rel.*

¹² For the next two stanzas *Rel.* has six :

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande

All over his head so hye :

And here I sweare by the holy roode,

Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte.

Faste wringing of her hande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,

Withold that deadlye brande.

For the maydens love, that most you love,

Now smyte no more I praye ;

And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,

He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,

And here on this lay-land,

That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,

And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come

To sporte, gamon, or playe :

And that thou here give up thy armes

Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knight gave up his armes

With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;

And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,

Till the tyme that he shold dye.

112 “ & heest neuer come vpon Eldrige [hill]

him to sport, gamon, or play,

& to meete noe man of middle¹ earth,

& *that* lines² on christs his lay.³ ”

and he'll
never fight
Christian
again.

116 but he then vp, and *that* Eldryge King⁴

sett him in his sadle againe,⁵

& *that* Eldryge King⁶ & his Ladye

to their castle are they gone.⁷

The King

and Queen
ride off.

120 ⁸ & hee tooke then vp & *that* Eldryge sword

as hard as any fflynt,

Cawline
takes up
his sword,

¹ ? MS. *mildle*; or *middle*, with the left stroke of the first *d* dotted for *i*. On “middle earth” see note ⁴, p. 92, vol. i. —F.

² leeves, i.e. believes.—P.

³ lay, i.e. law.—P.

⁴ And he then up and the Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

⁵ anone.—*Rel.*

⁶ And the Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

⁷ gane.—Dyce.

⁸ Henceforth Percy has it all his own way, except in three stanzas. For the next six stanzas he has these thirty-six: Then he tooke up the bloody hand,

That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true
knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde saye.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! syr knight how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely
youth,
To be my batchilere,
He promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white
hand
Towards that knight so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to
blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

rings and
hand,

& soe he did those ringes 5,
harder then ffyer, and brent.

and gives
them to
his love.

124 ffirst he presented to the Kings daughter
they hand, & then they sword.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre :
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, I-wys,
And an angrye man was hee :
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe :
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee :
I praye you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shal be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye :
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre ;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe :
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a day was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kyng proclaime a tourneament,
The * cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came
knights,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladies love
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle :
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of
might
Before his ladye gaye ;
But a stranger wight, whom no man
knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
Whan they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere ;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,

* To. 2nd edition.—F.

"but a serrett ¹ buffett you haue him giuen,
the King & the crowne!" shee sayd.

128 "I, but 34 ² stripes
comen beside the rood." ³

But he has
more to do.

& a Gyant that was both stiffe [&] strong,
he lope now them amonge,

A five-
headed giant
leaps in,

132 & vpon his squier ⁴ 5 heads he bare,
vnmackley ⁵ made was hee.

& he dranke then on the Kings wine,
& hee put the cup in his sleue;

drinks the
King's wine,

136 & all thé trembled & were wan
ffor feare he shold them greeffe.⁶

"He tell thee mine Arrand, King," he sayes,
"mine errand what I doe heere;

and demands

140 ffor I will bren thy temples hye,
or He haue thy daughter deere;
in, or else vpon, yond more soe brood
thou shalt ffind mee a ppeare.⁷"

his
daughter.

144 the King he turned him round about,
(Lord, in his heart he ⁸ was woe!),
says, "is there noe Knight of the ⁹ round table
this matter will vndergoe?"

The King's
in a great
fright,

and asks
who'll
fight for
him,

And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldain!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must bronne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;

Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

¹ ? closed fist. Serre, to join closely.
Halliwell. Fr. *server*, to close . . force or
presse neere together; to locke, shut or
put up. Cotgrave. If a king's daughter
might talk slang, "a shutting-up blow"
would just do here.—F.

² Read "four and thirty."—F.

³ Some very great omission here.—P.

⁴ *swire*, neck. Percy turns the
"squier" into a dwarf, with five dead
kings' heads at his back. But the Bishop
knew what *swire* meant.—F.

⁵ *unmackley*, uneven, unequal, mis-
shapen. *Makly* is even, equal. G. D.
—P. ⁶ greeve.—P.

⁷ MS. appeare.—F. a peere.—P.

⁸ And in his heart.—*Rel.*

⁹ Is there never a knight of my.—*Rel.*

and have his
lands

148

“ I, & hee shall haue my broad Lands,
& keepe them well his line ;

and
daughter.

I, and soe hee shall my daughter deere,
to be his weded wiffe.”

‘ Percy composes again :

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre ;
And he shall winne faire Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale ;
For whenever they lookt on the grim
soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye :
She cast her thought on her owne true-
love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :
He fight for thee with this grimme
soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge
sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge
sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede :
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous
knighte ;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye :
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armour dight :

The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
“ That this were my true knighte ! ”

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be
mett
Within the lists soe broad ;
And now with swordes soe sharpe of
steale,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan stricke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde ;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan stricke a second stroke,
That made the bloude to flowe :
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his
knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shreikings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain :
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and
mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle :
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes
That curteous knighte to greet.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,

- 152 & then stood vp Sir Cawline Sir Cawline
 his owne errand ffor to say :
 “ ifaith,¹ I wold to god, Sir,” sayd Sir Cawline, agrees to
 “ *that* Soldan I will assay. fight the
Giant.
- 156 “ goe, ffeitch me downe my Eldrige sword,
 ffor I woone itt att [a] ffray.”
 “ but away, away ! ” sayd the hend Soldan,
 “ thou tarryest mee here all day ! ”
- 160 but the hend Soldan & Sir Cawline He does so,
 thé ffought a summers day :
 now has hee slaine *that* hend Soldan, and slays
 & brought his 5 heads away. him.
- 164 & the King has betaken him his broade lands The King
 & all his venison.² gives
Cawline
all his lands,
- “ but take you too & your Lands [soe] broad,
 & brooke³ them well your liffe,
 168 ffor you promised mee your daughter deere but Cawline
 to be my weded wiffe.” asks for his
daughter,
- And there all walteringe in his gore,
 Laye lifelesse on the grounde.
 Come downe, come downe, my daughter
 deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille ;
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
 Than this good knight sholde spille.
- Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
 To helpe him if she maye ;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swound awaye.
- Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye,
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
 For thee I wisht to dye.
- Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in deathe,
- Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Begane to drawe her breathe.
- But when she found her comelye knight
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moane.
- O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere ;
 ’Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love soe deare.
- Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,
 And with a deepe-fette sighe,
 That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.
- ¹ In faith.—P.
² all for his warryson, i.e. reward.
 —P.
³ broke, i.e. enjoy.—P.

- and the King
promises her to him at once.
- 172 “now by my ffaith,” then sayes our King,
“ffor *that* wee will not striffe;
ffor thou shalt haue my daughter dere
to be thy weded wiffe.” [page 371]
- Cawline
goes into a garden to pray,
where a steward
- 176 the other morninge Sir Cawline rose
by the dawning of the day,
& vntill a garden did he goe
his Mattins ffor to say;
& *that* bespyed a ffalse steward—
a shames death *that* he might dye!—
- lets a lion out on him
weaponless.
- 180 & he lett a lyon out of a bande,
Sir Cawline ffor to teare;
& he had noe wepon him vpon,
nor noe wepon did weare.
- He thrusts his cloak into the lion's mouth till its heart bursts.
- 184 but hee tooke then his Mantle of greene,
into the Lyons mouth itt thrust;
he held the Lyon soe sore to the wall
till the Lyons hart did burst.¹
- A watchman cries, “Sir Cawline's slain.”
- 188 & the watchmen cryed vpon the walls
& sayd, “Sir Cawlines slaine!
and with a beast is not ffull litle,
a Lyon of Mickle mayne.”
- His love swoons,
- 192 then the Kings daughter shee ffell downe,
“for peerlesse is my payne!”
- but Sir Cawline
- 196 “O peace, my Lady!” sayes Sir Cawline,
“I haue bought thy loue ffull deere.
O peace, my Lady!” sayes Sir Cawline,
“peace, Lady, ffor I am heere!”
- says “I am here,”

¹ burst.—P.

	then he did marry this <i>Kings</i> daughter	marries her,
	with gold & silver bright,	
200	& 15 sonnes this Ladye beere	and they
	to Sir Cawline the Knight. ¹	have 15 sons.

ffins.

¹ N.B. I ventured to make great additions to this Fragment; of which I have given notice to the Reader, in my 1st Vol. of Reliques &c.—P. The “notice” consists of Percy’s “it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, & still more in the second, to connect & complete the story”; inverted commas to a *but* and *No*; his * * * at the end; and two notes that he has altered—*slode*, l. 99, to *yode*, and *aukeward*, l. 104, to *backward*.—F.

Between the first and second parts, Percy put in his second edition the following note:

* * In this conclusion of the *FIRST PART*, and at the beginning of the *SECOND*,

the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of SIGISMUNDA AND GUISCARD, as told by Boccace and Dryden: See the latter’s Description of the Lovers meeting in the Cave, and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, “*EVERY WHITE, &c. viz.*

“But as extremes are short of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly loved, &c.”

Sir Degree :

[In five Parts.—P.]

THERE are extant two complete MS. copies of this romance—one in the Auchinleck MS., one here at last printed from the Folio. Besides these, there are imperfect MS. copies, one in the Public Library of Cambridge (Ff. ii. 38), containing some 602 lines, one in the Douce Collection (MS. Selden, c. 39), containing some 352 lines in all. The romance has been four times printed—by Wynkyn de Worde, by Copland, in Mr. Utterson's *Early Popular Poetry*, and more recently for the Abbotsford Club.

Of all these copies, the earliest and the most perfect is that treasured in the Auchinleck MS., printed for the Abbotsford Club. Next in merit, so far as it goes, is the Cambridge copy. This opens as follows :

(From Camb. Univ. MS. Ff. ii. 38, fol. 257 b.)

Lystenþ, lordynges gente & fre,
 y wyll yow tell of sir degare.
 knyȝtes þat were some tyme in lande,
 Far þey wolde þem-selfe fande
 To seke auenturs nyght & day,
 How þat þey myȝt þer strenkyth assay.
 So dud a knyght sir degare,
 I schall yow telle what man was he.
 In bretayne þe lasse þer was a kyng,
 Of grete power in all thyng;
 Styffeste in armour vndur schylde,
 And moost doghtyest to fyȝt in fylde;
 For ther was none verament
 That myȝt in warre nor in turnament,
 Nodur in Iustyng for no thyng,
 Hym owte of hys sadull brynge,
 Nor owt of hys sterop brynge hys fote;

[fol. 258] So stronge he was of boone & blode.

There was an unique copy of Wynkyn de Worde's edition sold at Heber's sale. Probably the edition issued by Copland *cir.*

1545, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum, differed but slightly from that of the earlier printer. From one of these printed editions the Douce fragments would seem to have been transcribed; from one of these the following version, viciously executed, as indeed are generally the Percy folio versions. The correspondence of the three copies will be sufficiently illustrated by comparing the following two extracts together, and with verses 381-92 of the Folio version :

(*From Copland's Edition.*)

Syr Degore stode in a studye than
 And thought he was a doughtie man
 And I am in my yonge bloud
 And I haue horse and armure good
 And as I trowe a full good steede
 I wyll assaye if I may spede
 And I may beare the kinge downe
 I maye be a man of great renowne
 And if that he me fel can
 There knoweth no body what I am
 Death or lyfe what so betide
 I wyll once against hym ryde
 Thus in the citie hys ynne he takes
 And resteth him and merye makes.

(¹ *From Douce's MS. 261, fol. 8.*)

Syr Degore stode in study than
 And thought he was a doughtye man
 And I am in my younge bloode
 And I haue horse and armure good
 And as I trowe a full good steede
 I wyll assaye yf that I may spede

¹ Douce's MS. note in MS. 261 :

"This MS. was purchased by some bookseller at the sale of the Fairfax library at Leeds Castle, in 1831.

"The MS. from which the metrical romance of *Robert the Devil* was printed by J. Herbert in 1798 was certainly written by the person who wrote the present MS., and illuminated with the same kind of rude drawings. He was probably a collector of metrical romances like the transcriber of Bishop Percy's

celebrated MS., which was written about the time of Charles II.; and there may be other volumes of the like nature as the present existing in obscure libraries, and even made up by the present transcriber.

"Qy. what became of the MS. of *Robert the Devil*, which was successively in the possession of Mr. Rawlinson, Horace Walpole, Mr. Edwards of Pall Mall, Mr. Egerton, Mr. Allen, Mr. Caulfield, and 'Masterre Samuelle Irelande'?"

And yf I maye beare the Kinge downe
 I maye be a man of greate renowne
 And yf that he me fall canne
 There knoweth no bodye what I am
 Death or lyfe what me betyde
 I wyll ones agaynste hym ryde
 Thus in the cyttie hys ynne he takes
 And rested hym and myrry makes
 (So vpon a daye the Kinge he mette
 He kneled downe and fayre hym grette
 He sayde Syr Kinge of muche myght
 My lorde hathe sent me to youe right
 To warne youe howe yt shalbe
 My lorde will come and iuste with the
)

The Auchinleck MS. narrates this same "study" in this wise :

(*From Abbotsford Club Copy.*)

Sire Degarre thous thenche gan,
 "Ich am a staleworht man;
 And of min owen Ich haue a stede,
 Swerd, & spere, & riche wede;
 And 3if Ich felle the Kyng adoun,
 Enere Ich haue wonnen renoun.
 And thei that he me harte sore,
 No man wot wer Ich was bore;
 Whether deth other lif me bitide
 A3en the King Ich wille ride."
 In the cite his in he taketh,
 And resteth him & meri maketh.

No doubt many other copies, of various degrees of inferiority, were once in circulation. In the Registers of the Stationers' Company (see Mr. Collier's *Extracts*) occurs this entry :

Recevyd of John Kynge for his lycense for pryntinge of these copyes Lucas Vrialis, nyce wanton, impatiens poverte, the proud wyves pater noster, the Squyre of Low deggre, Syr deggre; graunted the X of June 1560. ij^s.

A sketch of the romance from Copland's edition is given by Ellis in his *Early English Metrical Romances*, with all the ponderous facetiousness that characterises that work

The romance is certainly older than the middle of the fourteenth century, for that is the date at which the Auchinleck MS. was written. Warton (who gives a most inaccurate analysis of it, which is transcribed by the editor of the Abbotsford Club edition) conjectures that it may belong to the same century as the *Squire of Low Degree* and *Sir Guy*—that is, according to him, the thirteenth.

For the name, says the Auchinleck MS. :

Degarre nowt elles ne is
But thing that not never whar is
O the thing that negth forlorn al so
For thi the schild he nemmede thous tho.

The romance is, in our opinion, of more than ordinary merit. It possesses the singular charm of brevity and conciseness; does not impair or destroy its power by the endless diffuseness and prolixity which are the besetting disfigurements of that branch of literature to which it belongs. How often in romances does what bids fair to be a mighty river spread out vaguely into a marsh! what should grow into a stately tree, end in a weak wild wanton luxuriance! This so common fault at least is avoided in this romance of Sir Degoré. But there are other than negative merits. There is, indeed, no considerable novelty about the incidents introduced; a jealous father, a clandestine child-delivery, a fight between son and father (here between son and grandfather too), an unconsummated marriage between son and mother—these are persons and situations that were never wearied of by that simple audience for whose ears romances were designed. The romance-writer's business was rather to re-dispose these than to cancel and supersede them. This work of rearrangement is well performed in the present case. The old figures are skilfully re-dressed and introduced; fresh lights are thrown upon their faces, fresh vigour is infused through their limbs.

[The First Part.]

[How Sir Degree's Father ravished a Princess, and begat him ; and how he was brought up by a Hermit.]

I'll tell you a

tale of Sir
Degree.

An English
king,

feared in
fight,

has a
beautiful
daughter.

She is wooed
by well-born
sutors,

LORDINGS, & you will hold you still,
a gentle tale I will you tell,
all of knights of this countrie
4 the which haue trauelled beyond the sea,
as did a knight called Sir Degree,
one of the best was ffound him before.¹
that² time in England dwelled a King,
8 a stout man in manners and all thinge,
both in Armour and on the sheeld³
he was much doubted in battell & in feild.
there was noe man in verament
12 that Iusted with him in turnament
that out of his stirropps might stirr his ffoote,
he was soe strong without doubt.
the King had no more Children but one,
16 a daughter white as whales bone⁴ ;
that mayd hee loued as his liffe ;
her mother was dead, the Queene his wiffe ;
in trauell of Chyld shee dyed, alas !
20 & when this mayd of age was,
Kings sonnes her wooed then,
Emperoures, Dukes, & other men,
for to haue had her in Marryage
24 for loue of her great heritage.

¹ then found was hee : *sic leg^m metri gratia*, but as Degree is occasionally written Degore, Pt. 2, l. 303 [Pt. 3, l. 483] it may perhaps have been so here.—P. The old edition reprinted by Utterson calls the hero "Sir Degore" throughout.—Skeat (who gives the various readings here).

² what.—P.

³ in Shield.—P.

⁴ when first taken out of the fish it is

very white.—P. Strange that Percy should have supposed, as our earliest writers did, that the ivory of those days was made from the bones of the whale ! It was, in fact, made from the teeth of the walrus. The simile in the text is frequently found in much later poets ; e.g. To show his teeth as *white as whale's-bone*.

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. —Dyce.

- but then they *King* he made answer,
 “*that* neuer man hee shold wedd her
 with-out hee might with stout Iustinge
 28 the *King* out of his sadle bringe,
 to make him loose his stirroppps too.
 many one assayd, & cold not doe ;
 but euery yeere, as right itt wold,
 32 a great ffeast the *King* did hold
 vpon his Queenes ¹ mourning day,
 the which was buryed in an abbey.
 soe vpon a day the *King* wold ryde
 36 vnto an abbey there besyde,
 to a dirges & masses ² both,
 the pore to ffeed, & the naked to cloth.
 his owne daughter shee with him rode,
 40 & in the fforrest shee still abode,
 & sayd, ‘ downe shee must light,
 better her clothes to amend right.’
 a-downe they be light all three
 44 her damsells, & soe did shee.
 a ffull long stond ³ they there abode
 till all they men away rode.
 They gatt vp, & after they wold, [page 372]
 48 but they cold not they right way hold ;
 the wood was roughe & thicke I-wis,
 & they tooke their way all amisse.
 they rode south, they rode west,
 52 vnto the thicke of *that* fforrest,
 & vnto a bane ⁴ thé came att Last.
 then varryed they wonderous ffast,⁵

but none can
win her

by unhorsing
the King in a
joust.

On the
anniversary
of his wife's
death,
the King
rides to an
Abbey near
to hear Mass
and give
alms.

His daughter

and her
maids
dismount in
the forest,

and then

cannot find
their way
out.

They stop at
a glade,

¹ Three strokes for the *u*.—F.

² MS. *masques*; but see L. 124, 125.

—F.

To do *diriges* and masses bothe.—Utt.

To do *dyryges* & masses bothe.—Ff.

(Cambr. MS. Ff. ii. 38.)

³ space of time.—P.

⁴ perhaps Lane. see Part 5, line 58.

—P.

⁵ And into a lande they came at the
laste,

Then weried they wonder faste.—Utt.

In-to a launde they are comen

And haue ryght well vndurnomen.

—Ff.

ffor thé wist amisse they had gone,
 56 & downe thé light euery one.
 the wheather was hott affore none ;
 thé wist not what was best ffor to haue done,
 but layd them downe vpon the greene.
 60 some of them ffell on sleepe, as I weene,
 & thus they fell on sleepe euerye one
 sauing the Kings daughter alone,
 & shee went fforth to gather fflowers
 64 & to heare the song of the small fflowles.
 soe long shee did fforth passe
 till *that* shee wist not where itt was.
 then can shee cry wonderous sore,
 68 shee weeped & wrange her hands thore,¹
 & sayes, “ alacke *that* I was borne !
 her in ² this fforrest I am fforlorne,
 & wilde beasts will me rende
 72 or ³ any man may mee ffind ! ”
 they way to her damsells shee wold haue came,
 but shee wist not how to come.⁴
 then shee was ware of a Ioyfull sight :
 76 a-fore her there stood a ffayre Knight
that was wellfaured of ffoote & hand ;
 there [was] not such a one in all the Land ;
 & by the rich clothing *that* hee had on,
 80 hee seemed to be a gentleman.⁵
 soe stout a man then was hee,
 he sayes, “ Madam, god yee see !
 be yee dread arright of nought ;
 84 I haue noe armour with me brought,
 but I haue loued you this many a yeere,
 & now *that* I haue ffound you here

and all lie on
 the grass,
 save the
 King's
 daughter,
 who wanders
 off,
 loses her
 way,
 and fears
 she shall be
 torn by wild
 beasts.
 But then she
 sees a hand-
 some knight,
 who tells her
 that
 he has long
 loved her,
 and she

¹ there.—P.² MS. herin.—F.³ before.—P.⁴ The waye to her damosels she wolde
haue nome.—Utt.To hur maydenys sche wolde ano
But sche wyste not whych wey
goon.—Ff.⁵ gentlemon.—P.

- you shall bee my Lemman ere I goe,
 88 whether itt turnes to wayle or woe.¹ ”
 but then no more adoe cold shee,
 but wept and cryed, and cold not flee.
 anon he began her to behold,
 92 & he did with her whatsoener hee wold,
 & there hee bereft her of her maydenhead.²
 & right before her the Knight stode :
 & hee sayes, “ Madam gentle & ffree,
 96 now with child, Madam, I doe thinke you bee,
 & well I wott hee will be a knaue³ ;
 therefore my good sword he shall haue,
 my sword heere vpon my hand,
 100 therewith the Last I did kill a Gyant,
 & I brake the poynt of itt in his head,
 & here in the fforrest I haue him Layd.⁴
 take itt vp now, dame, ffor itt is heere ;
 104 thou speakes not with mee this many a yeere ;
 yett peraduenture they time may come
 that I may speake with my owne sonne,
 & by this sword I may him ken.”
 108 hee kist his loue, & went then ;
 the knight passed as hee come.
 all weeping the Ladye the sword vp nune,⁵
 & shee went fforth sore weeping,
 112 & there shee ffound her mayds sleeping.
 shee hid the sword as well as shee might,
 & called them vp anon-right,
 & tooke⁶ their horssees euerye one,
 116 & began to ryde fforth anon.
 then they were ware att the Last,
 many a Knight came pricking ffast ;

must now
yield to him.

He then
ravishes her,

tells her
he has
begotten
a boy on her,

and leaves
his sword
with her for
the boy

so that he
may here-
after know
him by it.

He then goes
away.

The Princess
takes his
sword,

returns to
her maids,

and they ride
till they
meet her
father's
knights,

¹ weale or woe.—P.

² maydenhood.—P.

³ A boy, a male child. So in Chauc.
—P.

⁴ ? MS. Lqyd or Lqgd.—F. layd.—P.

And in the felde I it leued.—Utt.

I brake the poynt in his hedd,
Where-of y wot þat he was dedd.

—Ff.

⁵ nune, nome, took ; Sax. *niman*, to
take.—P.

⁶ They took.—P.

- from they *King* they were sent
 120 to witt *which* way his daughter went.
 they brought them into the right way,
 & rodden ffayre vnto the Abbey.
 there was done service and all thinge,
 124 with many a Masse, with rich offeringe;
 & when these masses were all done,
 & come to passe the hye noone,
 the *King* to his pallace did ryde,
 128 And much people by his syde, [page
 & after, enery man was glad & blythe.
 this Ladye swooned many a sithe,¹
 & euer her belly waxed more & more;
 132 shee weeped & wrang her hands ffull sore.
 soe vpon a day shee can sore weepe,
 & a mayd of hers tooke good heede²
 & said, "Madam, ffor S^t Charytye,
 136 why weepe yee soe sore? tell itt mee!"
 "mayden, if I shold tell itt before,
 if thou shold mee beraye³ I were but Lore;
 ffor euer I haue beene meeke & mild,
 140 & trulye now I am with chyld;
 & if any man itt vnder-yeede,
 men wold tell in euerye steade⁴
 that mine owne ffather of mee itt wan,
 144 ffor I neuer loued any other man.
 & if my ffather he might know itt,
 such sorrow his hart wold gett
 that hee wold neuer merry bee,
 148 ffor all his loue is Layde on mee."
 "O gentle Lady, greeue itt nought;
 stilly itt shall bee fforth brought;
 there shall none know itt certainlye,
 152 truly, Madam, but you and I."

¹ time.—P.² perhaps, keep.—P.³ bewray.—P.⁴ place.—P.

- the time was come *that* shee was vnbound,
 & deliuered whole and sound.
 a ffayre man Chylde there was borne :
 156 glad of itt was the Lady fforlorne.
 this mayd serued her att her will,
 & layd the Child in a cradle,
 & wrapped him in clothes anon,
 160 & was ready till haue gone.
 then was this Child to with mother hold ¹ ;
 shee gaue itt 20^{li} in gold,
 and 10^{li} in siluer alsoe ;
 164 vnder his head shee can itt doe ;
 & much itt is *that* a Child behoues.²
 with itt shee giues a payre of gloues,
 & bade the child wed no wiffe in Lande
 168 without those gloues wold on her hand ;
 & then the gloues wold serue no where,
 sauing the mother *that* did him beare.
 a letter with the Child put shee,
 172 with the gloues alsoe perdye :
 then was itt in the Letter writt,
 whosoener itt found, shold itt witt,—
 ‘ ffor gods loue, if any good man
 176 This litle Child ffind can,
 gett him to be Christened of the preists hand,
 & helpe him ffor to line on Land
 with this siluer *that* is heare,
 180 till the time *that* hee may armoure beare ;
 & helpe him with his owne good,
 ffor hee is come of a gentle blood.’
 & when *that* they had all this downe,³
 184 the Mayd shee tooke her way right soone :

The Princess
gives birth

to a boy,

who is put in
a cradlewith 30*l*.
under his
head,a pair
of gloves,
(the boy is to
marry no
girl unless
they'll
fit her,)

and a letter

asking the
finderto have the
boy
christened,
and bring
him up till
he can fight.Then the
maiden
carries the

to its—hold, i. e. held.—P.
 Yet was the childe vnto the mother
 hold.—Utt.

3yt hys modur can hym beholde
 And toke iiij pownde of golde.—Ff.
² is of use to.—P.
³ perhaps done.—P.

- boy and
cradle
- with this Child in the cradle, and all thinge,
shee stale away in an eneninge,
& went her way, & wist not where,
188 through thicke and thinn, & through bryar.¹
then shee was readylye ware anon
to a
hermit's
- of an hermitage made in stone,
a holy man *that* there was wooninge,²
192 & thither shee went without Leasinge.
door,
and leaves
them there.
- & when shee came to the hermitts dore,
shee sett the cradle there before,
& turned againe anon-right,
196 & came againe the same night.
Next
morning
- the hermitt wakened in the morrow,
& eke his knaue³ alsoe.
the Hermitt sayd, "Lord, I crye thee mercye!
200 methinke I heare a younge chyld crye."
the hermit
finds the
boy,
- this holy man his dore vndid,
& ffound the Child in *that* stead.
there he lift vp the sheete anon,
204 & looked on the litle groome⁴;
then held he vp his right hand,⁵
thanks
Christ,
- & thanked Iesus christ in *that* stond,⁶
& bare the child into the Chappell.
208 ffor ioy of him hee wronge the bell,
And layd vp the glones & the treasure, [page 274]
christens the
child
- & christened the child with much honor,
& in the worshipp of the holy Trinytye
212 he called the childs name Sir Degree;
ffor Degree, to vnderstand I-wis,
a thing *that* almost lost itt is;
as a thing *that* was almost lost agoe,⁷
216 therfore he called his name soe.
- Sir Degree
(t. l. almost
lost),

¹ briere.—P. Pronounced *brere*: see
*Levi*s, col. 209, l. 15.—F.

² dwelling.—P.

³ servant-boy.—P.

⁴ puer, famulus. Jun.—P. groome.—
Utt. groome.—Ff.

⁵ honde.—P.

⁶ There is a tag at the end like an s.
—F.

⁷ gone, past.—P. A *Degarer* would
no doubt be formed from a Low-Latin
devagari, as *degaster* from *devastare*.—F.

- the Hermitt he was a holy man of liffe,
 & he had a sister *which* was a wiffe,
 & sent this child to her full rane ¹
 220 with much moné by his knane,
 & bade *that* shee shold take good heede
 the litle child to Nourish & ffeede.
 this litle Chyld Degree,
 224 vnto the Cytte borne was hee.
 the goodman & the wiffe in ffere
 kept the child as itt their owne were
 till the time 10^a ² winters were come & spent;
 228 then to the hermitt they him sent.
 the hermitt longed him to see;
 then was [he] a ffayre child & a ffree,
 & he taught this child of clarkes Lore
 232 other 10 winters without more;
 & when hee was of 20 yeere,
 hee was a man of great power,³
 a staleworth ⁴ man in euerye worke,
 236 & of his time a well good clarke.⁵
 then he tooke [him] his fflorence & his gloues
that he had kept ffrom [him] in his house,⁶
 & gane him his owne letter to reade.
 240 hee looked there-in the same steade ⁷;
 "hermitt," hee sayd, "ffor St. Charytye,
 was this letter made by ⁸ mee?"

and sends
him to his
sister

to be suckled.

She brings
the boy up

till he is 10
years old,
and then
sends him
back to the
hermit,

who teaches
him till he's
20,

then gives
him his
mother's
money,
gloves, and
letter,

¹ rathe [in pencil] P. C.—P. rathe
(=raue).—Utt. soon.—Ff. *and* grome
for knane in l. 220.

² ten.—P.

³ powere.—P.

⁴ stout.—P.

⁵ And of his tyme,* a well good clerke.
—Utt.

And also of hys tyme, a gode clerke.
—Ff.

⁶ He toke hym hys tresure and hys
gloffe

That he had token to hys be-hoffe.
—Ff.

Utt. has no *him* in l. 237, but has it in
l. 238.—Skeat.

⁷ He loked therin the same stede.†
—Utt.

And he behelde all that dede.—Ff.

⁸ about, concerning.—F. Same in
Utt. as in Percy. Was *hys* lettur wretyn
for me?—Ff.—Skeat.

* "of hys tyme"=for his time, for his day.—Skeat.

† "the same stede"=thereupon; lit. at the same place,=Fr. *sur le champ*.—Skeat.

and tells him
how he
found
him.

Degree
thanks the
hermit,

“I, Sir,” hee sayes, “by him *that* mee deeme shall,
244 thus I you ffound ;” and told him all.
he sett him on his knees ffull blythe,
& thanked the hermitt often sythe ;
& he gaue the hermitt halfe of the golde ;
248 & the remnant vp did hee ffoulde.

[The Second Part.]

[How Degree kills a Dragon, and prepares to fight a King.]

and says he'll
search out
his father,

2^d parte.

Then sayes Degree, “I will not blinne ¹
till I haue ffound my ffather or some of my
kinne.¹”

“to seeke thy kinne ¹ thou mayst not endure
without horsse or good armour.²”

then sayd Degree, “by St. Iohn,
horsse nor harnesse Ile haue none,
but a good bitter ³ in my hand,

armed only

256

mine enemyes therewith to withstand,

A full good sapline of an oke ;

with a good
oak sapling.

& home ⁴ therewith Ist sett a str[o]ke,—
haue hee neuer soe good armour him on,

260 or be hee neuer soe tall a man,⁵—

I shall him ffell to the ground
with this same batt in *that* stond.”

the Child kissed the hermitt thoe,⁶

264 & alsoe tooke his leaue to goe.

fforth went Degree, the sooth to say,

Degree sets
off through a
forest,

throughout a fforrest halfe a day ;

he heard noe man, nor saw none,

268 till itt passed the hye noone ;

¹ MS. me *for* nne.—F.

² armoure.—P.

³ A.-S. *bīta*, beetle.—F.

⁴ on whom. The *o* of *stroke* in this
line is eaten out by ink.—F.

⁵ mon.—P.

⁶ then.—P.

- then heard hee great stroakes ffall
that made great noyse withall.
 ffull soone he thought *that* thing to see,
 272 to witt what the stroakes might bee.
 there was an Erle stout & gay
 was come thither *that* same day
 to hunt ffor a deere or a doe,
 276 but his hounds were gone him ffroe.
 & there was a Dragon ffeirce and grim,
 ffull of ffyer & alsoe of venim,
 with a wyde throate, & tushes great,
 280 vpon the Erle can he beate;
 & as a Lyon were his ffete;
 his tayle was long & ffull vnmeete;
 betweene his head & his tayle
 284 22 ffote without ffayle.
 his belly was like a whole tunn,
 itt shone ffull bright againe the ¹ ssunn.
 His eyen as bright as any glasse, [page 375]
 288 his scales as hard as anye ² brasse;
 & therto hee was necked like a horsse,
 & bare his head vpp with great fforce;
 hee was to looke on, as I you tell,
 292 as thoe hee had beene a ffende of hell;
 many man hee had shent,³
 & many a horsse hee had rent;
 & to this Erle hard battell he began,
 296 but hee defended him like a man,
 & boldlye stroke on him with his sword⁴;
 but of his stroakes he was not affeard,
 ffor his skin was as hard as anye stone,
 300 where-ffore hee cold him noe harme done.
 & when the Erle degree see,
 he sayd " helpe, ffor Charytye ! "

and at noon
 hears a
 noise of
 blows.

He finds a
 grim dragon

24 feet long,

looking like
 a fiend of
 hell,

attacking an
 Earl.

The Earl
 calls on
 Degree to
 help him,

¹ There is a tag to the *e*.—F.

² One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

³ *int. al.* marred, spoiled, &c.—P.

⁴ *swerde*.—P.

then answered Sir Degore,
 304 "gladlye!" he sayes, and god before.¹
 when the dragon of Degree had a sight,
 hee left the Erle, & came to him right.
 and Degree then the Child *that* was soe younge
 308 tooke his staffe *that* was soe stronge,
 & smote the dragon on the crowne
that in the wood hee ffell downe.
 knocks the dragon down.
 But it recovers,
 312 the dragon recovered anon-right,
 & hitt the Child with such might
 with his tayle in *that* tyde,
that hee ffell downe vpon his side.
 and cuts Degree down.
 then degree² reconered anon-right,
 316 & defended him with much might;
 with his staffe *that* was soe longe
 he broke of him ffoote and bone
that itt was wonder ffor to see.
 For which
 320 hee was soe taughe³ hee might not dye,
 yett hee hitt⁴ him on the crowne soe hye
that hee made his braines out fflye.⁵
 Degree smashes the dragon's brains out.
 The Earl then the Erle was glad & blythe,
 324 & thanked Degree often sithe,⁶
 & he prayed him hee wold with him ryde
 vnto the pallace there beside;
 asks Degree to his palace,
 & there he made him a Knight,
 knights him,
 328 & made him good cheere *that* night;
 rents, tresure, & halfe of his Land
 hee wold haue seized⁷ into his hand,
 and offers him half his land

¹ God before (Utt.; Ff. omits it.—Sk.)
i. e. God going before, God giving his
 aid. Compare,—

"for, *God before*,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's
 door."

Shakespeare's *Henry V.* i. 2.

"Yet, *God before*, tell him we will
 come on."—*Ibid.* iii. 5.

I quote these passages to show that

this expression, which was very common
 in our earliest poetry, continued long
 use.—Dyce.

² ? MS. dregree.—F.

³ tonghe.—P.

⁴ smote.—Utt.

⁵ And on the hed he hym batrid,
 That hys hedd all-to-clatrido.—F

⁶ times.—P.

⁷ put into possession. Jun.—P.

- & alsoe his daughter to be his wiffe,
 332 & all his lands after his liffe.
 & then Sir Degree thanked him hartilye,
 and prayed him, "of his curtesye
 to lett his women affore him come,
 336 wiues, mayds, more and some,
 & alsoe your daughter eke ;
 & if my gloues be ffor them meete,
 or will vpon of any of their hands,
 340 then wold I be ffaine ¹ to take my ² Lands ;
 & if my gloues will not doe soe,
 I will take my leaue and goe."
 all the women were out brought
 344 *that* thereabout might be sought,
 & all assayd the gloues then,
 but they were fitt for no woman.
 Sir Degree tooke his gloues thoe,
 348 & alsoe tooke his leaue to goe.
 the Erle hee was a Lord of gentle blood,
 hee gaue Sir Degree a steede ffull good,
 & therto gaue him good armour ³
 352 which was ffaire and sure,
 & alsoe a page his man to bee,
 & a hackney to ryde on trulye.
 then fforth went Sir Degree, the sooth to say,
 356 many a mile vpon a summers day.
 soe vpon a day much people he mett ;
 he honed ⁴ still, & ffayre them grett ;
 he asked the squier what tydinge,
 360 & wence came all those people rydinge.
 the squier answered verament,
 he sayd, "they came ffrom the parlament.
 & when they parlaiment was most planere,⁵
 364 the King lett cry both farr & nere
- and his daughter.
 Degree asks
 to see all his womankind :
 if his gloves fit any one,
 he'll wed her ;
 if not, he'll go away.
 The gloves fit none of the women,
 so Degree takes leaue of them.
 The Earl gives him a steed, armour,
 and a page mounted.
 They start,
 and meet a crowd
 coming from the Parliament
 of a King who has

¹ glad.—P.² your.—P.

MS.—F.

³ P. has added an *e* at the end in the⁴ halted, stood.—F⁵ full.—F.

promised his
lands and
daughter
to any
knight
who'll joust
with him.

368 ' If any man durst be soe bold
As with the *King* Iust wold,
he shold haue his daughter in marryage,
& all his lands & his herytage.'

itt is a land good and ffayre,
& the king thereto hath no heyre.

No one has
been able to
do it,

372 certaine no man dare grant thereto ;
many a man assayd, & might not doe,
for there is no man that rides to him
but hee beates them with stroakes grim ;

for the King
has broken
their necks
or backs,
or speared
or killed
them.

376 of some hee breakes the necke anon ;
of some he brakes backe and bone ;
some through the bodye hee glyds ;
& some to the death hee smites.

vnto him may a man doe nothings,
380 such a grace euer hath our Kinge."

Degree

Sir Degree stood in a study then,
& thought hee was a mighty man,
" & I am in my younge blood ;

384 & I haue horsse & armour goode,
& as I trow I haue a good steede ;
I will assay if I can speede ;

resolves to
try the King,

& if I can beare *that King* downe,
388 I shalbe a man of great renowne ;
& if hee mee ffell can,
there knowes no body who I am."

thus in the Citye his inne he takes ;
392 he rested him, & merry makes.

meets him,

soe on a day the *King* hee mett,
he kneeled downe, & faire him grett,
& sayd, " my Lord, thou *King* of much might !

396 my Lord hath sent mee to thee right
to warne you how itt must bee :
my Lord will come & ffight with yee ;
to Iust with thee my Lord hath nomm.¹ "

and sayes he'll
joust with
him.
The King is
glad.

400 the *King* sayd, " hee shalbe welcome,

¹ nomm, i.e. taken ; undertaken ; or taken upon him.—P.

- be hee *Knight* or *Barrowne*,
 Erle, duke, or *Charle* ¹ in towne :
 theres no man Ile ² fforsake ;
 404 who all may winn, all let him take.”
 soe on the *Morrow* the day was sett,
 the *King* aduised much the bett,
 but there was not any liuing man
 408 *that* Sir Degree trusted vpon ;
 but to the church *that* day went hee
 to heare a Masse to the trinitye ;
 & to the ffather hee offered a ffloren,
 412 & to the sonne another ffine ;
 the 3^d to the holy ghost hee offered ;
 the preist in his masse ffor him hee prayed.
 & when the Masses were done,
 416 vnto his inne hee went ffull soone,
 where hee did arme him well indeed
 in rich armor good att need.
 his good steed he began to stryde ;
 420 he tooke his speare, & fforth gan ryde.
 his man tooke another spere,
 and after his *Master* did itt beare :
 thus in the ffeild Sir Degree abode then,
 424 & the *King* came with many men.

Next
morning

Degree

goes to Mass,

then arms
himself,

mounts,
and rides

into the field,
where the
King meets
him.

¹ a slave, a vassal. See Chauc.—P.

² there is . . . I will.—P.

[The Third Part.]

[How Degree throws the King, and marries his own Mother.]

The lookers-
onhave never
seen so fair a
man
as Degree.3^d parte.

432

Many came thither readylye
ffor to see their iusting trulye ;
& all *that* ener in the ffeild were,
they sayd & did sweare
that 'ere *that* time the neuer see
soe ffayre a man with their eye
as was *that* younge Knight Sir Degree ;'
but no man wist ffrom wence came ¹ hee.

The King

436

They rode together att the last
vpon their good steeds ffull ffast :
to dashe him downe he had meant,
& in his sheild sett such a dint ²
that his good speare all to-brast ;
but Sir Degree was strong, & sate fast.
then sayd the King, " alas, alas !

breaks his
spear on
Degree
without
moving him,
and says

440

this is a wonderfull case.
there was neuer man *that* I might hitt
that might ener my stroake sitt !

he is a man.

444

this is a man ffor the nones ³ !
he is a man of great bones ! "

They charge
again,

they rode together then with great randome,⁴
& he had thaught to haue smitten the child down
& he hitt Sir Degree soone anon

and the King

448

Right vpon the brest bone,
that his horsse was reared on hye,
& Sir Degree he was ffallen nye,
& yett Sir Degree his course out yode,

[page

nearly
unhorsed
Degree,who gets
angry.

452

& waxed angrye in his moode ;
he sayd, " alacke ! I haue mist yett,
and hee hath mee twyse hitt ;

¹ cane MS.—F.² perhaps *dent*, impression. mark.
—P.³ made on purpose for this advent
—P.⁴ precipitation, see Jun.—P.

- by god I will aduise better,
 456 I will not long be his debtor ! ”
 then they rode together with much might,
 & in their shields their speres pight ¹ ;
 & in their sheelds their speres all to-broke ²
 460 vnto their hands with *that* stroke.
 & then the *King* began to speake,
 “ giue me a speare *that* will not breake,
 & he anon shall be smitten downe
 464 If hee were as strong as Sampson.
 & if hee bee the devill of hell,
 I shall him downe fell ;
 & if his necke will not in too,
 468 his backe shall, ere I doe goe.”
 the *King* tooke a spere stiffe & strong,
 & Sir Degree another strong & longe,
 & stoutlye to the *King* hee smitt.
 472 [The ³] *King* ffayled ; Sir Degree him hitt,
 he made the *Kings* horsse turne vp his ffete,
 & soe Sir Degree him beate.
 then there was much noyse & crye ;
 476 the *King* was sore ashamed welnye,
 & well I wott his daughter was sorrye,
 ffor then shee wist *that* shee must marrye
 vntill a man of a strange countrie
 480 the *which* before shee neuer see,
 & to lead her line with such a one
that shee neuer wist ffrom whence hee came.⁴
 the *King* sayd then to Sir Degore,
 484 “ come hither, my ffayre sonne, me before,
 ffor if thou were as a gentle a man
 as thou art seeming to looke vpon,
 & if thou coldest witt & reason doe
 488 as thou art doughtye man too,

They charge again,

and shiver their spears.

The King calls for a fresh one :

he'll break

Degree's neck or back.

But Degree upsets him and his horse too.

The King's daughter is sorry that she'll have to marry a stranger.

The King calls Degree,

¹ struck, Gl. Chaucer.—P.with an *r* over it.—F.² There is a blotted letter in the MS.³ The.—P.⁴ come.—P.

I wold thinke my Lands well besett
 if itt were 5 times bett ¹ ;
 ffor words spoken I must ² needs hold.
 492 afore my Barrons *that* beene soe bold,
 I take thee my daughter by the hand,
 & I cease ³ thee into my Land
 to be my heyre after mee,
 496 in Ioy and blisse ffor to bee."
 great ordinance then there was wrought,
 & to the church dore they were brought,
⁴ & there were wedd in verament
 500 vnto the holy Sacrament.
 & looke what ffolly hapened there !
that he shold marry his owne mother,⁵
 the *which* had borne him of her syde !
 504 & hee knew nothing *that* tyde ⁶ ;
 shee knew nothing of his kinne,
 nor yett shee knew nothing of him,
 but both together ordayned to bed,
 508 yet peraduenture they might be sibb.⁷
 this did Sir Degree the bold,
 hee weded her to haue & hold.
 itt passed on the hye time of noone,
 512 & the day was almost done ;
 to bed were brought hee and shee
 with great myrth and solempnytye.
 Sir Degree stood & behold then,
 516 & thought on the hermitt, the holy man,
that hee shold neuer [wed] ffor-thy
 neither wydow nor Ladye

gives him
his
daughter,
and makes
him heir of
his lands.

Degree
marries
the
daughter,
(not trying
his gloves
on her),

and she's his
own
mother !

But neither
knows this.

After noon

they are
put to bed
solemnly,

and then
Degree

¹ better, larger.—F.

² There are six strokes for *mu* in the MS.—F.

³ seize, give possession.—P.

⁴ The Cambridge MS. Ff. ii. 38 is incomplete, and ends here with

And were weddyd to-gedur verament
vndur holy sacramente;
lo! what fortune and balaunce

Be-fallyth many a man þorow chaw
And comyþ forþe in-to vncowþe lede
And takyth a wyfe.—S!

⁵ P. has added *e* at the end in the —F.

⁶ Cp. the same incident in *Egles* vol. ii. p. 380, l. 1065.—F.

⁷ kin, relations.—P.

- with-out shee might the gloues doe
 520 lightlye on her hands towe.
 "alacke!" then sayes Sir Degree,
 "the time *that* euer I borne shold bee!"
 & sayd anon with heauy cheere,
 524 "rather then all my Kingdome heere
that is now ceazed into my hands,¹
 That [I were fayre out of this lande."²] [page 378]
 the *King* these words hard thoe,
 528 & sayes, "my sonne, why sayst thou soe?
 is there ought against thy will
 either done or sayd, *that* doe thee ill,
 or any man *that* hath misdoone?
 532 tell mee, & itt shall be amended soone."
 "no, Lord," sayes degree then,
 "but for this marryage³ done has beene.
 I will not with no woman meddle,
 536 neither wiffe, widdow, nor damsell,
 without shee may these gloues doe
 Lightly vpon her hands tow."
 & when they Lady can *that* heere,
 540 anon shee changed all her cheere,
 for shee knew *that* the gloues longed to her,
 & sayes, "giue me the gloues, fayre Sir."
 shee tooke the gloues in *that* steede,
 544 & lightly vpon her hands them did.
 then shee fell downe & began to cry;
 says, "Lord god, I aske thee mercy!
 I am the mother *that* did you beare,
 548 & you are mine owne sonne deere!"
 Sir Degree tooke her vp thoe
 ffull lightly in his armes towe.

thinks of
his gloves,

and laments

his careless-
ness.

The King
asks what
the matter
is.

Degree says
he can lie
with no
woman
whom his
gloves will
not fit.

His wife

asks for
the gloves,
puts them
on,

and tells
Degree
she is his
mother.

They reioice

¹ Here follow a leaf and three quarters in a different handwriting.—F.

² MS. cut away.—F.
That nowe is seased into my hande
That I were fayre out of this lande!—Utt.

³ The tag to the *g*, which I read *e* here, and in lines 555, 567, 568, may not be meant for one; but *marryag* would look ugly.—F.

- then either of other were full blythe,¹
 and kiss. 552 & kissed together many a sithe.
 the King of them had much marueile,
 & at the noyse without fayle,
 & was abashed of their weepinge.
 556 "daughter! what meanes this thing?"
 "father," shee sayd, "will you itt heere?
 you wend *that* I a mayden were.
 no, truly, ffather, I am none!
 560 for itt is 20 winters a-gone.
 this is my sonne, god doth know,
 & by these gloues see itt, Lowe!"
 shee told him altogether there
 564 how hee was begotten of her.
 & then bespake Sir Degree,
 "O sweet mother!" sayd hee,
 "where is my fathers wooninge,²
 568 or when heard you of him any tydinge?"
 "sonne,³" shee sayd, "by heauen Kinge
 I can tell you of him noe tydinge.
 but when thy father from me went,
 572 a poyntles sword he me Lent,
 & hee charged me to keepe itt then
 till *that* time thow wert a man."
 shee feicth⁴ the sword anon tho,
 576 & Sir degree itt out drew:
 Long & broad itt was, pardye;
 there was not such a one in *that* country.
 "now truly," sayes Degree then,
 580 "hee *that* weelded itt was a man!
 but if god of heauen hee may⁵ keepe,
 night nor day I will not sleepe
 till *that* time I may my father see,
 584 in Christendome if *that* hee bee."
- Then she
tells her
father
 that Degree
is her son,
 and how he
was begotten
on her.
 Degree asks
 her where
his father
is.
 She can't
tell him,
 but she
gives him
his father's
pointless
sword.
Degree
 declares
 that he'll
not sleep
till he finds
out his
father.

¹ bliðe, lætus, Sax.—P.² dwelling.—P.³ ? MS. sonnd.—F.⁴ Here again is the *clh* for *tch* noticed before, vol. i. p. 23, l. 73, &c. &c.—F.⁵ hee mee.—P.

[The Fourth Part.]

[How Sir Degree sets out in search of his Father, falls in love, and undertakes to fight a Giant.]

- 4⁴ parte { He made [him merry that ilk night,]¹ [page 379]
 & on the morrow when itt was day light
 hee went to the Chirch to heare a masse,
 & made him ready for to passe.
 the King sayd, "my next kinne,²
 I will giue thee *Knights* with thee to winne.³"
 "Gramercy, Lord," sayes Degree then,
 592 "but with me shall goe no other man
 But my knaue *that* may take heede
 of my armour & of my steede."
 hee leapt on his horsse, the sooth⁴ to say,
 596 & forthe he rode on his Iourney.
 many a mile & many a way
 hee rode forth on his palfrey,
 & enermor⁵ hee rode west
 600 vntil hee came to [a]⁶ forrest.
 there wild beasts came him by,
 & Fowles song therto merrely.
 they rode soe Long *that* itt grew to night;
 604 they sun went downe, & fayled light.
 soone after thé found a castell cleere,—
 a Lady truly dwelled there,—
 a fayre Castle of lime & stone,
 608 but other towne there was none.
 Sir Degree sayd to his knaue *that* tyde,
 "wee will to yonder castle ryde,
 & all night abyde will wee,
 612 & aske Lodging ffor Charity."

Degree
makes
ready to
start,

and will
take only

his own
man with
him.

They ride
westward,

and one
night

come to a
castle,

where
Degree
resolves

to ask for
lodging.

¹ p[rinted] c[opy].—P. MS. pared
away.—F.

² The MS. has one stroke too many.
—F.

³ A.S. *winnan*, laborare, contendere,

pugnare, superare, lucrari, Bensⁿ Voc.
—P.

⁴ Truth.—P.

⁵ ever anon.—P.

⁶ a.—P.

the bridge itt was undrawen thoe,
 they gates they stood open alsoe.
 They ride
 in,
 and stable
 their horses,
 616 into they castle they can speede,
 & thé sett vp their hackney.
 enoughe they found of corne & hay.
 they yode ¹ about & began to call
 620 both in the court & in the hall;
 but neither for loue nor awe,
 but can find
 no one
 about,
 only a fire.
 624 liuinge man they none sawe;
 but in the middst of the hall floore
 they found a fayre fyer in *that* hower.
 his man sayes, " leaue Sir,
 I haue wonder who hath made this ffyer ? "
 " but if hee come againe to night,
 628 I will him tarry, as I am true *knight*."
 hee sett him downe vpon the desse,²
 & hee made him well att ease.
 and soon
 632 soone after hee was ware of one
that into the dore gan to come :
 3 girls in
 knicker-
 bockers
 come in
 from
 hunting,
 636 3 maydens ffayre & ffree
 were trussed vp aboue the knee;
 2 of them bowes did beare,
 & other towe charged were
 with venison *that* was soe good.
 then Sir Degree vp stoode,
 & blessed them anon-wright.
 but will not
 speak to
 him.
 640 but they spake not to the *Knight*,
 But into a chamber they be gone,
 & they shut they dore ffull soone.³
 anon then after *that* withall
 644 a dwarffe came into the hall :
 4 foote was they lenght of him ;
 his visage was both great & grim ;

[page 379,

¹ went.—P.² Only one stroke for the *n* in th³ *Dease*, the upper Part of the Hall: —F.
where the high table stood.—P.

- the hayre *that* on his head was,
 648 looked as yellowe as any glasse ;
 with milke white Lace & goodly blee,
 ffull stoutly then Looked hee ;
 hee ware a sercote ¹ of greene,
 652 with blanchmere ² itt was ffringed, I weene ;
 hee was well cladd & well dight,
 his shoes were crooked as a *Knight* ;
 & hee was large of ffoote & hand
 656 as any man within the Land.
 Sir degree looked on him thoe,
 & to him reuerence he did doe ;
 but he to him wold not speake ³ a word,
 660 but made him ready to lay the bord.
 he Layd on clothe, & sett on bread,
 alsoe wine white and red ;
 torches in the hall ⁴ hee did light,
 664 & all things to supper he did dight.
 anon then with great Honor
 there came a *Lady* forth of her bower,
 & with her shee had mayds 15
 668 *that* were some in red, & some in greene.
 Sir degree ffollowed anon-right,
 but they spake not to the *Knight* ;
 they yode ⁵ & washed euery one ;
 672 & then to super wold shee gone,
that ffayre Lady *that* was soe bright.
 att middest of the messe shee sate downe right,
 & of euery side her maydens 5,
 676 ffayre & goodlye [as any were] ⁶ aline.⁷

yellow-haired,

green-coated,

shoe-crooked.

He too
won't say a
word to
Degree, but
lays the
table

for supper.

Then comes
a lady
with fifteen
maids,

who also
won't speak
to Degree.

The lady
and

her maidens
sit down to
supper.

¹ Sur-coat.—P.

² ? a kind of fur.—F.

³ nold speake, *sic leg.*—P.

⁴ The Sloane MS. Boke of Curtasye assigns wax candles to the sitting- and bed-rooms, Candles of Paris (whatever they were) to the hall at supper time.

In chambur no lyzt *per* shalle be brent,

Bot of wax *per*-to, yf 3e take tent.

In halle at soper schalle caldels (*so*)
brenne

of parys, *per*-in *pat* alle men kenne.

Babees Book &c. p. 327, l. 833-6.

⁵ went.—P.

⁶ & goodlye as any were. p. c.—P.

⁷ On the back of page 379, column 2^d,

- 1 "By god," then sayes Sir Degree,
 "I haue you blessed, & you not mee ;
 but you seeme dumbe. by St. Iohn
 680 I will make you speake & I can ! "
 Sir Degree cold of curtesye ;
 he went & sett him before the Ladye.
 & when hee had taken his seate,
 684 hee tooke his kniffe & cut his meate.²
 ffull litle att [supper] eates hee,
 soe much hee beholds this Mayden ffree ;
 hee thought shee were the fayrest Ladye
 688 *that* euer before hee did see.
 & when *that* they had supped all,
 the dwarffe brought watter into the hall ;
 thé yode & washed euery one,³
 692 & then to Chamber wold shee gone.
 "now trulye," sayes Degree, "& after I will
 to looke on this Ladye all my ffill."
 soe vpon the stayres the way hee nome,⁴
 696 & soone into the Chamber hee come.
 She plays the Lady *that* was ffayre and bright,
 vpon her bed shee sate downe right,
 the harp, & harped notes sweete and ffine.
 700 her mayds filled a peece⁵ of wine ;

are written, in a later hand, the following lines :—

I promised Silvia to be true,
 nay out of zeale I swore it tooe ;
 & *that* She might beleive me more,
 gave her in writeing what I swore.—
 nor vowes nor oathes can lovers bind ;
 Soe long as pleased, soe long are kinde.—
 it was on a leafe : *the* wind but blew ;
 away both leafe & promise flew.

[a space, and then] I tell *thee* Char-
 miorn.—F.

¹ Here the ordinary handwriting of
 the MS. begins again.—F.

² Remember that forks were a luxury
 not then introduced. Assume that Degree
 had washed his hands, and then he'd

have fulfilled the requirements of *Trac-
 tus Urbanitatis* :

To þe mete when þou art sette,
 Fayre & honestly thow ete hyt :
 Fyrst loke þat þy handes be clene,
 And þat þy knyfe be sharpe & kene,
 And cutte þy breed & alle þy mete
 Ryȝth euen as þou doste hit ete.

Babees Book &c. p. 14, l. 39–44.

³ Seethe laying of the *surname*, or towel
 for the lord to wash with, described in
 Russell, p. 132 of *Babees Book* &c., and
 the washing at p. 323.—F.

⁴ nome, took.—P.

⁵ cup. See "Ffor to serve a Lord" in
Babees Book, and *Ladye Bessie*.—F.

- & then Sir Degree sett him downe
 ffor to heare the harpe sound;
 & through the notes of the harp shrill
 704 he layd him downe and slept his fill.
that ffaire Lady that ilke night
 shee bade couer the gentle Knight;
 & rich clothes on him they cast,
 708 & shee went to another bed att Last.
 & soe on the morrow when itt was day,
 the Lady rose, the sooth to say,
 & into the chamber they way can take.
 712 shee sayd, "Sir Knight, arise and wake!"
 & then shee sayd all in game,
 "you are worthye ffor to haue blame!
 ffor like a beast all night you did sleepe;
 716 & of my mayds you tooke no keepe."
 & then bespake Sir Degree,
 "mercy, madam, & fforgiue mee!
 the notes *that* thy harpe itt made,¹
 720 or else the good wine *that* I had.
 but tell me now, my Ladye hend,²
 ere I out of this chamber wend,³
 who is Lord in this Lande,
 724 or who holds this castle in his hand,
 & whether you be mayd or wiffe,
 & in what manner you lead your liffe,
 & why you [have] soe ⁴ manye women
 728 alone with-out ⁵ any men."
 "Sir," shee sayd, "I wold you tell
 & if you wold amend itt well.
 my ffather was a bold Barron,
 732 & holden Lord ouer tower & towne,
 & hee had neuer child but mee,
 & I am heyre heere in this countrie;
- plays Degree
to sleep,
 and has him
covered with
rich clothes.
 In the
morning
 she wakes
him
 and
reproaches
him for his
rudeness.
 Degree begs
her pardon,
 and asks
her
 whether
she's
married,
 and why she
has no men
there.
She says
 that she is
her father's
heiress,

¹ of thy harpe it made, i. e. caused it,
 &c. my sleepiness.—P.

² *hend*, gentle. Gl. Chau.—P.

³ *wend*, go.—P.

⁴ you [have] so. p. c.—P.

⁵ withouten.—P.

- and has had
many
sutors,
- 736 & there hath wood [me] many a *Knight*
& many a Squier well dight¹;
but there then woones there beside
a stout Gyant, & hee is ffull of pryde,
& hee hath me desired long and yore²;
740 & him to loue I can neuer more;
& hee hath slaine my men eche one,
all sauing my sorry dwarffe alone.”
as shee stood talking, shee fell to the ground
She swoons, 744 & swooned there in *that* stond.
& then her Damsells about her come
& comfort her, & her vp nome.³
the Ladye wakened, & looked on Sir Degree.
- and on her
recovery,
Degree
declares he'll
help her.
- 748 “O Leane Dame!” then sayes hee,
“be not adread while I am here;
ffor I will helpe thee to my power.⁴”
“Sir,” shee sayes, “all my Lands
She promises
him her
lands 752 I doe itt ceaze into your hands,
& all my goods I will thee giue,
& alsoe my body while I doe liue,⁵
& ffor to bee att your owne will
and herself
to do what
he will with. 756 earlye, late, lowde, and still,
yea and your Leman ffor to bee,
to wreake⁶ mee vpon my enemye.”
then was Sir Degree ffaine⁷ to ffight
760 to defend this Ladye in her wright,
& ffor to sloe the other Knight
& winne the Ladye *that* was soe bright.
& as th^e stood talking in ffeere,⁸
764 her damsells came with a heany cheere,
& bade “draw the bridge hastilye;
for yonder comes your enemye;
without you itt draw soone, anon
The giant
approaches,
and the
drawbridge
is drawn up. 768 hee will destroye vs euerye one.”

[page 3]

¹ deck'd, dressed.—P.² before, formerly.—P.³ nome, took.—P.⁴ P. has added an *e* at the end.—F.⁵ This line is partly pared away.—⁶ revenge.—P.⁷ glad.—P.⁸ together.—P.

[The Fifth Part.]

[How Sir Degree kills the Giant, fights and finds his Father, and marries his Love.]

5 ⁴ parte	Sir Degree hee start vp anon & thought to make him readye soone, & out of a window hee him see ; then to his horsse ffull soone did hye. soe stout a man as hee was one, in armor say ¹ shee neuer none. then Sir Degree rode fforth amaine ffor to ryde this Gyant againe :	Degree rides forth.
776	Thé smote together hard in soothe <i>that</i> Sir Degrees horsse backe brake in 2. "thou hast," sayes Sir Degree, "slaine my good steede, but I hope Isl quitt well thy meede ! to sloe thy steed nought I will, but ffight with thee all my ffill." then they ffoughten on ffoote in ffere with hard strokes vpon helmetts Cleere. the Gyant hee gaue Sir Degree huge strokes <i>that</i> were great plentye, and Sir Degree did him alsoe till his helmett & basenett ² were burst in 2. the Gyant hee was agreede sore because he had of his blood fforlore, ³ & such a stroke he gaue Sir Degree thoe <i>that</i> to the ground he made him goe. Sir Degree reconered anon-right, & such a stroke hee gaue <i>that</i> Knight, & vpon the crowne soe hee itt sett, <i>that</i> througe his helme and basenett he made his sword to goe through his head, & then the gyant ffell downe dead. this Ladye lay in her castle, & shee saw the whole battell,	The giant charges him, and breaks his horse's back in two. Then they fight on foot, giving one another huge strokes. The giant fells Degree ; but he recovers himself, and kills the giant. The lady is as glad as
780		
784		
788		
792		
796		
800		

¹ saw.—P.² head-piece.—P.³ lost.—P.

the birds of
daylight,

thanks
Degree,

kisses him
100 times,

gives him all
her lands
and goods
and herself.

Degree

says he must
first seek
adventures
for a year ;

then he'll
come to her.

He rides
westward

till a knight

in rich
armour
rides up to
him

& shee was glad to see *that* sight
as euer the bird was of daylight.
then Sir Degree came into the hall,
804 & against him came the damsell,
& shee thanked him ffor his good deed,
& into her chamber shee did him lead,
& vnarmed him anon thoe,
808 & kist a 100 times and moe,
& sayd, " Sir, now all my Lands
I doe ceaze into thy hands,
& all my goods I doe thee giue,
812 & my bodye the whilest I line,
& ffor to bee att your owne will
earlye, late, lowd, and still."
he sayd, " Madam, godamercye
816 ffor all the ffavour you haue granted mee !
but I must into ffarr countryee,
more aduentures ffor to see
vntill this 12 monthes be agoe,¹
820 & then I will come you toe."
hee betooke her to the heauen *King*.
the Lady wept att their departinge.
hee leaped on his horsse, the soothe to say,
824 & rode fforth on his Iourney ;
& euermore he rode west
till a Lane he ffound in a fforrest,
& there came to him [pricking a] *Knight* ²
828 That well was armed, & on his horsse dight [pas
in armour *that* wold well endure,
with ffine gold and rich azure,
& 3 bores heads where therin,
832 the *which* were of gold ffine ;—
itt might well bee his owne, soones ffell,³
ffor once hee woone them in battell ;—

¹ gone, past.—P.² *sans faile*, without fail. See l.³ MS. cut away.—F. pricking a K^t. —P. —F.

- & he sayd, "villaine! what doest thou here
 836 within my fforrest to sloe my deere?"
 Sir Degree answered him with words meeke,
 & sayes, "of thy deere I take noe keepe,
 but I am an aduenturous *Knight*,
 840 & I am goinge to seeke warr & ffight."
 his ffather answered & sayd sans fell,
 "if thou be come ffor to seeke battell,
 buske¹ thee shortlye in a stonde,
 844 ffor thy ffellow thou hast ffounde."
 then looke what ffolly happened *that* tyde!
 the sonne againe the ffather did ryde,
 & neither knew of other right;
 848 & thus they began to ffight.
 they smote together soe hard in soothe
that their horsses bacckes brake bothe;
 & then they ffought on ffoote in fere
 852 with hard strokes vpon helmetts cleere.
 & this his ffather amarueyled was
 of his sword *that* was poyntles,
 & sayd to him anon-right,
 856 "abyde awhile, thou gentle *Knight*!
 where was thou borne, in what Land?"
 "Sir," hee sayd, "in England.
 a *Kings* daughte is my mother;
 860 but I cannott tell who is my ffather.
 "what is thy name?" then sayes hee.
 "Sir, my name is Degree."
 "O Sir Degree, thou art right welcome!
 864 ffor well I know thou art my sonne.
 by *that* sword I know thee heere;
 the poynt is in my poteuere.²"
 hee tooke the poynt & sett itt tooe,³
 868 & they accorded both tooe.⁴

and asks
him why he's
come to kill
his deer.

Degree says
he doesn't
want his
deer,

but to fight.

The knight
tells him
to make
ready,

and they
fight

fiercely
till the
knight
sees that
Degree's
sword is
pointless,

and asks him
where he was
born.

"In
England.

But I know
not my
father."

"Welcome,
my son!

I know you
by your
sword."
He fits the
point on to
it,

¹ prepare.—P.

² A pocket or pouch. See *Boy* &

Mantle, vol. ii. p. 305, l. 21.—F.

³ ? MS. looe.—F. to.—P. ⁴ tho.—P.

and father
and son are
reconciled.

soe long they haue spoken together,
both the sonne and the ffather,
that they haue both accorded att one,
872 the ffather & the sonne alone.

They go
together
to England.

then went fforth Sir Degree
with his owne ffather trulye.
vntill they might England see,
876 they drew thither as they wold bee ;
& when they to the Kings palace were come,
they were welcome with all and some.

Degree's
mother

& there they Ladye spyed them ouer a wall,
880 & to them shee began to call,

recognises
his father,

& shee sayd, "my deere sonne, Sir Degree,
thou hast thy ffather brought with thee !" "
"now thankes be to god !" sayd the Kinge,
884 "ffor now I know with-out leasinge
who is Degrees ffather indeede."

the Ladye swooned in *that* steade.
then shee & her sonne were parted in twaine,
888 ffor hee & shee were to nye of kinne ;
& then this Knight wedded *that* ffayre Ladye
before all the Lords in *that* countrie.

and they are
married.

Degree

& then went fforth Sir degree,
892 & soe did the King & all his meanye ;
vnto the castle the rodén in ffere—
with a companye right ffayre—
where dwelled this ¹ Ladye bright
896 *which* before he wan in fflight.

marries his
own love ;

& there Sir Degree marryed *that* gay Ladye
before all the nobles in *that* countrie.

and so his
troubles
are over.

& thus came the Knight out of his care.
900 god grant vs all well to ffare !

ffins.

¹ that.—P.

[*"In a May Morning"* and *"The Turke in Linen,"* printed in L. & Hum
Songs, p. 74–79, follow here, and take up p. 383 of the MS.]

Death & Liffe.¹

[page 384]

¹This poem, which is certainly one of the finest in the Folio Manuscript, is now printed for the first time, and, as it would appear at present, from the only copy of it in existence. From its allegorical nature, it contains no historical allusions to assist us in discovering its date or its author, and the only way left is to examine the internal evidence. From this, however, it is plain that the author wrote the poem in imitation of Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowman*; and a comparison of the two throws considerable light upon its construction and its language. The author seems most indebted to the later *passus* of *Piers Plowman*, and I should infer from the line,

& bade them barre bigglye · Belzebub his gates,² (l. 390)

and from other indications, that the particular text of *Piers Plowman* which he knew best was the *latest* one. And since the latter part of this latest text was very likely not written much before 1380, we may be tolerably certain at the outset that the date of "Death and Liffe" is, at any rate, later than this.

Again, if we compare "Death and Liffe" with one of the latest pieces of alliterative verse known, viz., the "Scotish ffeilde" (see vol. i. p. 199 of the present work), we see a remarkable similarity

¹ 2 fitts. Two of these short Lines are properly but one.—P. The Anglo-Saxon alliterative poems are usually written as prose with frequent dots, and printed commonly in short lines; the Early English ones in long lines. The lines of the present poem in the Folio MS. are written short to l. 87 of the text. They are here printed long, with an inverted full stop at the break between them, after Mr. Skeat's plan in his *Piers Plowman*, from

Langland's *Vision* of whom this poem is imitated. And as the stop helps the reader by marking the pause in each line, it has been carried on through the lines which are written long in the MS. and without pause-marks.—F.

² This Introduction is by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.—F.

³ See Whitaker's edition of *Piers Plowman*, p. 354. The passage about "barre we be gates" is not in Wright's edition.

in the style, diction, and rhythm of these two poems. I have little doubt but that the same man was the author of both. There is, in both, the same free use of the words *leeds*, *frekes*, *bearnes*, *segges*, as equivalent to *men*; the same choice of peculiar words, such as *weld* (to rule over), to *keyre to* (to turn towards), to *ding* (to strike), even down to the occurrence in both of the unusual word *nay*, as equivalent to *ne*, i.e. nor. Where we find in “Death and Liffe,”

the *red rayling roses* · the *riches* of flowers (l. 24),

we find the corresponding line in “Scottish ffeilde,” viz.

rayled full of *red roses* · and *riches* enowe (l. 26).

So too, the line in “Death and Liffe,”

a *bright* burnisht blade · all *bloody beronen* (l. 172),

is explained by

till all his *bright* armour · was all *bloudye beronen* (l. 31 of S. F.).

We may even venture, with confidence, to correct one poem by help of the other. Thus, in S. F. l. 337,

many squires full swiftly · were snapped to the death,

it is certain, no less from the Lyme MS. than from the alliteration, that *squires* and *snapped* should be *swires* and *swapped*. And we find the word *sweeres*, accordingly, in D. & L. l. 54. As another instance, take D. & L. l. 407 :

he cast a *light* on the *Land* · as *beames* on the sunn.

Here *on* is obviously an error for *of*; and it at once occurred to me that *beames* is an error for *leames*, the older form, and the only one that agrees with the alliteration. This conjecture is changed to certainty by observing S. F. l. 309 :

with *leames* full *light* · all the *land* over.

Once more, we find, in D. & L. l. 185,

both enuye & anger · in their yerne weeds.

If we consider *yerne* to mean *eager* (cf. l. 250), we get no particular sense, and destroy the alliteration; but if we take it to mean *iron*, we are right both ways. That this is correct, is rendered probable by a similar expression in S. F. l. 363, viz., "in their *steele* weeds," which is not dubious at all.

It may be observed, too, that the two poems are very nearly of the same length, and are both similarly divided into two parts. I shall show presently that the author of "Death and Liffe" was familiar with "Piers Plowman," and it is equally certain that the author of "Scotish ffeilde" was so too. Compare S. F. l. 106,

& profer him a present · all of pure gold,

with the original line as it stands in "Piers Plowman,"

And profrede Pees a present · al of pure golde.

(P. Pl. ed. Wright, p. 70; or ed. Skeat, p. 47.)

Percy himself seems to have been in two minds about this poem. In one place he says, that "for aught that appears, [it] may have been written as early [as], if not before, the time of Langland;"¹ and in another place he says, of the "Scotish ffeilde," and with reference to "Death and Liffe," that "from a similitude of style, [it] seems to have been written by the same Author."² The former opinion is out of the question; the latter is, I think, as good as proved to be correct. Percy further says: "The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between 'our lady Dame LIFE,' and the 'ugly fiend Dame DEATH;' who, with their several attributes and concomitants, are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting."³ It is, indeed, written with great boldness and vigour, and with no small skill. LIFE is represented as beautiful, loving, cheering and blessing all things with her gracious and happy presence, whilst, on the other hand, and in perfect contrast, DEATH is

¹ Reliques, vol. ii. p. 303 (5th ed.)

sent work.

² See vol. i. p. 199, note, of the pre-

³ Reliques, vol. ii. p. 304.

repulsive, terrifying, unsparing, with sorrow and sickness in her train.

The picture of Lady Life as she comes "ever laughing for love," is the happiest piece of description in the Folio. All nature "sways to her as she moves, and circles her with music:"

. . as shee came by the bankes · the boughes eche one
they lowted to that Ladye · & layd forth their branches ;
blossomes & burgens · breathed full sweete,
fflowers ffourished in the frith · where shee fforth stapedd,
& the grass that was gray · greened beline ;
breme birds on the boughes · busilye did singe,
& all the wild in the wood · winlye thē ioyed. (l. 69-75.)

The dispute between the Ladies turns upon the real meaning of the death of Christ. Death boasts of the fall of Adam and of the thousands she has slain, and how she had pierced the heart of our Lord himself. But, at the mention of His hallowed name, Life rises up to reply victoriously, and to reprove unanswerably. She reminds Death of Christ's resurrection, of His triumph over all the powers of hell, of the impotence of her boasting, and of her everlasting defeat and condemnation. The poet has a glimpse of the glories of the general resurrection, and awakes renewed in hope and comforted at heart with the indwelling desire of the blessings of bliss everlasting.

I now proceed, finally, to show to what extent the poet was indebted to his older and greater brother-artist, William Langland, from whom no one need be ashamed to borrow. His obligations are such as detract very little from his originality and genius, but they are instructive to the reader, and therefore it is worth while to point them out. I refer to Wright's edition of "Piers Plowman," citing by the page as being most convenient.

A few similarities of expression may be first noticed.

(1) till that itt neighed neere noone (l. 137).

Cf. And it neghed neigh the noon (P. Pl. p. 425).

(2) how didest thou Iust att Ierusalem · with Iesu my lord (l. 368).

Cf. And justen with Jhesus (P. Pl. p. 374); and again,

And who sholde juste in Jerusalem (P. Pl. p. 370).

3. It is said of Lady Life,

& yett beffore thou wast borne · shee bred *in thy hart* (l. 128).

So, of Lady *Anima*, who is also Lady Life,

And *in the herte* is hir hoom · and hir mooste reste. (P. Pl. p. 162.)

4. The expression “care thou noe more” (l. 131) occurs in a different poem altogether, viz. in *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede* (l. 131, ed. Skeat, 1867); but the expression “to ken kindlye,” in the former half of the same line, is from P. Pl. p. 20.

5. In l. 119, *praysed* should be *prayed*. Cf.

Thanne I *courbed on my knees* · and cried hire of grace,
And *preide* hire pitously, &c. (P. Pl. p. 19.)

But I pass on to points of greater interest and importance.

Here is the passage which gives the keynote to the whole poem :

DEETH seith he shal fordo · and adoun brynge
Al that lyveth and loketh · in londe and in watre.
LIF seith that he lieth · and leieth his lif to wedde,
That for al that DEETH kan do · withinne thre daies
To walke and fecche fro the fend · Piers fruyt the Plowman,
And legge it ther hym liketh · and Lucifer bynde,
And for-bete and adoun brynge · bale deeth for evere.
O mors, ero mors tua, &c. (P. Pl. p. 371.)

Again,

LIF and DEETH in this derknesse · hir oon fordooth hir oother.
Shall no wight wite witterly · who shal have the maistrie
Er Sonday aboute sonne risyng. (P. Pl. p. 373.)

The idea of beholding all in a *vision* is common enough, as in Chaucer's *House of Fame* and the *Romaunt of the Rose*; but there are points in the present poem which are obviously adopted from Langland, and from no one else. Thus the poet wanders through a frith full of flowers (l. 22):

I seigh floures in the fryth · and hir faire colours. (P. Pl. p. 224.)

He wanders by the river-side, and falls asleep (l. 26–36):

I was wery forwandred · and went me to reste
Under a brood bank · by a bournes side;
And as I lay and lenede · and loked on the watres,
I slombred into a slepyng · it sweyed so murye. (P. Pl. p. 1.)

Or, as Langland says on another occasion,

Blisse of the briddes • broughte me a-slepe. (P. Pl. p. 155.)

Next, he imagines himself on a great mountain (l. 40):

On a mountaigne that myddel-erthe • highte, as me thoughte. (P. Pl. p. 221.)

Line 49 he adopts from Langland, almost without alteration:

Mo bifel a ferly • of fairye, me thoghta. (P. Pl. p. 1.)

He sees in his vision an innumerable host of people (l. 50–56):

A fair feeld ful of folk • fond I ther bitwene
Of alle manere of men • the meene and the riche. (P. Pl. p. 2.)

In particular, he observes a lovely lady (l. 60):

A lovely lady of leere • in lynnyn yclothed,
Cam doun from a castel • and called me faire. (P. Pl. p. 15.)

She is in gorgeous attire, like a second lady described by Langland:

And was war of a womman • worthiliche y-clothed,
Purfiled with pelure • the fyneste upon erthe,
Ycorouned with a coroune • the kyng hath noon better, &c. (P. Pl. p. 28.)

The lady, however, is called *Life*, and has in her train Sir Comfort, Sir Hope, Sir Hind, Sir Liffe, Sir Likinge, &c. (l. 100–4.) This is evidently Langland's Lady *Anima*, with her attendants Sir Se-wel, Sir Sey-wel, Sir Here-wel, &c. (P. Pl. p. 160.) After this, however, the poet's mind again reverts to Langland's *Lady Holichirche*, who says of herself:

I underfeng thee first • and the feith taughte. (P. Pl. p. 19.)

Life offers to instruct him, but he is rather afraid of her, just as Langland is of *Holichirche*. But just then, a noise is heard "in a nooke of the *north*;" i.e. in the quarter where Lucifer dwells; cf. *ponam pedem in aquilone*, quoted in P. Pl. p. 22, or, as it stands in Whitaker's edition, at p. 18,

Lord, why wolde he tho • thulke wrechede *Lucifer*
Lepen on a lofte • in the *northe* syde?

The earth trembles at the approach of Death (l. 147):

The wal waggede and cleef • and al the world quaved. (P. Pl. p. 373.)

Death appears, terrible and resistless, described by Langland with astonishing vigour in the lines :

DEETH cam dryvyng after · and al to duste passhed
Kynges and knyghtes · kayzers and popes.¹
Lered and lewed · he leet no man stonde
That he hitte evene · that overe stired after.
Manye a lovely lady · and lemmans of knyghtes
Swowned and swelted · for sorwe of hise dyntes. (P. Pl. p. 431.)

There is next a strife between Death and Life, as in the passages of Langland already quoted, and we find Death boasting of her jousting with Jesus at Jerusalem. After this point in the narrative, the reader will no longer have to look hither and thither for parallel passages, but should read over Passus XVIII. of "Piers Plowman," and he will find there the same account of Christ's descent into hell, or as it is more generally termed, "the harrowing of hell," because our Lord *harried* or ravaged hell, despoiling Satan of his prey. At Christ's descent, a wondrous *leme*² (or *gleam*) shines around :

The while this light and this *leme* · shal Lucifer ablende. (P. Pl. p. 377.)

whilst a loud voice is heard, commanding Lucifer to unbar the gates :

A vois loude in that light · to Lucifer crieth,
Prynces of this place · unpynnoth and unlouketh. (P. Pl. p. 385.)
And with that breeth helle brak · with Belialles barres. (P. Pl. p. 388.)

and Christ enters in triumph, and binds Lucifer in chains (P. Pl. p. 393). He next delivers "Adam and his issue," returning with them to Paradise :

and tho that oure Lorde lovede · into his light he laughte. (P. Pl. p. 388.)

After this triumph the poet beholds a glimpse of the general resurrection, but the sublimity of the spectacle wakes him :

men rongen to the resurexion · and right with that I wakede. (P. Pl. p. 395.)

I have only to add that the poem known by the title of "The

¹ Two more forcible lines are seldom to be met with.

² I have before shown that *leamcs* is the true reading in l. 407.

Harrowing of Hell" has been edited by Mr. Collier and by Mr. Halliwell; that another version of it is to be found in "The Parliament of Devils" (see "Hymns to the Virgin and Christ, &c.," ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. Soc. 1867); and that the common source of all these appears to be a curious passage in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, for which see Cowper's recently published translation of these Gospels.

[The First Part.]

Christ,		CHRIST, christen king · <i>that</i> on the crosse tholed, ¹
		hadd ² paines & passyons · to deffend our soules,
give us grace to serve thee,	4	giue vs grace on the ground · the ³ greatlye to serve for <i>that</i> royall red blood · <i>that</i> rann ffrom thy side, & take ⁴ away of thy winne ⁵ word · as the world asketh, ⁶ <i>that</i> is richer of ⁷ renowne · rents or others.
for all strength		for boldnesse of body · nor blythenesse of hart,
and learning	8	coninge of Clearkes · ne cost vpon earth ;
must come to nought when we die.		but all wasteth away · & worthes ⁸ to nought. when death driueth att the doore ⁹ · with his darts keene,
		then noe truse ¹⁰ can be taken · noe treasure on earth,
	12	but all Lordshipps be lost · & the liffe both.
The good go to bliss,		if thou haue pleased the prince · <i>that</i> paradise weldeth, ¹¹ there is noe bearne ¹² borne · <i>that</i> may thy blisse recon ;
the wrong- doers to wee.		but if thou haue wrongfully wrought · & will not amend,
	16	thou shalt byterlye bye ¹³ · or else the booke ffayleth.

¹ qu. tholedst, i.e. suffered. Jun.—P.

² qu. haddest.—P.

³ thee.—P.

⁴ i.e. & to take &c. in proportion (or in the same measure) as the World asks other things.—P.

⁵ winne. A.S. *winlic*, *jucundus*; *winn*, *amicus*. Lye.—P.

⁶ Cp. *Vis. of P. Pl.*, Prol.: *werchyng*e & *wandryng*e · as the world asketh.—Skeat.

⁷ Qu. or.—P.

⁸ turns or becomes, S. *uorþan*, *esse*, Fieri. Lye. *worth*, to wax, to become. Gloss. to G. D. —P.

⁹ ? MS. doere.—F.

¹⁰ trusse, package.—F.

¹¹ i.e. governeth. Juni.—P.

¹² i.e. child, human creature: man &c. See Gawⁿ. Doug^s. *passim*.—P.

¹³ *byan*, Sax., *habitare*, *possidere*.—P. *abye*, A.-S. *abigian*. Cp. "Shal *abien* it *bittre* · or the book lieth." *P. Pl.* ed. Wright, p. 58.—Skeat.

- therefore begin in god · to greaten our workes,
 & in his ffaythfull sonne · *that* ffreelye him followeth
 in hope of the holy ghost · *that* yeeld shall neuer.
- 20 god *that* is gracyous · & gouerne vs all,
 bringe vs into blisse · *that* brought vs out of ball¹ !
 thus ffared I through a ffryth² · were fflowes were
 manye,
 bright bowes in the banke · breathed full sweete,
 24 the red rayling³ roses · the riches⁴ of fflowes,
 land⁵ broad on their bankes · with their bright Leanes,
 & a riuer *that* was rich · runn ouer the greene
 with still sturring streames · *that* streamed full bright.
 28 over the glittering ground · as I there⁶ glode,⁷
 methought itt Lenghtened my liffe · to looke on the
 bankes.
 then among the fayre flowers · I settled me to sitt
 vnder a huge hawthorne · *that* hore was of blossomes ;
 32 I bent my backe to the bole⁸ · & blenched⁹ to the
 streames.
 thus prest I on apace · vnder the greene hawthorne.
 ffor breme¹⁰ of the birds · & breath of the fflowes,
 & what for waching & wakinge · & wandering about,
 36 in my seate where I sate · I sayed a sleepe,
 lying Edgelong on the ground · list¹¹ all my seluen,
 deepe drcames and dright¹² · drone mee to hart.
 methought walking *that* I was · in a wood stronge,
 40 vpon a great Mountaine · where Mores¹³ were large,

May God
bring us into
bliss !

I walked
through
a wood full
of flowers,

with a
river
running
through,

and the
sight
seemed to
lengthen
my life.
I sat down,

and the
birds' song

sent me to
sleep,

and I
dreamed
that I
walked on a
mountain
[page 385]

¹ bale, sorrow, misery.—P.

² *frith* olim sylvam Nota vit. Ita Jul. Burns devenerat. [?MS.] "Wherever you fare, by frith or by fell," i.e. quocunque iter feceris, sive per sylvam, sive per Campum. Gloss. ad G. D. So Douglas Æn. 6. 793, regnata per arva, "rang (reign'd) baith be fryth & fald." And in Prol. to Lib. 13. In frith or feilde.—P.

³ Cp. "The rose *rayleth* hir rode." Morris's *Specimens*, glossed "*rayle*, to deck, ornament; *rayleth*, puts on (as a garment). A.-S. *hrægel*, a garment; whence night-rail." But see *railinge*, l. 376 below.—F.

⁴ richest.—P.

⁵ ? leaned, or layd, as in l. 63.—F.

⁶ It there, qu.—P.

⁷ i.e. glided. *glade*, Scot. apud G. Douglas, *est*, went, passed, swiftly. Gloss. ad G. Douglas.—P.

⁸ i.e. the body or trunk.—P.

⁹ shrunk, started, leaned towards.—P. Cf. blink.—Skeat.

¹⁰ A. S. *bremman*, fremere: celebrare.—P.

¹¹ ? for *lift*, left, left alone.—Sk.

¹² great, noble, fine, A.-S. *driht*.—Sk.

¹³ *more*, Mons, borealibus Anglis. A.S. *mor*, Mons. L[ye].—P. Moors.—Skeat.

whence I
saw

that I might see on euerye side · 17 miles,
both of woods & wasts · & walled townes,
comelye castles & Cleare · with caruen towers,

44 parkes and Pallaces · & pastures ffull many,
all the world full of welth · vnuelye¹ to behold.

all the world
in its wealth.

I sett me downe softlye · and sayd these words :

“ I will not kere out of Kythe² · before I know more.”

48 & I wayted³ me about · wonders to know,
& I⁴ ffayrlye beffell · soe fayre me bethought

And on the
South I saw
a crowd of
knights,

I saw on the south syde · a seemelye sight,
of comelye Knights full keene · & knights⁵ ffull
noble,

princes,
dukes,
earls, and
squires.

52 Princes in the presse · proudlye attyred,
Dukes *that* were doughtye · & many deere Erles,
Swceres⁶ & swaynes · *that* swarmed ffull thicke ;
there was neither hill nor holte⁷ · nor haunt there
beside,

56 but itt was planted ffull of people · the plaine and the
roughe.

On the
East I saw

there ouer *that* oste⁸ · Estward I looked
into a boolish⁹ banke · the brightest of other,
that shimered¹⁰ and shone · as the sheere¹¹ heauen

a lovely
lady

60 throughe the light of a Ladye · *that* longed¹² therin.
shee came cheereing ffull comlye · with companye¹³
noble,

vpon cleare clothes · were all of cleare gold,

¹ fortè, *winlye*, i. e. pleasantly, jucunde.
Lye.—P. ? viewlye.—F.

² Kythe, knowledge.—P. region, A.-S.
cyð.—Skeat.

³ Old French *gaiter*, to spy about.—
Sk.

⁴ it, query.—P. “ Me bifel a ferly ·
of fairye me thoghte.” *Vis. of P. Pl.*, Pro-
logue.—Skeat.

⁵ Kings, Qu.—P.

⁶ *forte* squires.—P. Yes, often used
in *Allit. Poems*, ed. Morris &c.—F.

⁷ holt, a wood, a rough Place, &c.
Lye. *holtis*, Scot., are hills, higher

grounds, or rather Woods & forrests
(*so*). Gloss. to G. D.—P.

⁸ hoste.—P.

⁹ Perhaps “ tumid, swelling, rounded.”
Thus *bole* in l. 32, from Old English
bolne, to *swell*; see Partenay, s.v. *bolned*.
Cf. “ The flax was *bolled*,” Bible.—Sk.

¹⁰ *idem* ac glimmered, Chauc. A.S.
scymrian, to shine, glitter. L.—P.

¹¹ sheer, pure, clear. Johns.—P.

¹² lodged, longed. Qu.—P. Abode,
dwelt, A.-Sax. *lungian*: *lodged* is quite
wrong. See l. 136.—Sk.

¹³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

layd brode vpon the bent¹ · with brawdres² ffull riche,
64 before *that* ffayre³ on the ffeeld · where shee fforth
passed.

shee was brighter of her blee⁴ · then was the bright
sonn,

brighter
than the
sun,

her rudd⁵ redder then the rose · *that* on the rise⁶
hangeth,

redder than
the rose,

meekely smiling with her mouth · & merry in her
lookes,

68 euer laughing for loue · as shee like wold.

laughing
for love.
The boughes

& as shee came by the bankes · the boughes eche one
they lowted⁷ to *that* Ladye · & layd forth their branches.
blossomes & burgens⁸ · breathed ffull sweete,

bowed to
her,
the blossomes
breathed
sweet,

72 fflowers ffourished in the frith · where shee fforth
stepedd,

& the grasse *that* was gray · greened beline ;

the grey
grass turned
green,

breme birds on the boughes · busilye did singe,

& all the wild in the wood · winlye thé ioyed.

the wild
beasts were
glad,
kings

76 Kings kneeled on their knees · knowing *that* Ladye,

& all the princes in the presse · & the proud dukes,

kneeled to
her,

Barrons & bachelours⁹ · all they bowed ffull lowe ;

the nobles
bowed,

all profrereth her to please · the pore and the riche.

and all
proffered to
please her.

80 shee welcometh them ffull winlye · with words ffull
hend,

[page 386]

She wel-
comed them
all.

both barnes¹⁰ & birds · beastes & fowles.

then *that* lowly Ladye¹¹ · on Land where shee standeth,

¹ bent, where rushes grow—the field. Gloss. ad G. Doug. Declivity. In Scotch it signifies a field. See Gloss.—P. layd brode = spread out, i.e. her train lay on the ground. Cf. l. 25.—Sk.

² i.e. embroideries.—P.

³ i.e. Fair thing, Fair Creature, v. l. 450.—P.

⁴ complexion ; S. *Neoh*, color.—P.

⁵ rudd, complexion. Jun.—P. A.-S. *rudu*, ruddiness.—Sk.

⁶ rises, Scot., are bulrushes, flags, ulva. or it may signify shrubs, bushes. Gloss. ad G. D. *rise*, Chancero est virga, surculus, a shoot, sprig, &c.: e.g. "As

white as is the blossom on the Rise." Mi. G. 216: "As white as Lillie or Rose on the rise." R. R. 1015. Jun.—P. Ger. *reis*, a twig.—Skot.

⁷ A.S. *hlutan*, incurvare &c. Jun.—P.

⁸ burgen, burgeon, the same as *bud*. Jun.—P.

⁹ i.e. Knights. Thus in King Richard Fr's Song (Qu. printed in Hor. Walpole's roy! Authors. St. 6. *il bachaliers qi son legiere sain* doubtless means Knights. See also many other places in this collection.—P. See Gloss. to *Lancelot*.—Sk.

¹⁰ i.e. children, human creatures.—P.

¹¹ lovely Lady. Vid. Lin. 258.—P.

- She was
clad
in green, 84 *that* was comelye cladd · in kirtle & Mantle
of goodlyest greene · *that* euer groome¹ ware,
for the kind² of *that* cloth · can noe clarke tell;
& shee the most gracyous groome · *that* on the ground
longed;
- her dress
cut low to
show her
breasts 88 of her druryes³ to deeme · to dull be my witts,
& the price of her [perrie⁴] · can no P[erson]⁵ tell;
& the colour⁶ of her kirtle · was caruen ffull lowe,
that her blisfull breastes · bearnes might⁷ behold,
with a naked necke · *that* neighed⁸ her till,
- and her
beautiful
neck. 92 *that* gaue light on the Land · as beames of the sunn.
all the Kings christened · with their cleere gold
might not buy *that* ilke broche⁹ · *that* buckeled her
mantle,
- A crown
was on her
head, and a
sceptre in
her hand. 96 & the crowne on her head · was caruen in heauen,
with a scepter sett in her hand · of selcoth¹⁰ gemmes:
thus louelye to looke vpon · on Land shee abydeth.
- Her suite
were, merry were the Meanye¹¹ · of men *that* shee had,
blyth bearnes of blee · bright as the sunn:
- Comfort, 100 Sir Comfort, *that* Knight · when the court dineth,
Hope, Sir Hope & Sir Hind · yee¹² sturdye beene both,
Love, Sir Liffe & Sir Likinge · & Sir Loue alsoe,
Courtesy, Sir Cunninge¹³ & Sir Curtesye · *that* curteous were of
deeds,
- and Honour 104 & Sir Honor ouer all · vnder her seluen.
her steward. a stout man & a staleworth¹⁴ · her steward I-wisse.

¹ *groome*, puer, famulus, also a *young* man, see Johnson, from Fairfax: "in-treat this groom & silly Maid."—here it is used equivalent to *homo*, m. & f.—P.

² Qu. *kind*: if *knid*, perhaps from *knitt*.—P.

³ *Drurie*, chaucero denotat amicitiam, amorem. Lye. Scot. gifts, presents, love-tokens. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

⁴ In this line a word is missing. It is surely the word *perrie*, precious stones, never missed in describing ladies: see *P. Pl.* ed. Wright, p. 511, note to l. 901.—Skeat.

⁵ Person.—P.

⁶ Qu. Collar, or y^e Part round the neck. See Johnson.—P.

⁷ nnight MS.—F.

⁸ neighed them till. Qu.—P.

⁹ i.e. an ornament, jewel, clasp. Jun.—P.

¹⁰ i.e. rarus. Lye.—P.

¹¹ familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

¹² *that* or who. Qu.—P.

¹³ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

¹⁴ i.e. *fortis*, stout, lusty, strong. Lye.—P.

- shee had Ladyes of loue · longed her about :
 Dame mirth, & Dame Meekenes · & Dame Mercy the
 hynd,¹
 108 dallyance & disport · 2 damsells ffull sweete,
 with all beawtye [&] blisse · bearnes to behold.
 there was minstrelsy made · in full many a wise,—
 who-soe had craft or cuninge · kindlye to showe,—
 112 both of ² birds & beastes · & bearnes in the leaues ;
 & ffishes of the fflood · ffaine ³ of her were ;
 birds made merrie with their mouth · as they in mind
 cold.
 tho ⁴ I was moued with *that* mirth · *that* maruell mee
 thought ;
 116 what woman *that* was · that all the world lowted,
 I thought speedyllye to spye · speede if I might.
 then I kered ⁵ to a knight · Sir Comfort the good,⁶
 kneeling low on my knees · curteouslye him prayesd.
 120 I willed him of his worshipp · to witt ⁷ me the sooth ⁸
 of yonder Ladye of loue · & of her royall meanye.
 hee cherished me cheerlye · by cheeke & by chin,
 & sayd, “certes my sonne · the sooth thou shalt
 knowe.
 124 this is my Lady dame Liffe · *that* leadeth vs all,
 shee is worthy & wise · the welder of Ioye,
 greatlye gouerneth the ground · & the greene grasse,
 shee hath ffostered & ffed thee · sith thou was ffirst
 borne,
 128 & yett beffore thou wast borne · shee bred in thy hart.
 thou art welcome, I-wisse · vnto my winn Ladye.
 If thou wilt wonders witt · feare not to ffaine,⁹

Her ladies
were,
Mirth,
Mercy,

and Disport;

and about
her was
song of men,
of birds
and beasts.

I longed to
know who
this lady
was.

I knelt to
Sir Comfort

and asked
him to tell
me.

He said,
“She is
Lady Liffe,

who has
kept you
from your
birth.

You are
welcome to
her.”

¹ *Hinc*, villicus, A.S. *hine*, servus, domesticus. Lye. perhaps *hend*.—P. Certainly *hynd*, *hend*, gentle.—Skeat.

² of, delend.—P. of=by, and is required by the verb *made* in l. 110.—Sk.

³ faine, hilaris, glad. Lye.—P.

⁴ i.e. then.—P.

⁵ *kere*, A.S. *Cerran*, *cyrran*, vertore.

Lye.—P.

⁶ prayed. Qu.—P. Lines 117–19 are written as four in the MS.—F.

⁷ witt, *scire*, *hic est*, *faccere notum*.—P. See *ken*, l. 131.—F.

⁸ sooth, *verus*, *veritas*. Jun.—P.

⁹ *frayne*, *interrogare*. Jun. to ask, desire. Gloss. G. D.—P.

- & I shall kindlye thee ken ¹ · care thou noe more.”
- I thought
I would be
hers for
ever, 132 then I was fearfull enoughe · & ffaythffullye thought
‘ *that* I shold long with dame liffe · & loue her for euer,
there shall no man vpon mold · my mind from her take
for all the glitteringe gold · vnder the god of heaucn.’
- and our
joy lasted
till an hour
after noon. 136 thus in liking this lininge · thé Longed ² the more
till *that* itt neighed neere noone · & one hower after
there was rydinge & revell · *that* ronge in the bankes
all the world was full woe · winne to ³ behold.
- But by two 140 or itt turned from 12 · till 2 of the clocke,
much of this melodye · was maymed & marde :
In a nooke of the north · there was a noyse hard,
as itt had beene a horne · the highest of others,
- a horn was
heard from
the North, 144 with the biggest bere ⁴ · *that* euer bearne wist;
& the burlyest ⁵ blast · *that* euer blowne was,
throughe the rattlinge rout · runge ouer the ffeelds.
the ground gogled ⁶ for greeffe · of *that* grim dame;
- blowing a
burly blast, 148 I went nere out of my witt · for wayling care ;
yett I bode on the bent · & boldlye looked,
once againe into the north · mine eye then I cast.
I there saw a sight · was sorrowfull to behold.
- and an
ugly ghost
appeared, 152 one of the vglyest ⁷ ghosts · *that* on the earth gone.
there was no man of this sight · but hee was affrayd,
soe grislye & great · & grim to behold.
- a woman
with a gold
crown, 156 & a quintfull ⁸ queene ⁹ · came quakinge before,
with a carued crowne on her head · all of pure gold, [p. 387]
& shee the ffoulest ffreake ¹⁰ · *that* formed was euer

¹ ken, *scire, perspicere, intelligere*. Jun. here it signifies (transitively) to shew, make known, inform. See *Witt*, ver. 120.—P.

² abode. MS. Longer.—F.

³ winn, Woe to. Qu.—P. The word *woe* is the difficulty: may it be A.-S. *wo*, *woh*, in the original sense of *bent, inclined*? Or rather, it's put for *wo[d]*e = mad. *Winne* is joy, pleasure.—Sk.

⁴ bere, *fremere, fremitus*, roaring, raging noise. Lye.—P.

⁵ burly, great of stature or size, bulky, corpulent. Johns.—P.

⁶ joggled, wagged, shook.—Sk.

⁷ most fright-causing.—F.

⁸ quaintful, *quaint*, neat, exact, nice, having a petty elegance. N.B. *Quaint* is in Spencer quailed, depressed. Johnson.—P.

⁹ Sc. Pride. compare this with Line 183.—P.

¹⁰ froke, *homo*, a human creature. Lye.—P.

- both of hide & hew · & heare¹ alsoe.
 shee was naked as my nayle · both aboue & belowe, and naked.
 160 shee was lapped about · in Linenn breeches.
 a more fearffull face · no freake might behold ; Her face
 for shee was long, & leane · & lodlye² to see ; was fearful
 there was noe man on the mold · soe mightye of to see.
 strenght, Death was
 164 but a looke of *that* Lady · & his life passed. in her look.
 his³ eyes farden⁴ as the fyer · *that* in the furnace Her eyes
 burnes ; flamed like
 they were hollow in her head · with full heanye fire.
 browes ;
 her cheekes were leane · with lipps full side,⁵
 168 with a maruelous mouth · full of long tushes,
 & the nebb⁶ of her nose · to her navell hanged, Her nose
 & her lere⁷ like the lead · *that* latelye was beaten. hung down
 shee bare in her right hand · & ⁸ vnrid⁹ weapon, to her
 172 a bright burnisht blade · all bloody beronen,¹⁰ navel.
 & in the left hand · like the legg of a grype,¹¹ In her right
 with the talents *that* were touchinge · & teenfull¹² sword, hand was a
 enoughe. in her left
 with *that* shee burnisht vp her brand · & bradd¹³ out talons.
 her geere ;
 176 & I for feare of *that* freake · fell in a swond. I swooned,
 had not Sir Comfort come · & my care stinted, but Sir
 I had beene slaine with *that* sight · of *that* sorrowfull Comfort
 Ladye.

¹ hair.—P.² lodly or ledlye, Isl. *leidur*. Turpis sordidus, Al. *leid*, abominabilis. M^r Lye MS.—P. loathly, Cf. l. 303.—Sk.³ Her.—P.⁴ i.e. fared, passed, went, were.—P.⁵ side, longus, prolixus. Lye.—P.⁶ *nebbe*, rostrum, AS. vultus, item nasus. Jun.—P.⁷ Lere, Lyre, Caro. Lye. *Item*, complexion. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.⁸ an.—F.⁹ *unrid*, perhaps the same as *unrude*in G. Doug^e ; rude, hideous, horrible. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. The root seems to be the A.-S. *réðe* or *hréðe*, cruel, fierce. The prefix may be the A.-S. *an-* or *on-*.—Sk.¹⁰ *Forté* beronen or berunen, vid. p. 367, St. 48 [of MS.].—P. be-run, run over with.—Sk.¹¹ i.e. Griffin.—P.¹² teen, *est injuria, vexatio*. Jun. Sorrow, grief. Johnson.—P.¹³ braid, brade, vet. *expergescere, auferre, educere*. Lye.—P.

- then he lowted to me low · & learned me well,
 reassured me, 180 sayd, “be thou not abashed · but abyde there a while;
 here may thou sitt & see · selcothes¹ ffull manye.
 told me she was Death, with Pride, her suite,
 yonder damsell is death · *that* dresseth her to smyte.
 loe, pryde passeth before · & the price beareth,
 184 many sorrowfull souldiers · following her fast after:
 Envy, Wrath, Mischiefe,
 both enuye & anger · in their yerne² weeds,
 morninge & mone · Sir Mis[c]heefe his fflere,³
 Sorrow, Sorrow & sicknesse · & sikinge in hart;
 and all who leached their life. 188 all *that* were lothinge of their liffe · were lent⁴ to her
 court.
 when shee draweth vp her darts · & dresseth her to
 smite,
 there is no groome vnder god · may garr her to stint.
 then I blushed⁵ to *that* bearne · & balefullye looked:
 She stept on the grass, 192 he⁶ stepped forth barefooted · on the bents browne,
 the greene grasse in her gate · shee grindeth all to
 powder,⁷
 trees tremble for ffeare · & tipen⁸ to the ground,
 leanes lighten downe lowe · & leauen their might,
 and the trees trembled, the leaves dropt, the fish were still. 196 fowles faylen to fflie · when⁹ thé heard wapen,
 & the ffishes in the fflood · ffaylen to swimme¹⁰
 ffor dread of dame death · *that* dolefullye threatcs.
 with *that* shee hyeth to the hill · & the heard ffindeth:
 She hied to the happy crowd, 200 in the roughest of the rout · shee reacheth forth darts.
 there shee fell att the first flappe · 1500
 of comelyes Queenes with crowne · & Kings full noble,
 proud princes in the presse · prestlye¹¹ shee quellcthe;
 and slew kings, princes, dukes, 204 of dukes *that* were doughtye · shee dang out the
 braynes;

¹ i. e. rarities, vid. L. 96.—P.² yerne, *promptus, cupidus*. L.—P.³ fere, *socius*, vet. ang. L.—P.⁴ led.—P. Qu. MS. letit, or a *t* crossed through for the first stroke of an *n*.—F. *lent* is short for *lenged*; thus *were lent* = abode, dwelt. See *lent* in Halliwell.—Sk.⁵ vide Lin. 389.—P.⁶ she.—P.⁷ Compare this passage with the beautiful bit about Life, lines 69–75.—F.⁸ tip, *leviter tangere*. L.—P.⁹ *wan*. Query.—P.¹⁰ MS. swimne.—F.¹¹ prest, *paratus, statim*. Lye.—P.

merry maydens on the mold · shee mightilye killethe ; merry
there might no weapon them warrant · nor no walled maids,
towne.

younge children in their craddle · they dolefullye dyon ; and babes
208 shee spareth ffor no specyaltie · but spilleth the too.
gainest ¹ ;
the more woe shee worketh · more mightye shee
seemeth.

when my Lady dame liffe · looked on her deeds, Life then
& saw how dolefullye · shee dunge ² downe her people,
212 shee cast vp a crye · to the hye King of heauen ; cried to
& he hearkneth itt hendlye · in his hye throne, God,
hee called on countenance · & bade his course take, and He sent
“ryde thou to the reschew · of yonder wrought ³ Countenance
Ladye. to her rescue.

216 hee was bowne ⁴ att his bidd · & bradd ⁵ on his way. Countenance
that wight, ⁶ as the wind · that wappeth ⁷ in the skye, rushes down
he ran out of the rainebow ⁸ · through the ragged like the
clouds, wind,

& light on the Land · where the Lords [lay] slaine.
220 & vnto dolefull death · he dresses him to speake ; and bids
sayth : “thou wrathefull *Queene* · that euer woe worketh, Death
cease of thy sorrow · thy soueraigne commandeth, cease her
& let thy burnished blade · on the bent rest, slaughter,
224 that my Lady dame liffe · her likinge may haue.” that Life
then death glowed & gran · for gryme ⁹ of her talke, ¹⁰ might have
Death

¹ *gain*, the reverse of *ungain*, (awkward, clumsy) i.e. clever: handy, ready, dextrous. Johnson.—P. ² *dang*.—P.

³ wrought, Scot. *wraik*, to vex; Sax. *wreccan*, exulare; *wreccan* persequi, ulcisci; *wrecca*, miser, exul. *Wrought* perhaps is the same with the Scotch *wrachit*, i.e. wretched.—P.

⁴ bown, *paratus*. L.—P.

⁵ vid. 176 ver.—P.

⁶ *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson.—P.

⁷ wappeth, A.S. *wappian*, Fluctuare, [*wapean*, *wafian*, to waver, Bosworth], perhaps *wareth*, see *Saxon*, written so in folio 105 “Saxon Harold,” also ver.

248 of this song.—P. See *Waft* in Wedgwood. *Wappe* is used in Malcore’s *Arthur* of the lapping of the waves in the bit about Arthur’s death, and Sir Bedevere.—Sk.

⁸ The *w* is made over a *y* in the MS.—F.

⁹ Query *foregrim*, i.e. very grim: *fore* in composition sometimes strengthens the meaning, e.g. fore done, fore shame, fore slow. See Johnson on these. *gryme* is foulness, dirtiness, impurity.—P. A.-S. *grim*, fury, rage; *grymetan*, to rage.—F.

¹⁰ looked fiercely and grinned for rage at Countenance’s talk.—F.

- but shee did as shee dained ¹ · durst shee noe other ;
 shee pight the poynt of her sword · in the plaine earth,
 earthed her sword. 228 & with a looke full layeth ² · shee looked on the hills.
 then my Lady dame Liffe · shee looketh full gay,
 Life kisses
 kyreth ³ to countenance · & him comelye thanks,
 Countenance,
 kissed kindlye *that Knight* · then carped ⁴ shee no
 more,
 and then rebukes Death: 232 but vnto dolefull death · shee dresseth her to speake,
 sayth : “ thou woefull wretch · weaknesse of care,
 “ Devil’s daughter
 bold birth ⁵ full of bale · bringer of sorrowe,
 dame daughter of the devill · death is thy name ;
 236 but if thy fare be thy ⁶ fairer · the feend haue thy soule.
 couldest thou any cause ffind · thou Kaitiffe wretch,
 [page 238] That neither reason nor wright ⁷ · may raigne with
 thy name ?
 why kill’st thou man,
 and grass,
 and trees, 240 why kills thou the body · *that* neuer care rought ⁸ ?
 the grasse nor the greene trees · greened thee neuer,
 but come fforth in their kinds · christyans to helpe,
 with all beawtye & blisse · *that* barne ⁹ might devise.
 but of my meanye thou marreth · marveild I haue
 244 how thou dare doe them to death · eche day soe manye,
 & the handy worke of him · *that* heauen weldeth !
 God’s handi-
 work ? how keepeth thou his comandements · thou kaytiffe
 retch !
 He blest them,
 bade them
 increase and
 multiply, wheras banely ¹⁰ hee them blessed · & biddeth them
 thrine.
 248 waxe fforth in the word · & worth ¹¹ vnto manye,

¹ ordained, bade.—Sk. The context wants the meaning—“was told to.”—F.

² laith, loath, A.S. *lað* ; O. E. *laid* ; invisus, molestus, odiosus, fastidium creans. Jun.—P.

³ Kereth, ver. 118, quem vide.—P. A.S. *cýrran*, to turn.—F.

⁴ to *carp*, to talk. Scottish. Lin. 361, Gloss. to Ramsays Evergreen. Here it seems used for complained. Carpit, spok, talked, complained. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

⁵ Birth, bulk. . . burthen. Gloss. ad

G. Doug.—P.

⁷ right.—P.

⁸ MS. *harne*. The alliteration requires *b* ; and *h* is continually miswritten for *b*. It should be *barne* = *bearne* (l. 265).—Sk.

⁹ *banely*, perhaps readily, from *bane*, p. 363, St. 28.—P. *Bane*, kind, courteous, friendly. Northern. This is Kennett’s explanation of the word in MS. Lansd. 1033. Halliwell.—F.

¹¹ worth, *esse, fieri*, A.S. *worthan*. Lye.—P.

⁶ the.—Sk.

⁸ wrought.—Sk.

- & thou lett them of their leake¹ · with thy lidder²
turnes !
but with wondering³ & with woe · thou waiteth them
full yorne,⁴
& as a theefe in a rout · thou throngeth them⁵ to death,
252 *that* neither nature, nor I · ffor none of thy deeds
may bring vp our bearnes · their bale thee botyde!
but if thou⁶ blinn⁷ of *that* bine · thou buy must full
deere ;
they may wary⁸ the weeke · *that* euer thou wast
fformed.”
256 then death dolefullye · drew vp her browes,
armed her to answer · & vpright shee standeth,
& sayd : “ o, lonelye liffe · cease thou such wordes !
thou payneth thee with pratinge · to pray me to cease.
260 itt is reason & right · *that* I may rent take
thus to kill of the kind · both *Kings* & dukes,
Loyall Ladds & liuelye · of ilke sort some ;
all shall drye⁹ with the dints · *that* I deale with my
hands.
264 I wold haue kept the commandement · of the hyc King
of heauen,
but the bearne itt brake · *that* thou bred vp ffirft
when Adam & Eue¹⁰ · of the earth were shapen,
& were put into Paradise · to play with their selues,
268 & were brought into blisse · bidd if the¹¹ wold.
he warned¹² them nothing in the world · but a wretched
branche

and thou
puttest
them to
death.

Stop, or
you'll suffer
for it !”

Death
answers :

“ It is right
that I
should kill
some,

for the
first man
broke God's
commands
in Paradise,

¹ leak, vid. lin. 301.—P. A.-S. *lác*, play, sport.—F.

² *lidder*, slow, sluggish, lazy. Gloss. ad G. D. ; or perhaps as the Sax. *liðer*, i.e. malus, sordidus, servilis.—P. A.-S. *liðre*, *liðer*, bad, wicked. Bosworth.—F.

³ Only half of the last *n* is in the MS.—F.

⁴ greedy, vid. L. 185.—P. eagerly. A.-S. *georne*.—F. *waiteth* is used for *waitest*; this agrees with *tholed* for

tholedst in l. 1.—Sk. ⁵ MS. then.—F.

⁶ i.e. unless thou.—P.

⁷ blinn, vet. A. *cessare*, *desinere*, *desistere*. Lye.—P. ? bine.—F.

⁸ *wary*, Chauc. est detestari, execrari, vid. Junius.—P.

⁹ drie, drien, tolerare, pati. Sax. *drcozan*. Lye. dre, to suffer, endure. Gloss. ad G. D. dye, qu.—P.

¹⁰ There is a tag at the end like an *r* in the MS.—F.

¹¹ bide if they.—P. ¹² forbade.—Sk.

- of the ffayntest ffruit · *that* euer in firith grew;
yett his bidding they brake · as the booke recordeth.
- when Eve plucked the apple. 272 when Eue fell to the ffruite · with ffingars white,
& plucked them of the plant · & poysoned them both,
Then I, Death, gript my sword, and hit Adam and Eve and their off-spring. 276 Eue & her offspring · I hitt them, I hope,
for all the musters ¹ *that* they made · I mett with them
once.
- Leave me, Life! I hate thee and thy servants, and have no pleasure in their mirth. 280 therefore, liffe, thou me leane · I loue thee but a litle;
I hate thee & thy houshold · & thy hyndes ² all!
mee gladdeth not of their glee · nor of their gay looks;
att thy dallyance & thy disport · noe daynty ³ I haue;
thy ffayre liffe & thy ffairenesse · ffeareth ⁴ me but litle;
thy blisse is my bale · breuelye ⁵ of others,
- My gladdest game is to heu at thy joys." 284 there is no game vnder heauen · soe gladlye I wishe
as to haue a slapp with my ffawchyon · att thy fayre
state."

[The Second Part.]

Life rejoins :

"Thy sword
shall never
bite me;
but when
men

2 fitt

Then life on the land · Ladylike shee speakes,
sayth: "these words thou hast wasted · wayte ⁶
thou no other;
shall thy bitter brand neuer · on my body byte.
I am grounded in god · & grow for euermore;
but to these men of the mold · marvell me thinketh
in whatt hole of thy hart · thou thy wrath keepeth:

are joyful
with wife
and child,

292

where ioy & gentlenesse · are ioyned ⁷ together
betweene his wight ⁸ & his wiffe · & his winne ⁹ children.

¹ musters. Qu.—P. devices, tricks.
—F.

² servants.—F.

³ dainty, &c. I have no scruple, ceremony. See Johnson, Ad Verb. 3^d. sense.
—P. dainty, delight.—F.

⁴ fear = frighten. So in Shakespeare:

'Warwick was a bug, that feared us all.'—S.

⁵ bremely, Vid. p. 246, St. 19, vid. p. 388, lin. 360.—P. ? briefly.—F.

⁶ Qu. wate, Scot. i.e. wott.—P.

⁷ The i has an accent on it as if for c.
—F. ⁸ a wight.—P. ⁹ pleasant.—F.

& when ffaith & fellowship · are fastened ffor aye,
loue & charitye · which our lord likethe,
296 then thou waleth ¹ them with wracke · & wrathefully thou
beginneth ; destroyest
vncurteouslye thou cometh · vnknowne of them all,
& lacheth ² away the land · that the Lord holdeth, their lands
or woryes his wiffe · or walts ³ downe his children. or loved
300 mikle woe thus thou waketh · where mirth was before. ones :
this is a deed of the devill · death, thou vset ; a deed of the
but if thou leaue not thy lake ⁴ · & learne thee a better, devil.”
thou wilt lach ⁵ att the last · a lothelich ⁶ name.”
304 “doe away, damsell,” quoth death · “I dread thee Death
nought! answers :
of my losse ⁷ that I losse ⁸ · lay thou noe thought ;
thou prouet mee full prestlye · of many proper thinge ;
I haue not all kinds soe ill · as thou me vpbraydest ; “I am not so
308 where I wend on my way · the world will depart, guilty as
bearnies wold be ouer bold · bales ffor to want, you, Life,
the 7 sinnes for to serue · & sett them full euer, would make
& giue no glory vnto god · that sendeth vs all grace. me.
312 if the dint of my dart · deared ⁹ them neuer, Prevent
to lett them worke all their will · itt were litle Ioy. men from
shold I for their fayrnesse · their foolishnes allowe, sinning,
my liffe (giue thou me leaue) · noe Leed ¹⁰ vpon earth and subdue
316 but I shall master his might · mauger his cheekes them all.
as a Conquerour keene · biggest of other, Never have
to deale dolefull dints · & doe as my list; I failed
for I fayled neuer in fight · but I the ffeild wan in fight.

¹ to wale, *eligere*, forte hic transitive pro 'to make to wail.'—P. waleth = afflicteth. A.-S. *wælan*, to afflict, vex. —Sk.

² lach, lache. To take, catch, snatch.
A.-S. *laccan*, comprehendere, rapere.
Urry in Chaucer. —P.

* A.-S. *wæltan*, to roll, tumble.—F.

lake, ludere. Lye.—P.

^b A.-S. *læccan*, *geleccan*, to take, catch.

seize. (See note 2.)—F.

* i.e. loathsome.—P.

⁷ praise, fame.—F.

lose.—P.

* Dere, Chauc^r. est *ledere, nocere*. Lye.
—P.

¹⁶ Leed, leid, a Person (Scottish). Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen. *leid*, a man, from *leod*, Sax. Homo. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

- 320 sith the ffirst ffreake · *that* formed was euer,
 & will not leaue till the last bee · on the beere layd.
 but sitt sadlye,¹ thy liffe² · &³ soothe thou shalt know.
 If euer any man vpon mold · any mirth had,
 324 *that* leaped away with thee, liffe · & laughed me to
 scorne,
 but I dang them with my dints · vnto the derffe⁴
 earthe.
- I killed
 Adam,
 Methuselah,
 Joseph, 328 Iosua & Ioseph · & Iacob the smoothe,
 Abraham,
 Saul, Abraham & Isace · & Esau the ronge;
 Jonathan, Samuel⁵, for all his ffingers · I slew with my hands,
 David, 332 david dyed on the dints · *that* I delt oft,
 Solomon, soe did salomon his sonne · *that* was sage holden,
 Alexander, & Alexander alsoe · to whom all the world lowted;
 in the midst of his mirth · I made him to bow;
 336 the hye honor *that* he had · helped him but litle;
 when I swang him on the swire⁶ · to swelt⁷ him
 behoued.
- Arthur,
 Hector,
 Lancelot,
 Gallaway, 340 Arthur of England · & Hector the keene,
 both Lancelott & leonades · with other leeds manye,
 and all the knights of the Round Table. & Gallaway the good *Knight* · & Gawaine the hynde,⁸
 & all the rowte I rent · ffrom the round table:
 was none soe hardye nor soe hye · soe holy nor soe
 wicked,
 but I burst them with my brand · & brought them
 assunder.
- I joustet
 with Iesus, 344 how shold any wight weene · to winn me on ground?
 haue not I Iusted gentlye · with Iesu of heauen?

¹ seriously, composed, still.—P.² Thou Life.—P.³ the.—P.⁴ See pag. 116, St. 39.—P. fierce, cruel.—F.⁵ Saul, *lege*.—P.⁶ swire, *swira*, *swir-ban*, collum, cervix.—P.⁷ *Swelt*, S. *sweltan*, obire, languescere. *Swelt*, to be choaked, suffocated, die. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.⁸ hande, as in l. 107.—Sk.

he was frayd of my fface · in ffreshest of time.

yett I knocked him on the crosse · & carued ¹ throughe and pierced
his hart.” his heart.”

348 & with *that* shee cast of her crowne · & kneeled downe At Christ's
lowe name all
kneel.

when shee minned ² the name · of *that* noble prince ;

soe did liffe vpon land · & her leeds all

both of heauen and of earth · & of hell ffeends,

352 all they lowted downe lowe · their Lord to honor.

then liffe kneeled on her knees · with her crowne in Life
her hand,

& looketh vp a long while · towards the hye heauen ;

shee riseth vpp rudlye ³ · & dresseth her to speake,

356 shee calleth to her companye · & biddeth them ⁴ come then calls
neere, her company
to her,

both Kings and Queenes · & comelye dukes:

“ worke wiselye by your witts · my words to heare
that I speake ffor your speed · & spare itt noe longer.” ⁵

360 then shee turneth to them · & talketh these words,
shee sayth ⁶ : “ dame death, of thy deeds · now is thy
doome shapen

and says :
“ Death, thy
witless
words have
settled
thy fate.

through thy wittles words · *that* thou hast carped,

which thou makest with thy mouth · & mightylye
avowes.⁷

364 thou hast blowen thy blast · breemlye ⁸ abroad
how hast thou wasted this world · sith wights were
first,

Thou hast
boasted
of thy
murders of
men,

ener murthered & marde · thou makes thy avant.⁹

of one point lett vs proue · or ¹⁰ wee part in sunder :

¹ carve, *secare, incidere, sculper*. Jun.
See also Johnson : Sense 6th—P.

² *minn, ming*, to mention. Vid. Iun.
Lye.—P. The alliteration and sense
both show it should be *nemned*. *nem* is
miswritten *min*.—Sk.

³ rude, is stiff, strong. It. forcible,
vehement, apud G. Douglas.—P. ? for
radlye, A.-Sax. *radlice*, quickly, speedily.
—F.

⁴ thenn MS.—F.

⁵ The next two pages are borrowed
from P. Pl. Passus xviii.—Sk.

⁶ On these introductory words, see Mr.
Skeat's Essay on Allit. Metre.—F.

⁷ avowest.—P.

⁸ *forté* breemlye, breme, est *atrox*,
ferox; A.-Sax. *bremān*, fremere. Lye.
vid. p. 246, St. 19, 388, l. 283.—P. MS.
breenlye or breitlye.—F.

⁹ boast.—Sk.

¹⁰ ere.—Sk.

- of jousting
with Jesus. 368 how didest thou Iust att Ierusalem · with Iesu my lord,
where thou deemed his deat[h] · in one dayes time?
there was thou shamed, & shent¹ · & stripped ffor aye!
But he
conquered
thee. when thou saw the King come · with the crosse on his
shoulder;
- 372 on the top of Caluarye · thou camest him against;
like a traytour vntrew · treason thou thought;
thou layd vpon my leege lord · lotheliche hands,
Thou didst
beat and
buffet him,
and wound
him on the
cross 376 sithen beate him on his body · & buffeted him rightlye,
till the railinge² red blood · ran from his s[i]des,
sith rent him on the rood · with ffull red wounds.
to all the woes *that* him wasted · I wott not ffew,
tho deemedst to haue³ beene dead · & dressed for
euer.
- 380 but, death, how didst thou then · with all thy derffe⁴
words,
with a spear. when thou prickedst att his pappe · with the poynt of
a speare,
& touched the tabernackel · of his trew hart
where my bower was bigged⁵ · to abyde for euer?
- But the
glory of his
Godhead 384 when the glory of his godhead · glented⁶ in thy face,
then was thou feard of this fare · in thy false hart;
drove thee
into Hell, then thou hyed into hell hole · to hyde thee beline;
thy fawchon flew out of thy fist · soe fast thou thee
hyed;
- 388 thou durst not blushe⁷ once backe · for better or worsse
but drew thee downe ffull · in *that* deepe hell,
& bade them barre bigglye⁸ · BELZEBUB his gates.
where thou
toldest then thé told⁹ them tydands · *that* teened them sore,

¹ shend, shent, confundere dedecorare.
Lye.—P.

² railing, *ralis*, apud G. Doug^r is,
springs, gushes forth, runs. *Æn.* xi. 724,
Cruor & Vulsæ labuntur ab æthere plumæ,
which is thus rendered “al the blude ha-
boundantly furth *ralis*,” and—the “licht
downis up to the skyis glydis.” *rayled*
is used by Chaucer in this Sense.—P.

³ him to have.—P.

⁴ Vid. P. 116 [of MS.]—P.

⁵ big, Scotis est condere, *ædificare*.
Lye.—P.

⁶ to glent, to glance. Urry. In Chauc^r
“Her eyin *glent* aside.” Tr. & Cres.—
P.

⁷ so we say “at first blush.” See
Johnson.—P.

⁸ biggly, i.e. mightily.—P.

⁹ thou toldest.—P.

- 392 how *that King* came · to kithen ¹ his strenght,
 & how shee had beaten thee on thy bent · & thy brand
 taken,
 with euerlasting liffe · *that* longed ² him till.
 then the sorrow was ffull sore · att Sathans hart ;
- 396 hee threw ffeends in the ffyer · many fell thousands ;
 & death, thou dange itt on · whilest thou dree ³ might;
 for ffalte of thy ffawchyon · thou fought with thy hand.
 bost this neuer of thy red deeds · thou ravished bitche!
- 400 thou may shrinke for shame · when the sooth heares.
 then I leapt to my lord · *that* caught me vpp soone,
 & all wounded as hee was · with weapon in hand
 he fastened foote vpon earth · & ffollowed thee ffast
- 404 till he came to the cane · *that* cursed was holden.
 he abode before Barathron · *that* bearne, while he
 liked,
that was euer merke as midnight · with mour[n]inge
 & sorrowe ;
- he cast a light on the Land · as beames on ⁴ the sunn.
- 408 then cryed *that King* · with a cleere steuen,⁵
 “pull open your ports · you princes within !
 here shall come in the *King* · crowned with ioy,
 which is the hyst burne ⁶ · in battell to smite.”
- 412 there was ffleringe ⁷ of ffeends · throughe the fyer
 gaynest,⁷
 hundreds hurled on heapes · in holes about ;
 the broad gates, all of brasse · brake all in sunder,
 & the *King* with his crosse · came in before.
- 416 he leapt vnto Lucifer · *that Lord* himselte,
 then he went to the tower · where chaynes were manye,

how Christ's
 everlasting
 Life had
 beaten thee.

Boast not,
 then, beaten
 bitch!

For Christ
 followed
 thee to Hell,

and bade its
 princes open
 its gates
 and receive
 their King.

The gates
 burst
 asunder.

Christ bound
 Lucifer,

¹ Kythe, to appear, Item, to make appear, to show, ab A.S. *cyðan*, narrare, ostendere. *cyðe* notitia, *cyðere* martyr, testis. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

² belonged.—Sk.

³ dree. Qu.—P. *dree* = endure, hold out. A.-Sax. *dreogan*. This is from Goth. *dringan* = serve as a soldier, fight,

the very sense here, viz. to hold out in fighting.—Sk.

⁴ of.—P. Should be *lemes of*. *beame* is a stupid alteration for *leme*, and destroys the chief-letter.—Sk.

⁵ voice, sound. Lye.—P.

⁶ Qu. barne.—P.

⁷ ? fleinge. gaynest = quickest.—Sk.

- & bound him soe biglye · *that* hee for bale rored.
 death, thou daredst¹ *that* day · & durst not be seene
 420 ffor all the glittering gold · vuder god himseluen.
 [page 390] Then to the tower hee went · where chanes are many ;
 hee tooke Adam & Euz · out of the old world,
 Abraham & Isacc · & all *that* hee wold,
 424 david, & danyell · & many deare bearnes
that were put into prison · & pained ffull long.
 he betooke me the treasure : *that* neuer shall haue end,
that neuer danger of death · shold me decre after.
 428 then wee wenten fforth · winlye² together,
 & Left the dungeon of devills · & thee, death, in the
 midst.
 & now thou prickes ffor pride · praising thy seluen !
 therfore bee not abashed · my barnes soe deere,
 432 of her ffanchyon soe ffierce · nor of her ffell words.
 shee hath noe might, nay no meane · no more you to
 greene,
 nor on *your* comelye corsses · to clapp once her hands.
 I shall looke you ffull linelye · & latche ffull well,
 436 & keere³ yee ffurther of this kithe⁴ · aboue the cleare
 skyes.
 Love Mary,
 If yee [loue] well⁵ the Ladye · *that* light in⁶ the mayden,
 & be christened with creame⁷ · & in *your* creede
 beleene,
 haue no doubt⁸ of yonder death · my deare children ;
 440 for yonder [death] is damned · with devills to dwell,
 where is wondering, & woe · & wayling ffor sorrow.
 death was damned *that* day · Daring ffull still.
 shee hath no might, nay no maine⁹ · to meddle with
 yonder ost,
- rescued
Adam and
Eve,
Abraham,
Daniel, and
many more.
- He freed me
from death,
and we went
forth
together,
leaving thee,
Death, in the
dungeon of
devils.
- My children,
fear not then
Death's
sword.
- I shall lead
you up to
Heaven.
- Love Mary,
be chris-
tened,
- and fear not
Death ;
- she cannot
meddle with
overlasting
Life."

¹ deredst.—P. This *daring*, l. 442, is Chaucer's *dare*, said of a hare that *lies and dares*. See Morris, *Specimens*, p. 436, note to Werwolf, l. 15.—Skeat.

² A.-S. *wynlice*, joyously.—F.

³ turn?—Sk.

⁴ A.-S. *cyð*, a region ; *cyððe*, a home, native country.—F.

⁵ ye *serve* well, or *love*. Qu.—P.

⁶ hight is. Qu.—P.

⁷ *chreame*, Gr. *χρῖσμα*, gallice *chresme*, oleum sacraium quo in Bapt^{mo} utebantur. Lye.—P.

⁸ fear.—Sk.

⁹ maine, S. *mægn*, robur, vis. Nescio an Might respiciat animi, Main, vim corporis. Lye.—P.

- 444 against euerlasting liffe · *that* Ladye soe true.”
 then my Lady dame liffe · with Lookes soe gay,
that was comelye cladd · with christall¹ and Mantle,
 all the dead on the ground · doughtilye² shee rayseth
 448 fairer by 2 ffold · then they before were.
 with *that* shee byeth ouer the hills · with hundreds ffull
 manye.³
 I wold hane ffollowed on *that* faire⁴ · but no further I
 might;
 what with wandering⁵ & with woe · I waked behue.
 452 thus fared I throw a ffrith · in a ffresh time,
 where I sayd a sleepe · in a slade greene;
 there dreamed I the dreame · which dread all be-
 frightened.
 but hee *that* rent all was⁶ on the rood · riche⁷ itt him-
 seluen,
 456 & bring vs to his blisse · with blessings enowe!
 therto Iesu of Ierusalem · grant vs thy grace,
 & saue there our howse · holy for euer! Amen!
 fins.
- Then Life raised the dead,
 and hied away with hundreds.
 I tried to follow,
 but awoke.
 Such was my dream.
 May Christ fulfil it, and bring us to His bliss!

¹ kyrtle Query. petticoat. Lat. *Encombomata*. Jun.—P. A word like *plicor* follows in the MS., but is not in Junius.—F.

² dcughty, *strenuus*, *impavidus*, *animosus*. Jun.—P.

³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ fair thing, Scil! —P.

⁵ Only one stroke for the second *n* in the MS.—F.

⁶ *was all rent*. Qu.—P. *all is de trop*. —Sk.

⁷ ? rule, control. A.-S. *ricsian*. Or *riche* = *rithe*, *rihte*, set right.—Sk.

**Adam : Bell : Clime of the Cloug[he] &
William : off Clowdeslee : ¹**

THE version here given of this well-known ballad differs very slightly from that printed by Copland *circ.* 1550, reprinted (with some alterations from the Folio) in the *Reliques*, and again by Ritson in his *Pieces of Popular Poetry*.

The ballad is no doubt far older than the oldest copy extant. Dunbar (who died *circ.* 1530) makes mention of one of its three famous heroes. A fragment of an edition older than that published by Copland has been recovered by Mr. Payne Collier.

[The First Part.]

[How ' Clowdeslee is tane and damned to death.']

It's merry to
hunt in the
green forest.

MERRYYE : itt was in the greene fforrest
amonge the leanes greene,
wheras men hunt East & west
4 with bowes & arrowes keene,

And I'll tell
you of 3
northern
yeomen,

to raise the deere out of their den ;
such sights has oft beene seene,
as by 3 yeomen of the north countrie,
8 by them itt is I meane.

Adam Bell,
Clym of the
Cloughe,
and William
Clowdeslee,

the one of them hight Adam Bell,
another Clymm of the Cloughe,
the 3^d was william of Clowdeslee,
12 an archer good enoughe.

¹ In 3 Parts. N.B. This is in print in Old Black Letter. Some corrections may be had from this.—P.

they were outlawed for venison,
 these yeomen eueryeche one ;
 they swore then ¹ brethren on a day
 16 to English wood for to gone.

outlawed for
 taking
 venison.

now lithe ² & listen, gentlemen
that of mirth loneth to heare !
 2 of them were single men,
 20 the 3^d had a weded fere.³

william was the weded man ;
⁴ much more then was his care.
 hee sayd to his brethren vpon a day,
 24 to Carleile hee wold fare,

William is
 married,

and says
 he'll go to
 Carlisle

there to speake with faire Alice his wiffe
 and his children three.
 "by my truth," said Adam Bell,
 28 "not by the councell of mee ;

to see his
 wife and
 children.

Adam
 warns him

"for if wee ⁵ goe to Carlile, Brother,
 & from this wylde wood wende,
 If *that* the Iustice doe you take,
 32 *your* liffe is att an end."

that he'll
 be taken.

"If *that* I come not to Morrow, brother,
 by prime ⁶ to you againe,
 trust you then *that* I am tane
 36 or else *that* I am slaine."

hee tooke his leaue of his brethren 2,
 & to Carlile hee is gone ;
 there he knocked att his owne windowe
 40 shortlye and anon.

William
 goes to his
 home,

knocks for

¹ them. *Reliques* (collated only now and then).—F.

² lithe, attend, hearken, listen. Lye.—P.

³ fere, companion. Iun.—P.

⁴ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁵ ye.—*Rel.*

⁶ MS. *prino.*—F.

his wife,

“where be you, ffayre Alice?” he sayd,

and tells her
to let him in.

“my wiffe, and children three?

lightlȳ lett in thy owne husband,

44 William of Clowdeslee.”

She says

“alas!” then sayd ffair Alice,

and sighed verry sore,

the place
is watched.

“This place hath beene beset for you

48 this halfe a yeere & more.”

[page 391]

“Let me in,
and give me
food.”

“now am I heere,” said Clowdeslee,

“I wold that in I were;

now ffetich vis¹ meate & drinke enoughe,

52 & lett vs make good cheere.”

She does so.

shee ffeticht him meate & drinke plentye,

like a true weded wiffe;

& pleased him with *that* shee had,

56 whom shee loued as her liffe.

An old
woman
kept 7 years
by William's
charity

there lay an old wiffe in the place,

a litle before² the ffyer,

which william had found of charytye

60 more then seauen yeere.

goes to

vp shee rose, & forth shee goes,—

Euill mote shee speede therfore!—

for shee had sett³ no ffoote on ground

64 not 7 yeere before.

the Justice,

shee went into the Iustice hall

as ffast as shee cold hye:

and tells him
Clowdeslee
is at home.

“this night,” shee sayd, “is come to towne

68 William of Clowdeslee.”

¹ ? MS. for *us*, or *vs*, *us*.—F.² *besyde*.—*Rel.*³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F

therof the Iustice was full faine,¹
 soe was the Sherriffe alsoe ;
 “ thou shalt not tranell hither, dame, for nought ;
 72 “ thy meede thou shalt haue ere thou goe.”

He is glad,

they gaue to her a right good gowne,—
 of scarlett itt was, as I heard saine,²—
 shee tooke the gift, & home shee went,
 76 & couched her downe againe.

and gives her
 a scarlet
 gown.

they raysed the towne of Merry Carlile
 in all they hast they can,
 & came thronging to williams house
 80 as fast as they might gone ;

Then he
 raises
 the town,

there they besett the good yeaman
 about on euerye syde.
 william heard great noyse of the ffolkes
 84 that thitherward fast hyed.

and
 surrounds
 William's
 house.

Alice opened a backe windowe,
 & looked all about :
 shee was ware of the Iustice & Sherr[i]ffe both,
 88 & with them ³ a ffull great rout.

William's
 wife Alice

sees them,

“ Allice,⁴ treason ! ” then cryed Allice,
 “ Euer woe may thou bee !
 goe into my chamber, sweet husband,” shee sayd,
 92 “ Sweete William of Clowdeslee.”

and sends
 William into
 her room.

he tooke his sword & his buckeler,
 his bow, & his children 3 ;
 he went into the strongest chamber,
 96 where he thought the surest to bee.

¹ glad.—P.

² Of scarlate, and of graine.—*Rel.*

³ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

⁴ Alas.—*Rel.*

She seizes
a poleaxe.

ffayre Alice, like a louer true,
tooke a Pollaxe in her hand ;
said, " hee shall dye *that* cometh in
100 this dore, while I may stand."

William
shoots the
Justice on
the breast,

Cloudeslye bent a right good bow
that was of a trustye tree ;
he smote the Iustice on the brest
104 *that* his arrowe burst in 3.

but it is
armoured.

" gods curse on his heart," sayd william,
" this day thy cote did on !
if itt had beene no better then mine,
108 itt had beene neere the bone."

The Justice
calls on him
to yield,

" yeelde thee, Cloudeslee," said the Iustice,
" & the bow & arrowes thee free."
" gods cursse on his hart," sayd faire Alice,
112 " *that* my husband counsell[e]th see ! "

and orders
the house
to be fired.

" sett ffire on the house," said the shirriffe,
" sith itt will noe better bee ;
& burne wee there william," he sayth,
116 " his wiffe & his Children 3."

His men fire
it.

thé ffired the house in many a place,
the ffyer fledd on hye ¹ :
" alas ! " then said ffayre Alice,
120 " I see here wee shall dye."

William lets
his wife and
children out
of a window,

william opened a backe windowe
that was in his chamber hye ;
& there with sheetes he did let downe
124 his wiffe and children 3.

and prays

" haue you here my treasure," said William,
" my wiffe & Children 3 ;
for gods loue doe them noe hareme,
128 but wreake you all on mee ! "

the Justice
to spare
them.

¹ And burnt the old woman and her scarlett gowne, I hope.—F.

- William shott soe wonderous well
 Till his arrowes were all agoe, [page 392]
 & fire soe ffast about him fell
 132 *that* his bow string burnt in towe.
- the sparkles brent & fell vpon
 good william of Clowdeslee;
 but then was hee a wofull man, & sayd
 136 “this is a cowards death to me!
- “leever had I,” said william,
 “with my sword in the rout to runn,
 then here amonge my enemyes wood¹
 140 soe cruellye to burne.”
- he tooke his sword & his buckeler then,
 & amongst them all hee ran:
 where the people thickest were,
 144 he smote downe many a man;
- there might no man abide his stroakes,
 soe ffeircleye on them hee rann.
 then thé threw windowes & dores att him,
 148 & then thé tooke *that* yeoman.
- there they bound him hand & ffoote,
 & in a deepe dungeon² him cast.
 “now Clowdeslee,” sayd the Iustice,
 152 “thou shalt be hanged in hast.”
- “one vow shall I make,” sayd the Shirriffe,
 “a paire of new gallowes shall I ffor thee make;³
 & all the gates of Carlile shalbe shutt;
 156 there shall noe man come in theratt.

He shoots
on,

but the fire
gains on
him,

and he
resolves
to cut his
way
through his
foes.

He rushes
out,

and kills
many,

but is taken,

and cast into
a dungeon.

The Sheriff
promises
him a
pair of new
gallows.

¹ i.e. furious.—P.

² One stroke too few for *un* in the MS.
—F.

³ A payr of new gallowes, sayd the
sherife,
Now shall I for the make.—*Rel.*

“there shall not helpe yett Clym of the Cloughh,
 nor yett Adam Bell,
 tho they came with a 100^d men,
 160 nor all the devills in hell.”

Next
 morning
 Curteis
 gates are
 shut,

Erlie in the morninge ¹ the Iustice arose;
 to the gates ffast can hee gone,
 & commanded to shutt close
 164 lightlye euery-eche one.

and the new
 gallows set
 up.

then went hee to the markett place
 as ffast as hee cold hye;
 there he new a paire of gallows he sett vpp ²
 168 hard by the pillorye.

A litle boy
 (who is
 Clowdeslee's
 swineherd)
 sees them,

a litle boy stood them amonge,
 & asked what meant *that* gallow tree.
 the said, “to hang a good yeoman
 172 called william of Clowdeslee.”

the litle boy was towne swinarde,
 & kept ffaire Allice swine;
 full oft hee had seene william in the wood,
 176 & giuen him there to dine.

runs to the
 wood,

he went out att a crevis of the wall;
 lightlye to the wood hee runn;
 there mett hee with these wightye yeomen
 180 shortlye & anon:

and tells
 Clowdeslee's
 mates of his
 danger.

“alas!” then said the litle boy,
 “you tarry here all too longe;
 Clowdeslee is tane, & damned to death,
 184 and readye to be hanged.³”

¹ Only half the second s in the MS.
 —F.

² a new paire of gallows he set up.

—P. A payre of new gallows there he
 set up.—*Rel.*

³ hung.—P.

"Alas," then sayd good Adam Bell,

"*that* euer wee saw this day!

he had better haue tarryed with vs,

188 soe oft as wee did him pray.

Adam Bell
laments
Clowdeslee's
fate,

"hee might haue dwelt in greene fforrest

vnder the shaddowes ¹ greene,

& kept both him & vs att rest,

192 out of all trouble and teene.²"

Adam bent a right good bowe;

a great hart soone hee had slaine:

"take *that*, child," hee said, "to thy dinner,

196 & bring me mine arrowe againe."

shoots a hart
for the boy,

"now goe wee hence," said these iollye ³ yeomen,

"tarry wee no longer here;

wee shall him borrow, by gods grace,

200 tho wee buy itt ffull deere."

to Carlile went these bold ⁴ yeomen,

all in a mor[n]inge of may.

here is a ffit of Clowdeslee;

204 another is ffor to say.

and then
goes with
Clim to
Carlisle.

¹ shadowes.—*Rel.* shadowes sheene.—
Printed Copy, in *Rel.*

² i.e. vexation. Jun.—P.

³ wightye.—*Rel.*

⁴ good.—*Rel.*

[The Second Part.]

[How Clowdeslee is rescued by Adam Bell and Clim of the Cloughe.]

They find
Carlisle
gates shut.208
2^d parte.

And when they came [to ¹] merry Carlile
all in a morning tyde,
they found the gates shutt them vnto
round about on euerye syde.

212

“Alas,” then said good Adam Bell,
“*that* euer wee were made men !
these gates be shutt soe wonderous fast
that we may not come therin.”

Clim
proposes
“Let’s say
we are the
King’s
messengers.”

216

then spake Clim of the Cloughe :
“with a wile wee will vs in bringe :
Lett vs say wee be messengers
straight come ffrom our Kinge.”

[page

Adam said, “I haue a Letter well [written ² ;]
now lett vs wisely marke ³ ;
wee will say wee haue the Kings seale ;
220 I hold the porter no clarke.”

Adam beate
at the
gates,

224

then Adam Bell beate att the gates
with strokes hard and stronge.
the Porter marueiled who was theratt,
& to the gates hee thronge.

and Clim
says they’r
the King’s
messengers.

228

“who be there,” said the Porter,
“*that* makes all this knockinge ⁴ ? ”
“we be 2 messengers,” Quoth Clim of the Cloughe
“be come right ffrom our Kinge.”

¹ to.—P.² written.—*Rel.*³ werke.—*Rel.*⁴ dinne.—*Rel.*

“wee haue a letter,” said Adam Bell,
 “to the Iustice wee must itt bringe
 let vs in our message to doe,
 232 *that* wee were againe to the Kinge.”

“here cometh none in,” said the porter,
 “by him *that* dyed on a tree,
 till *that* ffalse theefe be hanged,
 236 called william of Cloudeslee.”

The Porter
 at first
 refuses to
 let them in,

then spake good ¹ Clim of the Clough,
 & swore by Marye ffree,
 “if *that* wee stand long without,
 240 like a theefe hanged thou shalt bee.

“Loe ! here wee haue the Kings seale !
 what, Lurden,² art thou woode ? ”
 the Porter [weend ³] itt had beene soe,
 244 & lightlye did off his hoode.

but they
 show him
 the King's
 seal,

“welcome is my Lords seale ! ” he said ;
 “for *that* you shall come in.”
 he opened the gates shortlye :
 248 an euill opening ffor him !

and then he
 lets them
 in.

“Now are wee in,” said Adam Bell,
 “wheroff wee are right ffaine ;
 but christ hee knowes assuredlye ⁴
 252 how wee shall gett out againe.”

“had wee the Keyes,” sayd Clim of the Cloughe,
 “right well then shold wee speede ;
 then might wee come out well enouge
 256 when wee see time & neede.”

To make
 sure of
 getting out,

¹ the good yeman.—*Rel.*

² a heavy stupid fellow. L.—P.

³ thought.—P. went.—*Rel. i.e. weened,*
 note *ib.*

⁴ knowes, that harrowed hell.—*Rel.*

- they wring
 the Porter's
 neck, and
 take his
 keys away.
- 260 thé called the Porter to counsell,
 & wrang his necke in towe;
 & cast him in a deepe du[n]geon,
 & tooke his keyes him ffroe.
- 264 “now am I Porter,” sayd Adam Bell;
 “see, brother, the Keyes haue wee here
 the worst Porter in merry Carlile
 that came ¹ this 100^d yeere.
- Then they
- 268 “now wee will our bowes bend,
 into the towne will wee goe,
 ffor to deliner our deere Brother
 that lyeth in care & woe.”
- bend their
 bows,
- and go to
 the market-
 place,
- 272 then they ben[t] their good ewe bowes,
 & looked their strings were round ²:
 the Markett place in merry Carlile
 they besett in *that* stonde.³
- 276 & as they looked them beside,
 a paire of new gallows there they see,
 & the Iustice with a quest⁴ of Squiers
 that iudged william hanged to bee.
- where
 Clowdeslee
 is bound,
 and has a
 rope round
 his neck.
- 280 & Clowdeslee lay ready there in⁵ a Cart,
 ffast bound both ffoote and hand;
 & a strong rope about his necke,
 all readye ffor to hange.

¹ The have had.—*Rel.*

² qu. sound.—P. So Ascham says,
 “The stringe must be rounde.” *Toroph.*
 p. 149, Ed. 1761. A precept not very
 intelligible now. P.’s note in *Reliques*, i.
 142. A string not round would of course
 spoil the shooting.—F.

³ stound, signum, Momentum, hora,
 spatium, tempus. Lye.—P.

⁴ *quest*, search; searchers collectively
 —also an impanel’d Jury. See Johnson.
 —P.

⁵ MS. therein.—F.

the Iustice called to him a Ladd :

The Justice
sends a lad

Clowdeslee clothes hee shold haue,
to take the measure of *that* yeoman,
284 therafter to make his graue.

to measure
him for his
grave,

"I haue seene as great Marveill," said Clowdeslee,
"as betweene ¹ this and prime ² ;
he *that* maketh a graue ffor mee,
288 himselfe may lye therin."

"thou speakest proudlye," said the Iustice ;
"I will thee hang with my hand."
ffull well hard this his brethren towe
292 there still as they did stand.

and
threatens to
hang
Clowdeslee
himself.

then Clowdeslee cast his eye aside,
& saw his tow brethren
att a corner of the Markett place
296 ready the Iustice to slaine.

"I see comfort," said Clowdeslec,
"yett hope I well to ffare ;
If I might haue my hands att will,
300 right litle wold I care."

[page 394]

Clowdeslee
says he'd
care little
if he could
get his
hands free.

then spake good Adam Bell
to Clim of the Cloughe soe ffree,
"brother, see you marke the Iustice well ;
304 loe, yonder you may him see !"

Adam tells
Clim to

shoot the
Justice,

"att the shirriffe shoote I will
stronglye with an arrow keene ;
a better shoote in merry Carlile
308 this 7 yeere was not scene."

while he
shoots the
Sheriff.

¹ Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

² prime, the first Part of the day.
Dawn, morning. Johnson.—P.

They both
shoot;

and Sheriff
and Justice

they loosed their arrowes both att once;
of no man had they dread;
the one hitt the shirr[i]ffe, the other the Iusti
312 *that both their sides can bleede.*

get their
death-
wounds.

all men voyded *that* them stoode nye
when the Iustice ffell to the ground,
& the shirriffe nye him by:
316 *either had his deathes wound.*

They loose
Clowdeslee.

all they citizens ffast gan fflye,
they durst no longer abyde.
there lightlye they losed Clowdeslee,
320 *where hee with ropes lay tyde.*

He seizes an
axe and
smites men
down.

william start to an officer of the towne,
his axe out of his hand hee wrunge;
on eche side he smote them downe,
324 *hee thought hee tarried all to longe.*

william said to his brethren towe,
"this day lett vs lue and dye;
If euer you haue need as I haue now,
328 *the same shall you ffind by mee."*

Adam and
Clim shoot
on

they shott soe well *that* tyde,
for their stringes were of silke sure,
that thé kept the streetes on euery side;
332 *that battell long did endure.*

and kill
many,

they fought together like brethren true,
like hardy men and bold;
many a man to the ground they threw,
336 *& made many a hart cold.¹*

¹ And many a heart made cold.—P. and *Rel.*

but when their arrowes were all gone,
 men pressed to them ffull ffast;
 they drew their swords then anon,
 340 & their bowes ffrom them cast.

till their
 arrows fall.

Then they
 draw their
 swords,

they went lightlye on their way
 with swords & buckelers round:
 by *that* itt was midd¹ of the day,
 344 thé made many a wound.

and by noon
 kill many
 men.

there was many an outhorne² in Carlile was blowne,
 & the bells backward did ringe;
 many a woman said "alas!"
 348 & many their hands did ringe.

The horns
 are blown,
 and bells
 rung back-
 wards.

the Maior of Carleile fforth come was,
 & with him a ffull great route;
 these yeomen dread him ffull sore,
 352 for of their lues they stode in great doubt.

The Mayor
 comes down
 with a
 force

the Maior came armed a ffull great pace,
 with a Pollaxe in his hande;
 many a strong man with him was,
 356 there in *that* stowre³ to stand.

of strong
 men,

they maior smote att Cloudeslee with his bill,
 his buckeler brast in 2;
 ffull many a yeaman with great euill,
 360 "alas, treason!" thé cryed ffull woe⁴:
 "keepe well the gates," ffast they bade,
 "that these trayters thereout not goe."

cuts
 Clowdeslee's
 buckler in
 two,

and orders
 the gates
 to be kept
 fast.

¹ middle, midst.—P.

² Out-horne. An outlaw (!). Halli-
 well's Gloss.—F. Read a *nouthorne*, a
 neat's horn. Nowt cattle. Wright's

Gloss.—Skeat.

³ fight, conflict. Lye.—P.

⁴ Alas! they cryed for wo.—*Rel.*

- but all ffor naught was *that* they wrought,
 364 ffor soe fast they were downe Layd,
 till they all 3 *that* soe manffully ffought
 were gotten out att a brayde.¹
- Adam
 throws back
 the keys,
 and tells
 the people
 to appoint a
 new Porter.
 368 “haue here your keyes ! ” said Adam Bell,
 “ mine office here I fforsake ;
 If you doe by my Councell,
 a new Porter doe you make.”
- he threw their keyes att their heads,
 372 & bad them euill² to thriue,
 & all *that* letteth any good yeoman
 to come & comfort his wiffe.
- The three
 376 thus be the good yeomen gone to the wood :
 as lightlye as leane on lynde³
 they laugh & be merry in their wood⁴ ;
 there enemyes were ffarr behind.
- go to the
 380 when they came to merry greenwood,
 trysting
 tree,
 find fresh
 bows and
 arrows,
 vnder the trustye tree,
 there they ffound bowes ffull good,
 And arrowes great plentye. [page 395]
- 384 “ soe god me help ! ” sayd Adam Bell
 & Clim of the Cloughe soe ffree,
 “ I wold wee were in Merry Carlile
 before *that* ffaire Meanye.”
- and eat and
 drink well.
 388 the sate downe & made goode cheere,
 & eate & dranke ffull well.
 a 2^d ffitt of the wightye yeomen :
 another I will you tell.

¹ Qu. *all abraide*, i. e. abroad. North Country dialect: abroad, *foris*, *est* a broad, Scot. braid, *latus*, quod a Sax. *brad*, al. *breider*. Jun.—P. “att a brayde” is suddenly.—F.

² No *i* in the MS.—F.

³ Linden Tree. Lye. A Lime Tree. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

⁴ A manifest mistake for “mood,” which the other copies have.—Dyce.

[The Third Part.]

[How the three Outlaws are pardoned by the King, and shoot before him.]

392	{	As they sate in English woode	
		vnder the greenwoode tree,	
		they thought they hard a woman weepe,	They hear a woman
		but her they cold not see.	
396	{	sore then sighed ffaire Alice,	lamenting
		& said, "alas <i>that</i> euer I saw this day !	
		ffor [nowe ¹] is my dere husband slaine ;	that her husband is slain.
		alas, and wellaway !	

400 " Might I haue spoken with his deare brethren,
 or with either of them twaine,
 to show them what him befell,
 my hart were out of paine."

404	Cloudeslee walked a litle aside ;	Clowdeslee finds that she is his wife, with his three children.
	hee looked vnder the greenewood lynde ;	
	hee was ware of his wiffe & Children 3	
	ffull woe in hart and minde.	

408	" welcome wiffe," then said william,	He welcomes them,
	" vnder the trustye tree !	
	I had wend yesterday, by sweet S ^t Iohn, thou sholdest me neuer had see."	

412 " now well is me," she said, "*that* yee be here !
 my hart is out of woe."

412	" dame," he said, " be merry & gladd, & thanke my bretheren towe."	and tells his wife to thank his mates.
-----	---	---

¹ nowe.—*Rel.*

"Don't talk
of that,"
says Adam:

416

"herof to speake," said Adam Bell,

"I-wis itt is noe boote;

"let's shoot
our supper."

the meate *that* wee must supp with-all,
itt runeth yett ffast on ffoote."

Each of the
three shoots
a fat hart,

420

then went they downe into the Lawnde,¹

these Noblemen all 3;

eche of them slew a hart of greece,²

they best *that* they cold see.

and
Clowdeslee
gives the
best to his
wife,

424

"haue here the best, Allice my wiffe,"

saith william of Cloudeslee,

"because yee soe boldlye stood by mee
when I was slaine ffull nye."

They sup

428

then they went to supper

with such meate as they hadd,

& thanked god ffor their ffortune:

they were both merry and glad.

and are
merry.

432

& when they had supped well,

certaine, without any lease,

Clowdeslee
says "We'll
go to the
King for
pardon."

Cloudeslee said, "wee will to our King,
to gett vs a Charter of peace;

436

"Allice shalbe att our soiourninge

att a nunnerye heere besyde;

my 2 sonnes shall with her goe,

& there they shall abyde.

440

"My Eldest sonne shall goe with mee,

for him I haue noe care,

& hee shall bring you word againe

how *that* wee doe ffare."

¹ Qu. Lawne.—P. a launde.—*Rel.*
A clear space in a forest.—F.

² Fr. *graisse*, fat.—F.

- thus be these good yeomen to London gone
 444 as ffast as they might hye,
 till they came to the Kings palace
 where they wold needs bee.
- but when they came to the Kings court
 448 & to the pallace gate,
 of no man wold they aske leane,
 but boldlye went in theratt.
- they proceeded presentlye into the hall,
 452 of no man they had dread;
 the Porter came after, & did them call,
 & with them gan to chyde.
- the vsher said, "yeomen, what wold you haue?
 456 I pray you tell to mee;
 you might make officers shent¹:
 good sirrs, ffrom whence bee yee?"
- "Sir, wee be outlawes of the fforrest,
 460 certes without any Lease;
 & hither wee be come to the King,
 to gett vs a Charter of peace."
- & when they came before the Kinge,
 464 as itt was the law of the land
 they kneeled downe without lettinge,
 & eche held vpp his hande.
- they sayd: "Lord, wee beseeche yee sure
 468 that yee will grant vs grace!
 for wee haue slaine your ffatt fallow deere
 in² many a sundrye place."
- They then
go to
London,
- walk
straight
- into the
- King's hall,
- tell the
Usher who
they are,
- kneel to the
King,
- and ask his
pardon for
killing his
deer.

¹ For not keeping them out. See the duties of Prince Edward's Porters, A.D. 1474, in *Household Ordinances*, p. *30. and of Henry VIII's Porters, *ibid.* p. 239.

Also *Boke of Curtasye*, l. 361-78, Babees Book &c., p. 310.—F.

² *im* in MS.—F.

The King
asks their
names.

“whatt be your names ? ” then sayd the King
472 “anon *that* you tell mee.”

They tell
him.

They sayd, “Adam Bell, Clim¹ of the Clough, &
and william of Cloudelee.”

He swears
he'll hang
them all,

“be yee those theenes,” then said our Ki[ng],
476 “*that* men haue told to me ?
here I make a vow to god,
you shall bee hanged all 3.

and orders
their arrest.

“yee shalbe dead without mercye,
480 as I am King of this land ! ”
he commanded his officer[s] euery one
ffast on them to lay hand.

there they tooke these good yeomen
484 & arrested them all 3.

“soe may I thrine,” said Adam Bell,
“this game liketh not mee.

They pray
him to let
them go
with the
weapons
they
brought.

“but, good Lord, wee beseeche you now
488 *that* yee will grant vs grace,
in soe much as wee doe to you come,
or else *that* wee may ffrom you passe ²

“with such weapons as wee haue heere
492 till wee be out of your place ;
& iff wee liue this 100⁴ yeere,
of you wee will aske noe grace.”

The King
refuses:
they shall
be hanged.
The Queen
intercedes
for them,

“yee speake proudlye,” said the King ;
496 “yee shall be hanged all 3.”
“*that* were great pittye,” sayd the Queene,
“if any grace might bee.

¹ MS. Clinn.—F.

² Insomuch as frele to you we comer
As frele fro you to passe.—*Rel.*

“my Lord, when I came first into this Land
 500 to be your weded wiffe,
 [you said] the first boone *that* I wold aske,
 you wold grant me belyue.

and asks the
 King for the
 boon he
 promised
 her.

“& I asked yee neuer none till now ;
 504 therefore, good Lord, grant itt mee.”
 “now aske itt, Madam,” said the King,
 “& granted itt shalbe.”

He says it
 shall be
 granted.

“then, good my Lord, I you beseeche,
 508 these yeomen grant yee mee.”
 “Maddam,¹ yee might haue asked a boone
that shold haue beene worth them all 3.

“Then give
 me these
 yeomen.”

“you might haue asked towers & townes,
 512 Parkes & fforrests plentye.”
 “none soe pleasant to my pay,²” shee sayd,
 “nor none³ soe leefe⁴ to mee.”

“Madam, sith itt is your desire,
 516 your askinge granted shalbe ;
 but I had leever haue giuen you
 good Markett townes three.”

“I will,

though I'd
 rather have
 given you
 3 market
 townes.”

the Queene was a glad woman,
 520 & said, “Lord, god a mercye !
 I dare vndertake ffor them
that true men they shalbee.

The Queen

“but, good Lord, speake some merrye word,
 524 *that* some comfort they might see.”
 “I grant you grace,” then said the King,
 “washe ffellowes, & to mcate goe yee.”

then gets the
 King to
 order her
 men food.

¹ MS. Maddan.—F.

² vid. Page 363, St. 23 [of MS.; in the
 2nd Part of *John de Reeve*].—P.

³ none in MS.—F.

⁴ leefe, dear, beloved. Johns? —P.

Soon come
messengers

they had not sitten but a while,
528 certaine without Leasinge,¹
there came 2 messengers out of the North
with letters to our kinge.

from
Carlisle.

& when they came before the King
532 the kneeled downe vpon their knee,
& said, "your officers greete you well
of Carlile in the North cuntrye."

The King
asks after
his Justice
and Sheriff.
"They've
been slain

"how ffareth my Iustice?" sayd the King,
536 "and my Sherriffe alsoe?"
"Sir, they be slaine, without leasinge,
& many an officer moe."

by Adam,
Clim, and
Clowdeslee."

"who hath them slaine?" then said the King
540 "anon *that* you tell mee."
"Adam Bell, Clim of the Cloughe,
& william of Clowdeslee."

"alas! ffor wrath,²" then sayd our King,
544 "my hart is wonderous sore;
I had rather then a 1000^u
I had knowen this before,

"If I'd
known this
before, I'd
have hung
them."

"ffor I haue granted them grace,
548 & *that* fforthinketh ³ mee;
but had I knowen all this before,
they had beene hangd all 3."

The King
then reads
of the 300
men slain
by the 3
outlaws,

the King hee opened the letter anon,
552 himselfe he read itt thoe,
& there found how these outlawes had slaine
300 men and moe:

¹ i. e. Lying. Jun.—P.

² rewth.—*Rel.*

³ repenta.—

- “first the Iustice & the Sheriffe,
 556 & the Maior of Carlile towne,—
 of all the Constables and catcpoules,
 Aline were left but one. [page 397]
- “the Baliffes & the Beadeles both,
 560 & the Sargeaunt of the law,
 & 40 fforresters of the ffee,
 these outlawes haue thé slawe,¹
- “& broke his parkes, & slaine his deere,
 564 of all they Coice² the best;
 soe perillous outlawes as they were,
 walked not by East nor west.”
- when the King this Letter had read,
 568 in hart he sighed sore,
 “take vp the tables,³” then sayd hee,
 “ffor I can eate no more.”
- the King then called his best archers
 572 to the butts with him to goe,
 “to see⁴ these ffellowes shoot,” said hee,
 “that in the north haue wrought this woe.”
- the Kings archers busket⁵ them blythe,
 576 soe did the Queenes alsoe,
 soe did these 3 weightye yeomen,
 they thought with them to goe.
- there 2⁷ or 3⁸; they shott about
 580 for to assay their hand;
 there was no shoote these yeomen shott
 that any pricke⁶ might stand.

(the Mayor,
Catchpoules,Beadles,
Serjeant
of Law,
and 40
foresters,)and his deer
killed.

He sighs,

and can eat
no more.But he
calls his
archers
to shoot
againstthe 3
outlaws.¹ slain.—P.² Qu. chose.—P.³ They were laid on trestles.—F.⁴ I wyll se.—*Rel.*⁵ busked; Scot. *buskit*, dress'd, decked(à Fr. *busc*, a busk that women (so)
wear). Gloss. ad G. Doug. see P. 364,
St. 36, Pag. 246, St. 26.—P.⁶ ? here the wooden pin in the centre
of the target.—F.

Clowdeslee
says the

then spake william of Clowdeslee,
584 "by him *that* ffor me dyed,
I hold him not a good archer
that shooteth att butts soe wyde."

butts are too
wide.

"wheratt?" said the Kinge,
588 "I pray you tell to mee."
"att such a butt, Sir," hee said,
"as men vse in my countrie."

He sets

william went into the ffeild,
592 & his 2 brethren with him;
there they sett vp 2 hassell rodde
400 paces betweene.

2 hassel
sticks at 400
paces,

"I hold him an archer," said Clowdeslee,
596 "*that* yonder wand cleeneth in towe."
"heere is none such," said the King,
"for no man can soe doe."

"I shall assay," sayd Clowdeslee,
600 "or *that* I ffor further goe."
Clowdeslee with a bearing¹ arrow
clane the wand in towe.

shoots, and
splits one
in two.

"thou art the best archer," said our King,
604 "fforsooth *that* euer I see."
"& yett ffor your loue," said william,
"I will doe more masterye:

Then he
proposes to
tie his son
to a stake,

"I haue a sonne is 7 yeere old,
608 hee is to me ffull deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
all shall see him *that* bee here,—

¹ ? meaning of *bearing*. Strutt says, "I rather think the poet meant an arrow shot 'compass,' for the pricke or wand was a 'mark of compass,' that is, the arrow in its flight formed the segment of

a circle." *Sports*, p. 65, ed. Hone. As all arrows do that, this can be no explanation of either "mark of compass" (on which see my note on "pricks" in *The Babes Book*, &c.) or "bearing."—F.

“ & lay an apple vpon his head,
 612 & goe sixe score paces him ffroe,
 & I my selfe with a broad arrowe
 shall cleaue the apple in towe.”

and split an
 apple on his
 head at 120
 paces.

“ now hast thee,” said the King;
 616 “ by him *that* dyed on a tree,
 but if thou dost not as thou has sayd,
 hanged shalt thou bee !

The King
 agrees ;

but if
 Clowdeslee
 fails, he's to
 be hanged,

“ & thou touch his head or gowne
 620 in sight *that* men may see,
 by all the *Saints that* bee in heauen,
 I shall you hang all 3: ! ”

and Adam
 and Clim
 too.

“ *that* I haue promised,” said william,
 624 “ *that* I will neuer fforsake : ”
 & there euen before the King,
 in the earth he drone a stake,

& bound thereto his eldest sonne,
 628 & bade him stand still thereatt,
 & turned the childe's fface him ffroe
 because hee should not start.

Clowdeslee
 ties his boy
 to a stake,

an apple vpon his head he sett,
 632 & then his bow he bent ;
 sixe score paces they were meaten,¹
 & thither Clowdeslee went.

puts an
 apple on his
 head,

there he drew out a ffaire broad arrow,—
 636 his bowe² was great and long,—
 he sett *that* arrowe in his bowe
that was both stiffe & stronge ;

sets an
 arrow in
 his bow,

¹ meted, i. e. measured.—P.

² There is a tag at the end like s.—F.

he prayed the people *that* were there
 640 That they wold still stand,¹ [Pa
 “ffor hee *that* shooteth ffor such a wager
 had need of a steedye hand.”

much people prayed for Cloudeslee,
 644 *that* his liffe saued might bee ;
 & when hee made him readye to shoote,
 there was many a weeping eye.

and cleaves
 the apple in
 two.

The King

thus Cloudeslye claue the aple in 2,
 648 as many a man might see :
 “now god fforffbidd,²” then said the King,
 “*that* thou sholdest shoote att mee !

gives him
 8d. a day,
 and makes
 him his
 bowbearer.

“I gaue³ thee 8 pence a day,
 652 & my bow shalt thow beare,
 & ouer all the north cuntrye
 I make thee Cheeffe ryder.”

The Queen
 gives him
 13d. a day,

“& Ile giue thee 13⁴ a day,” said the Queene,
 656 “by god and by my ffay !
 come ffeich thy payment when thou wilt,
 no man shall say thee nay.

makes him a
 gentleman,

“william, I make thee a gentleman,
 660 of Cloathing and of ffee ;
 & thy 2 bretheren, yeomen of my chamber,
 for they are lonely⁴ to see.

puts his son
 in her wine-
 cellar,

“your sonne, ffor hee is tendar of age,
 664 of my winesellar he shalbe ;
 & when hee comes to mans estate,
 better prefferred shall hee bee.

¹ The same injunction is often heard
 at firing-points now.—F.

² Over Gods forbode.—*Red.*

³ give.—P.

⁴ so semely.—*Red.*

- “ & william, bring me your wiffe,” said the Queene,
 668 “ I long her sore to see ;
 shee shall bee my cheefe gentlewoman ¹
 to gouerne my nurserye.”
- the yeomen thanked them full curteouslye,
 672 & sayd, “ to some Bishopp wee will wend ;
 of all the sinns *that* wee haue done,
 to be assoyled ² att his hand.”
- soe forth be gone these good yeomen
 676 as ffast as they can hye,
 & after came & liued with the King,
 & dyed good yeomen all 3.
- Thus endeth the liffe of these good yeomen,
 680 god send them eternall blisse !
 & all *that* with a hand-bow shooteth,
that of heauen they may neuer misse ! **ffinis.**

and promises
to set his
wife

over her
nursery.

The three
go to a
Bishop

to be
shriven,

and then
live
and die well.

God send
them and all
bowmen
bliss !

¹ MS. gentlewonnan.—F.

² i.e. absolved, Assoile, absolvere,
liberare. Lye.—P.

Younge : Cloudeslee :

As the Cyclic poets adopted the lesser Homeric heroes as the centres of new epics, as the Romancists in process of time celebrated other members of the Round Table besides its great founder, as the ballad-writers sung of Much and Scarlett as well as of Robin Hood, so here one who appears as a minor character in the great poem of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee," has a poem devoted to his special honour.

The piece was printed in 1605 by James Roberts, along with his reprint of Copland's edition of the greater poem of which this is a parasite. With this the Folio copy has been collated.

Listen, my
Northern
lads,

to the brave
deeds

LISTE : northeren Ladds, to blyther things ¹
then yett were brought to light,
performed by our Countrymen
4 in many ² a ffray and ffight,

of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and william of Clowdeslee,³
who were in ffavor with the Kinge
8 ffor all their miserye.

of young
William
Clowdeslee,

who loved a
bonny lass.

younge william of the wine-sellar,⁴
when yeoman hee was made,
gan ffollowe then his ffathers stepps,
12 hee loued a bonny mayde.

"gods crosse!" quoth william, "if I misse,
& may not of her speede,
He make 1000 northerne ⁵ hartes⁶
16 ffor verry woe to bleede.

¹ List Northerne Laddes to blither things.—R.

² mickle.—R.

³ Cloudisly.—R.

⁴ See the last poem, l. 664, p. 100.—F.

⁵ Only half of the second *n* in the MS.—F.

⁶ a thousand Northen hearts.—R.

gone is hee ¹ a wooinge now,
 our Ladye will ² him guide;
 to merry mansfeild, will, ³ I trow,
 20 a time hee will abyde.

He goes
 courting

to Mansfield,

"Soone dop ⁴ the dore, ffaire Sislye bright, ⁵
 I come with all the hast;
 I am come a wooinge to ⁶ thee for lone,
 24 heere am I come att Last."

and tells fair
 Sisely to
 open the
 door.

"I know you not," quoth Sisely ⁷ tho,
 "from whence *that* yee be come ⁸;
 my lone you may not haue, I trow,
 28 I vow by this ffaire ⁹ sonne. ¹⁰

Sisely says

she can't
 love him,

"ffor why, my lone is ffixt so sure
 vpon another wight;
 I sweare by sweet Ann, He neuer
 32 abuse him out of sight!

as her love
 is fixed on
 another,

"this night I hope to see my lone
 in all his pryde and glee;
 If there were thousands, none but him
 36 my hart wold ioye to see."

whom she
 hopes to see
 to-night.

[page 399]

"gods curse vppon [him,] ¹¹" younge william sayd,
 "before me *that* hath sped!
 a ffoule ill on the carryon nurse
 40 *that* ffirst did binde his head!"

Young
 Clowdeslee
 curses him,

gan william tho for to prepare
 a medcine ffor the chaffe ¹²;
 "his liffe," quoth hee, "ffull hard may ffare;
 44 hees best to keepe alaffe."

and resolves
 to kill her
 lover.

¹ he is.—R.

² well.—R.

³ where.—R.

⁴ dope, i. e. do open.—P.

⁵ Some dop the dore faire Cicelie
 right.—R.

⁶ to omitted.—R. ⁷ Cicelie.—R.

⁸ MS. become.—F. ⁹ bee come.—R.

¹⁰ ffaire with a dot over the *u* in the
 MS.—F.

¹¹ sun.—P.

¹² him.—R.

¹³ ? for *chuffe*, a term of reproach.
 Halliwell. See Lorden, l. 71.—F. medi-
 cine for that chaffe.—R.

He draws
his sword,

he drew then out his bright browne sword,
which was soe bright and keene ;
a stouter man & hardyer

48 neere handled sword, I weene.

and by way
of trying it,

“ browne tempered Sword & worthye ¹ blade
vnto thy master showe,
if thou ² to tryall thou be put,
52 how thou canst ³ byde a blowe.”

cuts in two
an oak

younge William to an oke gan hye
which was in compasse round

56 inches
round,

well 56 ⁴ inches nye,
56 & ffield itt to the ground.

wishing it
was his rival.

“ soe mote he ffare,” quoth william tho,
“ that ffor her loue hath Layde
which I haue loued, & neere did know
60 him sutor till *that* mayde.

He longs
for his
father,

“ & now, deere ffather stout & stronge,
william of Cloudeslee,
how happy were thy troubled sonne
64 if here I might ⁵ thee see,

Adam,
and Clim,

“ & thy 2 ⁶ brethren Adam Bell
& Clim of the Cloughe ;

as they'd
fight 1000
men.

against a 1000 men & more
68 wee 4 wold bee enoughe.

He calls on
Sisley's lover
to come on,

“ growne itt is ffull 4 a clocke,
& night will come beline ;
Come on, thou Lorden, sisleys ⁷ loue !
72 this night I must ⁸ thee shrine.

¹ strong, and worthy.—R.

fifty.—R.

² that.—P. now.—R.

⁵ mot.—R.

³ canst thou.—R.

⁷ Lurden Cisleis.—R.

⁴ Read “six and fifty.”—P. six and

⁸ must I.—R.

"prepare thee strong, thou fflowle black calfe ¹ !
 what ere thou be, I weene
 He giue thy coxcombe sayke ² a girde ³
 76 in mansfeild as was neuer ⁴ seene."

william a young ffawne had slaine and takes
a fawn
 in ⁵ sherwood merry fforrest;
 a ffairer ffawne ffor mans meate ⁶
 80 in sherwood was neuer drest.

hee hyed then till a northeren Lasse ⁷ to an old
woman
 not halfe a mile him ffroe, ⁸
 he said, "dop the dore, ⁹ thou good ould nurse,
 84 that in to thee I goe;

"I ffaint with being in the woods ¹⁰;
 loe, heere I haue a kidd
 which I haue slaine ffor thee & mee ¹¹;
 88 come, dresse itt then, I bidd; to cook for
him.

"ffetch bread and other Iolly ffare,
 whereof thou hast some store;
 a blyther guest this 100 yeere
 92 came neuer heere before."

the good old naunt ¹² gan hye apace The old
dame
lets him in,
 to lett young William in;
 "a happy nurse," quoth william then,
 96 "as can be lightlye seene.

¹ fow black Caufe.—R.

² In what district is *sayke* used for *suck*? In Somersetshire, *jitch* is the word. Halliwell, p. xxvii., xxviii. In Lancashire, *sick* (H. xxiii.), but at Bury *sitch* (*ib.*); and in Gloucestershire *sitch* (H. xviii.)
 a gird.—R.

⁴ Mansfield as neuer was.—R.

⁵ MS. im.—F.

⁶ ymeat.—R.

⁷ Northerne lasse.—R.

⁸ he fro.—R.

⁹ dop dore.—R.

¹⁰ wood.—R.

¹¹ slo for thee and I.—R.

¹² Nant.—R.

and he
promises
her a reward

“wend till *that* house hard by,” quoth hee,
“*thats* made of lime and stone,
where is a Lasse, faire Cis,” hey¹ said,²
100 “I loue her as my owne.

if she'll fetch
Sisely to
him.

“If thou canst feitch her vnto me
that wee may merry bee,
I make a vowe, in the fforrest
104 of deere thou shalt haue fee.”

She under-
takes
to bring
Sisely,

“rest then, faire Sir,” the woman said,
“I sweare by good S^r Iohn
I will bring to you *that* same maid
108 full quicklye and anon.”

“meane [time],³” quoth William, “He be Cooke,
to see the ffawne well drest⁴: ”
a stouter Cooke did neuer come
112 within the faire fforrest.

and hies off
to her,

thicke⁵ blyth old lasse had witt enoughe⁶
ffor to declare his mind;
soe ffast shee hyed, & neere did stay,
116 but left william behinde,

while
William
cooks the
fawn.

where william like a nimble cooke
is dressing of the ffare,
& ffor this damsell doth hee looke,
120 “I wold *that* shee weer heere ! ”

[page 400]

¹ [insert] he.—P. The MS. is *Cishey*, for *Cis he*, or, more probably, *Cisley*.—F.

² Cisse hee said.—R.

³ meane time.—P. meane time.—R.

⁴ I drest.—R.

⁵ ? the district of *thicke* for *that*. In Dorsetshire *thik* is used. See Halli-

well's Gloss. p. xvi., and Barnes's Glossary. *Thickee*, this, Devon. and *thicos* cloud, p. xv. Halliwell. *Thick*, the one that, that which, Somersetshire. *Thee's* know *thick* us da meanne, tha da call 'm wold Boss (*ib.* p. xxvii. col. 1).—F.

⁶ enow.—R.

- "god speed, blyth Cisley ¹!" quoth *that* old Lasse. The old
dame
 "god dild ² yee," quoth Cisley, "again; ;
 how doe yee, naunt Ione ³?" shee said,
 124 "tell me itt, I am ffaine." tells Sisely

 the good old woman ⁴ said "weele shee was,
 & comen an arrand to ⁵ you ;
 for you must to my cottage gone
 128 ffull quickley, ⁶ I tell you true,

 "where wee ffull merry meane to bee
 all with my elder Ladd."
 when Cisley hard of itt, trulye
 132 shee was exceeding gladd. make merry
in her
cottage.

Sisely gladly
agrees to go,

 "gods cursse light on me," quoth Cisley tho,
 "if with you *that* ⁷ I doe not hye!
 I neuer ioyed more, fforsoothe,
 136 then in your Companye."

 happy the good wiffe thought her selfe
that of her purpose shee had sped, ⁸
 & home with Sisely shee is came, ⁹
 140 soe lightlye they did tread ¹⁰ ; and into the
cottage they
walk.

 & coming in, here william soone
 had made readye his ffare ;
 the good old wiffe did wonder much
 144 soe soone as shee came there. William has
his venison
ready,

 Cisley to william now is gone, ¹¹
 god send her Mickle glee,
 yett was shee in a maze, god wott,
 148 when shee saw itt was hee: and Sisely
with him.

¹ Cisse.—R.² yield it.—F. requite, speed: "Well, God dild you!" says Ophelia. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.—Dyce.³ done you Nant Ione.—R.⁴ Ione.—R.⁵ till.—R.⁷ *that* omitted.—R.⁸ that her purpose he had of sped.—R.⁹ she doth come.—R.¹⁰ did they read.—R.¹¹ come.—R.⁶ quick.—R.

But she says
she'd never
have come if
she'd known
he was there.

"had I beene ware, good Sir," shee said,
"of *that* itt had beene you,
I wold haue stayd att home in sooth,
152 I tell you verry true."

William

"faire Cisley," said then ¹ william Kind,
"misdeeme thee not of mee ;
I sent not ffor thee to *that* ² end
156 to doe the iniurye.

prays her to
stop and eat
his kidd ;

"sitt downe *that* wee may talke awhile,
& eate all of the best,
the ffattest kidd *that* euer was slaine
160 in merry Sherwood fforrest.³"

and his
loving words
win her
heart. --
Meantime
Sisely's
lover,

his louinge ⁴ words wan Cisley then
with him to keepe ⁵ a while ;
but in the meane time Cisleys lone
164 of her was tho beguile.

A noble-
minded
man,

a stout & sturdy man hee was
of qualite & kind,
& knowen ⁶ through all the north cuntrye
168 to beare a noble minde.

"but," quoth ⁷ william, "doe I care ?
if *that* hee meane to weare,
first lett ⁸ him winne,⁹ else neuer shall
172 he haue the mayd, I sweare."

comes to her
cottage ;

ffull softlye is her lone[r] ¹⁰ come,
and knocked att the dore :

but she is
fled.

but tho ¹¹ he mist Cisleys companye,¹²
176 wher-att hee stampd and ¹³ swore.

¹ then said.—R.

² to the.—R.

³ Sir-wood Forrest.—R.

⁴ Only half the *s* in the MS.—F.

⁵ to keepe with him.—R.

⁶ knowne.—R.

⁷ But what quoth.—R.

⁸ There appears to be some letter between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F. let.—R.

⁹ wime in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ louner.—R.

¹¹ i.e. then.—P.

¹² roome.—R.

¹³ Only half the *s* in the MS.—F.

- "a mischeeffe on his heart," quoth hee,
 "that hath allured this ¹ mayd
 to bee with him in company!"
 180 he cared not what hee sayd,

 hee was soe ² with anger moued,
 he sware a well great othe,
 "deere shold hee pay if I him knew,
 184 fforsooth & by my trothe!"

 gone hee is to ffind her out,
 not knowing where shee is;
 still wandering in the weary wood
 188 his true loue he doth misse:

 william purchased ³ hath the game
 which hee doth meane to hold,
 "come, rescew her and if you can,
 192 and dare to be soe bold!"

 Att lenght when hee had wandred long [page 401]
 about the fforrest side,⁴
 a Candle light a ffurlong of ⁵
 196 ffull quickley hee espyed.

 then to the house hee hyed him ffast,
 where quicklye hee gan heare
 the voice of his owne true loue ⁶
 200 a makinge bonny cheere.

 then gan he say to Cisley tho,
 "O Cisley, come away!
 I haue beene wandring thee to ffind
 204 since shutting in of day."

He curses
her beguiler,

and swears
he shall pay
for her if
he finds him.

But William
means to
keep her.

At last
the lover

hears
Sisely's
voice.

He calls her
to come to
him.

¹ the.—R.

² yso.—R.

³ purchast.—R.

⁴ wide.—R.

⁵ off.—R.

⁶ owne deere true loue.—R.

William
asks who
dares do this.

“ who calls faire Cisley ¹ ? ” quoth william tho,²
 “ what carle dares be soe bold,
 once to aduenture to her to speake
 208 who [I] haue in my hold ³ ? ”

The lover
threatens
him.

“ List thee, faire Sir,” quoth Cisleys loue,
 “ lett quickelye her ffrom you part :
 ffor all your Lordlye words, Ile sweare ⁴
 212 Ile haue her, or Ile make you ⁵ smart ! ”

William says
he'll

young William to his bright browne sword
 gan quickelye then to take :
 “ because thou soe doest challenge me,
 216 Ile make thy kingdome quake.

fight for his
love.

“ betake thee to thy weapon stronge,
 faire time I giue to thee ;
 & ffor my loue as well as thine
 220 a combatt fight will I.”

“ neuer lett sunn,” quoth Cisleys loue,
 “ shine more vpon my head,
 If I doe flye, by heauen aboue,
 224 wert thou a gyant bredd ! ”

He takes his
sword,

to Bilbo blade got william tho
that was both stiffe and stronge ⁶ :

and the fight
begins.
It lasts two
hours,

a stout battell then they ffought,
 228 weer neere 2 ⁷ houres longe ;

where many a greiuons wound was giuen ⁸
 to eche on either part,
 till both the champyons then were drone
 232 almost quite out of hart.

¹ Cisse.—R.

² then.—R.

³ whom I haue now in hold.—R.

⁴ I sweare.—R.

⁵ or make you.—R.

⁶ and buckler stiffe.—R.

⁷ well nie two.—R.

⁸ giue.—R.

pittyous moane faire Cisley made,
that all the fforrest ronge ;
 the greinuous shrikes made such a noyse,
 236 shee had soe shrill a tounge.

Sisely
 moaning

and
 shrieking
 all the
 while.

att last came in the keepers 3
 with bowes and arrowes keene,
 where they lett flye among these 2,
 240 a 100^d ¹ as I weene.

Then three
 keepers
 come to stop
 them,

william strong & stout ² in hart,
 when he had them espyed,
 sett on courage ffor his part,
 244 among the thickest hee hyed:

but William

the cheefe ranger of the woods
 att ffirst did william smite,
 where att one blow he smote his head
 248 ffrom of his shoulders quite.

cuts off the
 chief-
 ranger's
 head,

& being in soe ffuryous teene,
 about him then hee Laid,
 he slew immedyatlye the wight
 252 was sutor to the mayde.

and then
 kills Sisely's
 lover.

great moane was then ³ made ;
 the like was neuer hard,
 which made the people all around
 256 to crye, they were soe ffeard.

The people
 make great
 moan,

"arme, arme !" the cuntrye cryed,
 "for gods loue quicklye hye !"
 neuer was such a slaughter seene
 260 in all the north cuntrye.

and raise the
 country.

¹ an hundred.—R.

² stout and strong.—R.

³ ythen.—R.

YOUNGE CLOUDESLIE.

Ham kills
other two
sons,

william still, tho¹ wounded sore,
continued still his² fight
till he had slaine them all⁴
that verry winters³ night.

264

all the contrye then was rayseed,
the traitor ffor to take
that ffor the loue of Cisley ffaire
had all the slaughter make.

268

to the woods hyed william tho,—
itt was the best⁴ of all his play,—
where in a cane with Cisley ffaire
hee lined many a day.

and then
hies
to a cave
with Sisely.

272

proclamation then was sent [page 407]
the cuntrye all arounde,
' the Lord of Mansfeild shold hee bee
that first the traytor ffounde.'

Procla-
mation is
made to take
William.

276

to⁵ the court these tydings came,
where all men doth⁶ bewayle
the young & lustye William
which soe had made them quaille.

280

His father,
Adam, and
Clim,

hyed vp william of Cloudealee⁷
& lustye Adam Bell,
& ffamous Clim of the Cloughe,
which 3 did them⁸ excell :

284

go to the
King,

to the King they hyed them ffast,
ffull quicklye & anon,
"mercy, I pray," quoth old william
"ffor william my sonne!"

and ask
mercy for
William's
son.

288

¹ Will still though.—R.
² in his.—R.
⁴ twas best.—R.

³ winter.—R.
⁵ Till.—R.

⁶ did.—R.
⁷ Hied vp then
—R.

“no mercye, traitors!” quoth the King,
 “you shall be hanged all 4!¹
 vnder my nose this plott yee haue² laid,
 292 to bring to passe before.”

The King
 says he'll
 hang all four
 of them.

“Insooth,” bespake then Adam Bell,
 “ill signe your grace hath seene
 of any such commotyng
 296 since with you wee haue beene.

Adam then
 says

“If then wee can no mercye haue,
 but leese both liffe and goods,
 of your good grace wee take our leaue,
 300 & hye vs to the woods.”

they'll take
 to the woods.

“arme, arme,” then quoth the King,
 “my merry men euer-eche one,³
 ffull ffast againe these rebells nowe⁴
 304 [that]⁵ vnto the woods are gone!”

The King
 orders his
 men to arm
 and pursue
 the rebels.

“O, woe is vs! what shall wee doe,
 or which way shall wee worke,
 to hunt them fforth out of the woods,
 308 soe traiterouslye there *that* lurke?”

The men
 don't like the
 job.

“list you,” quoth a counsellor graue,
 a wise man he seemed,
 “thé craued the King his pardon ffree
 312 vnto them to haue deemed.”

A counsellor
 advises that
 the rebels be
 pardoned.

“gods fforbott⁶!” quoth the King,
 “I neuer itt will doe!
 for they shall hang, eche mothers sonne,
 316 I tell you verry true!⁷”

The King
 swears
 he'll hang
 them,

¹ hang'd shall yee be all foure.—R.

² haue you.—R.

³ euery chone.—R.

⁴ now.—R. ⁵ *that* omitted.—R.

⁶ forebode, *Præceptum*. Chauc. Goddes

forebode to breke, *dei præceptum violare*.
 Lye.—P. See vol. i. p. 18, note ¹. “prick
 him godsforbod.” Heywood's *Epi-*
grammes, 236.—F. forbod.—R.

⁷ faire sir I tell you true.—R.

and sends
50,000 men
after them,

50000 men were charged
after them ffor to take ;
some of them sett in sundrye townes,
320 in companyes ¹ did waite ;

some of
whom go to
the woods.

to the woods gan some to goe,
in hope to ffind them out ;
& them perforce they thaught to take,
324 if *that* they might ffind them out.

to they woods still they ² came,
dispatched still they were,
which made ffull many a trembling hart ³
328 & many a man in ffeare.

But Adam
and Clim go
on killing
the King's
dear.

still the outlawes Adam Bell
& Clim of the Cloughe
made lolly cheere with venison,
332 stronge drinke & wine enoughe.

Then the
King
says,
" they are
fine fellows.

" Crist mee blesse ! " then said our King,
" such men were neuer knowne ;
they are they ⁴ stoutest harted men
336 *that* manhood euer shone ⁵ !

Make out
their
pardon,

" come, my secretary good,
& cause ⁶ to be declared
a generall pardon to them all,
340 which neuer shalbe discared.

and give
them good
store
if they'll
come and
live with
me."

" liuings plenty they shall haue ⁷
of gold & eke of ffee,
If they did ⁸ as they did before,
344 come lue in court with mee."

¹ compamyas in the MS.—F.

² still as they.—R.

³ heart.—R.

⁴ the.—R.

⁵ showne.—R.

⁶ MS. caused.—F. cause.—P.

⁷ Liuing plenty shall they haue.

⁸ they will do.—P. they will.—

- soddenlye went forth the newes
 declared by trumpetts sound,
 wherof these 3 were well advised
 348 in caue as they were in ground. The three
hear of this,
- “but list you, Sirs,” quoth william younge,
 “I dare not trust the Kinge ; [page 403] but young
William
doubts the
King,
 itt is some fleitch is in his head,
 352 wherby to bring vs in.
- “nay, stay wee heere, or first lett mee
 a messenger bee sent
 vnto the Court, where I may know
 356 his maiestyes entent.” and asks
that he may
go to
court and
see him.
- this pleased Adam Bell, Adam
agrees,
 “soe wee may liue in peace,
 wee are att his most hye commande,
 360 & neuer will we cease ;
- “but if *that* still wee shall be vrged,
 & called by traitors ¹ name,
 & threatad hanging for enery thing,
 364 his hignesse is too blame.
- “neare ² had his grace subiects more true ³
 & sturdier then wee,
 which are att his hignesse will,
 368 god send him well to bee ! ” saying that
the King
never had
better
subjects
than
themselves.
- soe to the court is young william gone
 to parley with the Kinge,
 where ⁴ all men to the Kings presence
 372 did strue for to him bringe.⁵ Young
William
goes to the
King,

¹ traitrous.—R.² ne'er.—P.³ more subjects true.—R.⁴ Which.—R.⁵ him for to bring.—R.

kneels to
him,

when hee before the *King* was come,
he kneeled downe ffull lowe;
he showed quicklye to the *Kinge*
376 what duty they did owe.

and soon
wins him
over.

in such delightffull order blythe,
the *King* was quicklye woon ¹
to comfort them in their request,
380 as hee before had done:

The *King*
asks him
to stay the
night at
court,

“ffetch bread & drinke,” then said his grace,
“& meate all of the best;
& stay all night heere att the court,
384 & soundlye take thy rest.”

and gives
him his seal
in token of
pardon.

“gramercy ² to your grace,” said will:
“for pardon granted, I see.”
“for signe thereof, heere take my seale,
388 & for more certaintye.”

“gods cursse vpon me,” said william,
“for my part if I meane
Ener againe to stirr vp striffe!
392 itt neuer shalbe seene.”

The *Lords*
and *Ladies*
welcome
him,

the Nobles all to William came,
he were soe stout & trim,
& all the *Ladies* for verry ioy
396 did come to welcome him.

and tell him
to bring
Sisely to
court.

“ffaire Cisley now I haue to wiffe,
in ffeild I haue her woone.³”
“bring her, for gods loue,” said thé ⁴ all,
400 “welcome shee shall bee soone.⁵”

¹ wonne.—R.

² Gramercies.—R.

³ wonne.—R.

⁴ they.—R.

⁵ full welcome shall she be.—R.

forth againe went william backe,
 to woode *that* hee did hye,
 & to his ffather there hee shewed
 404 the King his pardon ffree.

He goes
 back,
 and shows
 his father
 the King's
 pardon.

"health to his grace," said Adam Bell,
 "I begg itt on my knee."
 the like said Clim of the Cloughe
 408 & william of Cloudeslee.

to the court they all prepare
 as ffast as ¹ they can hye,
 where gracyouslye they were receined
 412 with mirth and merry glee.

Then all of
 them
 come to
 court,

Cisley ffaire is gone ² alone
 vpon a gelding ffayre ;
 a properer ³ damsell neuer came
 416 in any courtlye ayre.

with Sisely
 on a good
 gelding.

"welcome, Cisley !" sayd the Queene,
 " & Lady I thee make,
 to waite vpon my owne person
 420 in all my cheefe estate.⁴ "

The Queen
 welcomes
 her and
 makes her a
 Lady in
 Waiting.

soe quicklye was the ⁵ matter done
 which was soe hardlye doubted,
 that all contentions after that
 424 from court were quicklye rooted.⁶

And so all
 the trouble
 is happily
 settled,

fauorable was the kinge,
 for good ⁷ they did him ffind ;
 They neuer after ffought againe ⁸
 428 to vex his royall minde.

[page 404]

¹ euen as fast as.—R.

² wend.—R.

³ proper.—R.

⁴ chiefest state.—R.

⁵ this.—R.

⁶ rowted.—R.

⁷ so good.—R.

⁸ The neuer after sought againe.—R.

and our
heroes
long time¹ they lined in court
soe neere vnto the Kinge,
never after
troubled the
King. 432 *that* neuer after attempted² was
offred ffor any thinge.

May God
god aboue, giue all men grace,
in quiett ffor to liue,
prevent men
rebellling 436 & not rebelliouslye abroad
their princes ffor to greene !

in hope of
getting
pardon,
let not the hope of pardon moue
a subiect to attempt
his soueraignes anger, or his loue,
440 ffrom him for to exempt ;

and make
but *that* all men may readye bee
with all their maine and might
all serue God
and the
King. 444 to serue the lord, & loue the Kinge,
in honor day and night.

ffinis.

¹ MS. tine.—F. Long time they.—R.² ? read "attempt there was."—St ~~eat~~
was attempt.—R.

[This is headed throughout, *The second part, of Adam Bell*. The first part has ~~no~~ such heading ; but has this title, *Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and Will* ~~am~~ *Cloudele*. Lond. 1605. 9 leaves. Register A, C 2. Part II., 7 leaves. Register A 2, B 4.

There are two copies in Bodley. 4° C. 39, Art. Sold. ; Malone, 299.—G. Parke ~~er~~.]

["*Come Wanton Wenches*," printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*,
p. 80-1, follows here in the MS. p. 404.]

In olde : times paste : ¹

WHAT can one say on the moral of this song, better than “read Mr. Tennyson’s *Golden Year*”? “The Old Time sure was best” is a cry that has been dinned into Englishmen’s ears for many a century; and though lately the loud-voiced satisfaction of the comfortable classes and their orators was inclined to substitute for the old cry “The present time sure is best,” yet now that a certainty of greater consideration in legislation for the poor and weak, the ignorant and needy, is at hand, now that the trustees of power are to be more quickly answerable to the subjects of their trust for the fulfilment of it, many would willingly in their cowardly qualms cry for old times of corruption again. When will men have faith and its cheer, and work onwards for England’s future, instead of moaning and raving, and trying to drag their country back?

Still, the present poem is no *Niagara and After*, but a kind of Young-England regret for the chivalry, the merry outlaw greenwood life, the songs and dances, bows and hunts of an earlier time, the pillars of pleasure seen without the intervening spaces of sadness at the end of the arcade of English life—to use Mr. Herbert Spencer’s figure—while the spaces near are painfully plain. Merry England is to the writer—a hunting man, witness lines 38 to 41—merry no longer; and the cause of the decay of all the olden pleasures is that put forward by so many of our early writers, Pride, and, in the writer’s time, miserliness in other things to maintain it. With *Conscience* (ii. 189, l. 126,) he could say, “you must banish pride, and then all England were blest.”

¹ An Old Song in Praise of Archery.—P. and the good old times.—F.

This is a change from Robert of Brunne's time in 1303, when Envy—which I suppose to include social grumbling and discontent, then more than justifiable—was the Englishman's special sin :

And Englys men namely
Are þurghe kynde of herte hy.
A forbyseyn ys tolde þys,
Seyde on Frenshe men and on Englys ;
Frenche men synne yn lechery,
And Englys men yn enuye.

Handlyng Synne, p. 131, l. 4154–5.

Let us hope that the writer of the present piece had no more ground for his complaint than the authors of similar ones have now. The “fine old English Gentle-man” has never ceased from the land, though his gentle-ness has been shown in forms varying with the ages as they have passed on.

Of the poem itself we know no other copy.—F.

In merry
old days
lived

Lancelot
du Lake,
Robin Hood,

Mayd
Marryan,

William of
Clowdeslee,

Clim of the
Clough, and
Adam Bell.

The jolly
bowmen
hunted,

IN : old times past when merry men
did merry makers ¹ make,²

no man did greater matters then

then Lancelott of Dulake.

good Robin hood ³ was lini[n]ge then,
which now is quite fforgott,

& soe was ffaire Mayd Marryan,

a pretty wench, god wott.

william of Clondeslee did dwell

amongst the buckes & does,

Clim of the Cloughe & Adam Bell

killed venison with their bowes.

throughe the wood these Iolbye bowmen w

both ouer hill & dale, & dale & dale,

vp & downe, vpp & downe,

through many a parke & pale : ȝ : ȝ :

[page 402]

¹ ? MS. *makers* may be altered to in the MS.—F.
matters.—F.

² There is a tag to the d.—F

³ The first two lines are written as one

	The Maydens on the holydayes	the maidens
	did countrey carrolls singe,	sang carols
	& some did passe the time away	
20	with dancinge ffor the ringe.	and danced,
	yea 20 groates was mony then	20 groats
	wold make men make good cheere,	would make
	& 20 nobles gentlemen	a feast,
24	might lue on all the yeere.	
	William of Cloudeslee did dwell, &c.	

	Then were there playes att whitsontyde, ¹	
	& sommer games about ;	and summer
	then ffreind with ffreind wold goe & ryde	games were
28	to driue the sommer out ;	played.
	& after merry sommer time,	
	then winter time came in ;	Winter was
	then were as merry matters done	merry
32	when Christmas did begin. ²	at Christmas
	William, &c.	too.

	Then did they chant itt merrilye	Then was it
	with hunting in the wood,	merry too in
	wherin they hound[s] mad such a crye	woods
36	as did the hearers good ;	with cry of
	the hunters with their hunting hornes	hounds
	did cause the woods to ringe :	
	to see them pricke amongst the thornes,	and hunters'
40	itt weere pastime ffor a kinge.	horns.
	William, &c.	

	Sir Lancelott dulake, a-dew !	But now !
	thou was a worthy Knight ;	farewell
	& eke maid Marryan sure & trew,	Lancelot
44	good Robin Hoods delight.	and Marian,

¹ See Strutt and Brand on the Whitson-ales &c. Strutt quotes *Sir Bevis*:
In somer at Whitsontyde,

When knightes most on horsebacke
ride, &c.—F.

² MS. begin.—F.

Clowdeslee,		william of Clowdeslee, ffarewell,
		with thy companyons old,
Clim and Adam.	48	Clim of the Clough, & Adam Bell,
		three bowemen braue & bold ! ¹
The world changed.		for now the world is altered quite,
		as itt had neuer beene ;
Pleasure turned to spite.	52	for plesure now is turned to spite ;
		the like was neuer seene.
Men are misers ;		More sparinge for a pennye nowe
		then then was for a pound ;
the rich don't hunt,	56	rich men, alas, they know not how
		to keepe ne hawke nor hound.
		all merriments are quite fforgott,
men don't shoot.		& bowes are laid aside ;
		all is to litle now, god wott,
	60	to maintaine wordlye pryde.
Sure, the old time was best.		where I began, there will I end,
		the old time sure was best ;
		vnless <i>that</i> misers quicklye mend,
	64	old mirth may take his rest.
May God send us good bowmen again !		pray wee then good bowmen may rise,
		as hath beene here to-ffore,
		to-ffore, to-ffore,
	68	to maintaine, to Maintaine,
		& make our mirth the more,
		the more, the more.
		ffinis.

¹ Should "William, &c.," be repeated here, and the next four lines belong to the next stanza? Or are four lines wanting after l. 52, and the last two

stanzas in reality one of sixteen lines counting the repeats *to-ffore*, the *men* with the lines preceding them?—Ske

Barkesome Cell : ¹

[page 406]

THIS song was printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, ii. 343, with Bishop Corbet's "O Noble Ffestus," from the Folio, p. 447, and four other mad songs to make up half a dozen "selected out of a much larger quantity." Percy says: "It is worth attention that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestible, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language." Mr. Payne Collier considers that the madness was shammed, and that the cause of it was the desire of the idle and dissolute beggars—who swarmed over the country on the dissolution of the monasteries—to excite their hearers' pity and get alms. They were called *Bedlam Beggars*, and are mentioned by Edgar in "King Lear":

The country gives me proof and precedent
Of *Bedlam beggars*, who, with roaring voices,
Stick in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And, with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayer,
Inforce their charity.

In Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1616, all the different species of beggars are enumerated. Amongst the rest are mentioned *Tom of Bedlam's* band of mad caps, otherwise called Poor Tom's flock of wild geese . . and those wild geese, or hair brains, are called Abraham men. An Abraham man is afterwards described in this manner: "Of all

¹ That common old song of Mad-tom. Collated with a copy in a 12° collection of songs printed by Boreman, 1735.—P.

the mad rascals (that are of this wing), the *Abraham man* is the most fantastick. The fellow (quoth this old Lady of the Lake unto me), that sate half naked (at table to-day) from the girdle upward, is the best *Abraham man* that ever came to my house, and the notablest villain: he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantickly of purpose: you see pins stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his arms, which pain he gladly puts himself to (being indeed no torment at all, his skin is either so dead with some foul disease, or so hardened with weather, only to make you believe he is out of his wits): he calls himself by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near anybody, cries out, *Poor Tom is a cold*. . . . (Mr. Payne Collier's note to Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, ii. 4, quoted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 334-5.)

Mr. Chappell prints the tune of the song, which is to be played majestically, but cannot settle who is the author of it: certainly not Purcell or Henry Lawes; possibly Lawes's master, John Cooper, called "Cuperario" after his visit to Italy. Mr. Chappell continues:

There is an equal uncertainty about the authorship of the words. In Walton's *Angler*, 1653, Piscator says, "I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that made the choice songs of *The Hunter in his career*, and *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note." There are, however, so many *Toms of Bedlam*, that it is impossible to determine from this passage to which of them Isaak Walton refers.—F.

From hell
mad Tom
comes back
to the world.

FFORTH: ffrom my sadd & darksome¹ cell,
ffrom² the deepe abisse of hell,
madd Tom is come into³ the world againe
4 to see if hee can ease⁴ his distempered braine.

He hears
the Furies
howl;

ffeare & dispayre pursue⁵ my soule!
harke how the angry ffuryes howle!
Pluto laughes, proserepine⁶ is gladd
8 to see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

¹ dark and dismal.—P.

² Or from.—P.

³ to view.—P.

⁴ cure.—P.

⁵ Fears and cares oppress &c.—P.
There is a flourish like an s to the s of
pursue.—F.

⁶ & Proserpina.—P.

through woods ¹ I wander night and day
 to seeke ² my stragling sences ;
 In an angrye mood I ffound out time ³
 12 with his Pentarchye ⁴ of tenses.

he wanders
 about,
 seeking his
 senses.

when mee he spyes, away hee fflyes ;
 time ⁵ will stay ffor no man ;
 In vaine with cryes hee rends ⁶ the skyes,
 16 pittie ⁷ is not common.

Cold & comfortlesse I lye.⁸
 helpe,⁹ oh helpe ! or else I dye.

He lies
 comfortless.

harke ! I heere Appolloes teeme,
 20 the Carman 'gins to whistle ;
 Chast Dyana bends her browe,¹⁰
¹¹ the bore begins to bristle.

Come, vulcan, with tooles & with takells,¹²
 24 & knocke of my troublesome shakells !
 bid Charles make ready his waine
 to ffeitch my ffiue sences ¹³ againe.

Last night I heard the dogstar barke,
 28 Mars mett venus in the darke ;
 Limping vulcan heates ¹⁴ an Iron barr,
 & ffuryouslye runs ¹⁵ att the god of warr.

Vulcan
 knocks off
 his
 shackles !

Mars with his weapons ¹⁶ layd about,
 32 but vulcans temples had ¹⁷ they gout,
 ffor his broad hornes did hang soe in ¹⁸ his light
 that hee cold not see to aime arright.¹⁹

He hears the
 dogstar
 bark ;

he sees
 Vulcan and
 Mars fight,

¹ the world.—P.

² find.—P.

³ I met old Time.—P.

⁴ pentateuch.—P.

⁵ For time.—P.

⁶ I rend, qu.—P. I rent.—*Rel.*

⁷ For pity.—P.

⁸ I be.—P.

⁹ Help, help &c.—P.

¹⁰ bowe.—P.

¹¹ And.—P.

¹² tackle, qu.—P.

¹³ Cp. "Bless thy five wits." *King Lear*,
 iii. 4.—Dyce. To bring me my senses &c.
 —P.

¹⁴ heat.—P. het.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ made.—P. ¹⁶ weapon.—P.

¹⁷ limping V: had got.—P.

¹⁸ his broad horns did so hang in.—P.

¹⁹ aim his blows aright.—P.

- Mercurye, the nimble post of heauen,
 36 stayd to see this quarrell.¹
 and Bacchus
 burst with gorreld-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like
 bestryds a strong beere barrell :
- to me he dranke, [I did him thanke,
 40 but I cold gett noe Cyder ;
 drinking beer. hee dranke]² whole butts till hee burst his gutts ;
 but mine were neere the wyder.
- Poor Tom is
 very dry. Give him
 drink. 44 poore naked Tom is verry³ drye ;
 a litle drinke, ffor charitye !
- He hears
 Actseon's
 hounds. hearke ! I heare Acteons hounds.⁴
 the huntsmen woopp and hallowe ;
 Ringwood, Royster,⁵ Bowman, Iowler,
 48 all the chase doe ffollowe.
- The man in
 the moon the man in the moone drinkes Clarrett,
 eates pouthered⁶ beeffe, turnipp & Carrett ;
 wants a cup
 of sack. ⁷ a cup of old Maligo⁸ sacke
 52 will ffire the bush att his backe.

ffinis.

¹ Stood still . . . the q! — P.² The words included in these brackets are omitted in the printed copies.—P.³ Pore tom is very.—P.⁴ horne.—*Rel.*⁵ Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman.—P.⁶ salted. See *Babees Book Index*.—F.⁷ but.—P.⁸ of malaga.—P.

Marke more floole :

MORE here is probably a corruption of *Morio* (a word connected with the Greek *μωρός*), "homo," says Facciolati, "qui naturali stoliditate et stultitiâ risum excitat." "Quidam," says Augustine in his 26th epistle, "tantæ sunt fatuitatis ut non multum a pecoribus differant; quos moriones vulgo vocant." With regard to its use here of the cap-and-belled fool of the sixteenth century, compare the following epigram of Martial (viii. 13):

Morio dictus erat; viginti millibus emi;
Redde mihi nummos, Gargiliane; sapit.

which may be roughly rendered :

I bought Tom Fool for twenty thousand pence.
Return my money, dealer; he has sense.

The court of the Tudors, or the first Stuarts, in whose time probably the following piece was written, was seldom without its Fool. From Will Somers to Archie Armstrong the succession is continuous. Who was the individual whose acuteness is here celebrated, we cannot precisely state.

We have not seen any other copy of the piece.

TO : passe the time there as ¹ I went,
a history there I chanced ² to reede;
when as Salamon raigned King,
4 he did many a worthie deede,

When
Solomon
was King

¹ whereas.—P.

² MS. changed.—F.

- & many statutes hee caused to be made ;
 & this was one ¹ amongst the rest plaine,²
 "itt was ffelomy to any one *that* found ough
 lost,
 8 & wold not restore itt to the owner againe."
- A merchant
 lost his
 purse with
 100*l.* in it,
 12
 Soe then there was a rich Merchant,
 as he rode to a markett towne,
 itt was his chance to lose his pursse ;
 he said there was in itt a 100*li*.
 a proclamation he caused to be made,
 "whosoeuer cold find the same againe,
 shold giue itt him againe without all doubt,
 and offered
 20*l.* for its
 restoration. 16 & hee shold have ffor 20*li* his paine."
- A poor man
 had 2 sheepes pells vpon his backe to sell,
 & going to the Markett towne
 20 hee ffound the pursse, & liked itt well ;
 hee tooke itt vp into his hand,
 & needs see what was in it hee wold ;
 but the same he cold not vnderstand ;
 but doesn't
 understand
 the gold. 24 ffor why, there was nothing in it but gold.
- The mer-
 chant
 accuses him
 of finding
 the purse.
 28 The rich man hee pursued him soone,³
 "thou horeson villaine," quoth he then,
 "I thinke itt is thou *that* has found my pursse
 & wilt thou not giue itt me againe? "
 "good Sir," sayd hee, "I ffound such a pursse
 the truth ffull soone itt shall be knowne ;
 you shall haue itt againe, its neuer the worse,
 32 but pay me my safteye ⁴ *that* is mine owne.'

¹ MS. ome.—F.² among them plain.—P.³ eftsoon.—P.⁴ I don't find this word elsew
the same sense.—F.

"Let me see whats in the pursse," said the Merchant;

The merchant says

"ffound thou a 100^{li} and no more ?

thou horeson villaine ! thou hast paid thy-selfe ;

5 for in my pursse was ffull sixe score.

he had 120^{li}.
in his pursse,

itts best my pursse to me thou restore,

or before the King thou shalt be brought."

and he'll
take the
poor man
before the
King.

"I warrant," quoth hee, "when I come the King
before,

1 heele not reward me againe with nought."

Then they Ledd him towards the Kinge,

On their
road to the
King,

& as they led him on the way,

& there mett him a gallant Knight,

a knight
and his lady
meet them.

1 & with him was his Ladye gay.

with tugging & lugging this pore man,

The poor
man's sheep-
skins crack,

his lether sckins¹ began to cracke ;

the gelding was wanton they Ladye rode on,

the lady's
gelding
throws her

3 & threw her downe beside his backe.

Then to the earth shee gott a thawacke ;

no hurt in the world the pore man did meane ;

to the ground hee cast the Ladye there ;

on to a stub,
and puts out
one of her
eyes.

2 on a stubb shee dang out one of her eyen.

the Knight wold needs vpon² him haue beene.

The knight
wants to
punish the
poor man.

"nay," sayd the Merchant, "I pray you, Sir,
stay ;

I haue a actyon against him alreadye ;

3 he shalbe³ brought to the King, & hangd this
day."

Then they Ledd him towards the King,

but the poreman liked not their Leading well ;

He is afraid,

& coming neere to the sea side,

he thought to be drowned or saue him selfe.

and to save

us.—P.

our "I'll be down upon you."

³ There is a *b* followed by a letter
blotted out, after *be*.—F.

himself
leaps into
the sea,
that is, on
two fisher-
men,
and breaks
one's neck.

& as hee lope into the sea,
no harme to no man he did wott,
but there hee light vpon 2 ffisher-men ;
64 with the leape he broke one of their neckes in a
boate.

The other
wants to be
down on the
poor man
for this.

The other wold needs vpon him haue beene.
"nay," said the Merchant, "I pray thee now stay ;
we haue 2 actyons against him alreadye ;

68 he shalbe carryed to the King & hangd this day."
then they Led him bound before the King,
where he sate in a gallerye gay.

They go
before the
King.

The mer-
chant says

"my Leege," said the Marchant, "wee haue brought
such a villane

72 as came not before you this many a day.

he lost a
purse
of 120l.

"ffor itt was my chance to loose my pursse,
& in itt there was ffull sixe score¹ ;

and the
poor man
won't give
it up except
for 20l.
The knight
says the man

& now the villaine will not giue itt me againe
76 except *that* hee had 20^{ll} more."

"I kut² I have a worsse mache then *that*," sayd the
Knight,

made his
lady lose one
of her eyes.

"for I know not what the villaine did meane ;
he caused my gelding to cast my Ladye ;
80 on a stubb shee hath dang out one of her eyen."

And the
fisher
says the

"But I have the worst match of all," sayd the ffisher,
"ffor I may sighe & say god wott :

man broke
his brother's
neck.

hee lope att mee & my brother vpon the seas ;
84 with the leape he hath broken my brothers neck
in a bote."

the King hee turned him round about,
being well aduised of euery thinge :

Quoth he, "neuer since I can remember,

88 came 3 such matterrs since I was Kinge.³ "

¹ pounds six score.—P.

² ? MS. hut. Cut, say. Hall.—F.

³ before a king.—P.

- Then Marke More, ffoole, beinge by,
 "how now, Brother Solomon?" then quoth hee,
 "gine you will not gine iudgment of these 3 matters,
 92 I pray you returne them ¹ ore to mee."
 "with all my hart," quoth Salomon to him,
 "take you the iudgment of them as yett;
 ffor neuer came matters me before,
 96 that ffainer of I wold be quitt."
- "Well," quoth Marke, "wee haue these 3 men [page 408]
 heere,
 & euery one hath put vp a bill;
 but, pore man, come hither to me,
 100 lets heare what tale thou canst tell for thy selfe."
 "why, my Lord," quoth hee, "as touching this
 Merchant,
 as he rode to a markett towne
 itt was his chance to loose his pursse;
 104 he said there was in itt a 100^l,"
- "A proclamatyon he caused to be made,
 'whosoener cold find the same againe plaine,
 shold gine itt him againe without all doubt,
 108 & hee shold haue 20^l ffor his paine.'
 & itt was my chance to ffind *that* pursse,
 & gladlye to him I wold itt restore;
 but now hee wold reward mee with nothings,
 112 but Challengeth² in his pursse 20^l more."
- "Hast thou any wittnesse of *that*?" said my Lord
 Marke;
 "I pray thee, fellow, tell me round."
 "yes, my Lord, heres his owne man
 116 *that* carryed the Message ffrom towne to towne."

Marke, the
fool, asks
Solomon to
let him
iudge these
causes.

Solomon
agrees
gladly.

So Marke
calls on the
poor man
for his
answers.

He says
"The mer-
chant

lost his 100^l.
purse,

and offered

20^l. reward
for it.
I found it,
offer it him,

and he asks
me for 20^l.

His own
man is
witness!"

¹ you turn them.—P.

² The *let* in the MS. appears crossed out.—F.

The mer-
chant's man
says that's
true.

the man was called before them all,
& said itt was a 100ⁿ plaine,
& *that* his master wold giue 20ⁿ
120 to any wold giue him his pursse againe.

"Then,"
said Marke,

"I had fforgotten 20ⁿ," said the Merchant,
"giue me leaue ffor my selfe to say."
"nay," said Marke, "thou Chalengeth¹ more then
thine owne ;

"the poor
man shall
keep this
pursse,

124 therefore with the pore fellowe the pursse shall
stay.

and you
shall follow
him till you
find
another."

& this shall bee my iudgment straight :
thou shalt ffollow eche day by the heeles playne
till thou haue ffound such another pursse with him,
128 & then keepe itt thy selfe, & neere giue itt him
againe."

"Marry, ouer gods fforbott," said the Merchant,
"that ener soe badd shold be my share !
how shold I ffind a 100ⁿ of him

"I'd sooner
give him 20ⁿ.
than do
that," says
the mer-
chant.
"Pay the
money then,
and go."

132 *that* hath not a 100 pence to loose²?
rather Ile giue him 20ⁿ more,
& with *that* hee hath, lett him stay."³
"Marry, render vs downe the money," said Marke,
136 "soe may thou chance goe quietlye away."

"As to the
knight,"
says the
poor man,

"ffellow ! how hinderedst thou the Knight ?
thou must make him amends here, I meane ;
itts against Law & right ;

"he and the
merchant
made
my skins
rattle,

140 his Ladye, shee hath lost one of her eyen."
"why, my Lord, as they ledd me towards the King,
for ffearre lest I shold loose my trattle,⁴
these lether skins you see mee bringe,
144 with tugging and lugging began to rattle."

¹ Fr. *challanger*, to claime, challenge,
make title vnto. Cotgrave.—F.

² spare.—P.

³ And what he hath let with him stay.

—P.

⁴ For *trattle*, Halliwell gives to prattle
or talk idly: for *trattlis*, the dung of
sheep, hares, &c.—F.

- 1 * "The gelding was wanton the Lady rode vpon,—
 no hurt in the world, my Lord, I did meane,—
 to the ground he cast *that* Ladye there,
 148 & on a stub shee dang out one of her eyen."
 "fellow," quoth Marke, "hast² thy wiffe 2 eyes?
 I pray thee," quoth hee, "tell me then."
 "yes, my Lord, a good honest pore woman,
 152 *that* for her luinge takes great paine."
 "Why then, this shalbe my iudgment straight,
 tho thou perhapps may thinke itt strange:
 thy wiffe with 2 eyes, his Ladye hath but one,
 156 as thou hast drest her, with him thoust change."
 "marry ouer gods fforbott," then sayd the Knight,
 "that ener soe badd shold be my shame;
 I had rather giue him a 100^u,
 160 then to be trobled with his dunish³ dame."
 "Marry! tender vs downe the mony," said Marke,
 "soe may thou be gone within a while."
 but the ffisher ffor feare he shold have beene called,
 164 he ran away a quarter of a mile.
 "I pray you call him againe," quoth Marke,
 "giffe hee bee within sight;
 for neuer came matter me before,
 168 but euerye man shold haue his right."
 They called the ffisher backe againe:
 "how now, fellow? why didst not stay?"
 "my Lord," quoth hee, "I haue a great way home,
 172 & ffaine I wold be gone my way."

frightened
the lady's
horse,
and he threw
her on a
stub."

"Has your
wife two
eyes?"

"Yea."

"Then the
knight
shall change
wives."

"I'd sooner
give him
100l." says
the knight.

"Pay down
your money
and go."

The fisher-
man is
alarmed,
and runs off,

but is called
back,

and makes
excuses.

¹ (Marginal note by the writer of the
(S). This verse shold come in att
his * mark aboue [which is where it

now is—F.]

² hath.—P.

³ ? dunny, deaf, stupid. Halliwell.—F.

"As to the
fisherman,"
says the poor
man,
"to save
myself, I
leapt into
the sea,

but came on
his brother,
and broke
his neck."
"Then,"
says Marke,
"this
fisherman
shall put his
boat in the
same spot,
and jump on
you."

"And break
my neck, or
be drowned,"
says the
fisherman :
"I'd rather
give him
20l."

"Pay down
the money,
and go
then."

The poor
man takes
all the
money, and
says he
doesn't care
how often
he's brought
before the
King.
The other
three say
they'll never
come again
while
Marke's
there.

"but, fellow, how hinderedst thou this fisher ?
I pray thee," quoth Marke, "to vs tell."
"my Lord, as I came neere the sea syde,
176 I thought either to be drowned or saue my self

"And as I lope into the sea,—
no harme to no mann I did wott,—
there I light vpon this fishers brother ;
180 with a leape I broke his necke in a boate."
"fisher," quoth Marke, "knowest thou where
boate stood ?
thoust sett her againe in the selfe same steade
& thoust leape att him as he did att thy brother,
184 & soe thou may quitt thy brothers deede.¹"

"Marry, gods fforbott," then sayd the fisher [page
"that euer soe badd shold be my lucke !
If I leape att him as he did att my brother,
188 Ist either be drowned or breake my necke ;
rather Ile giue him 20^l :
& I wold, my Lord, I had neere come hither.
"Marry, tender vs downe the money," said M
192 "& you shalbe packinge all 3 together."

The pore man he was well content,
& verry well pleased of euerye thinge ;
he sayd he wold neere take great care
196 how oft hee came before the Kinge.
these other 3 cold neuer agree,
but euery one ffell out with other,
& sayd they wold neere come more to the
200 while hee was in companye with
brother.

¹ dead.—P. death.—F.

Thomas : of : Potts.¹

THOUGH men in early days made the ballads as well as the laws of the nation, they were more just to women in the one than the other. Against the Marquis lifting Grisilde from her father's cottage to his own throne, they set the Lady's love for her Squyer of Lowe Degree, and against King Cophetua, Lord Arundel's fair heiress with her Thomas Potts. If "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" had been written centuries ago, we may be sure that some male predecessor of Elizabeth Barrett Browning would have answered it with "A Poet's Wooing," suited to the time. Indeed, we may go further, and say, that as minstrels sang more for knights, who held the purse, than ladies fair, the stooping of a high-born heiress to a fighting lord of lowly birth was a more frequent topic in old ballads and romances than the taking by a noble of a lowborn bride. Serving-man might be squire, squire be knight, and knight an earl: to any and all, the highest lady in the land was a possible prize, were a strong right hand and a stout heart the possession of him who dared to try for her. And in the present ballad the writer has boldly faced the bathos, if any there were, in name as well as in fact, for he has married Lord Arundel's daughter to Thomas Potts.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Hewe Rodes counsels his Wayting-Servant:

For your *promocyon* resort to such as ye may take *avauntage*,
Among *gentylmen* for *rewardes*, to *gentylwomen* for marriage.
Se your eye be *indyfferent*, amonge women that be *fayre*,
And tell them *storyes* of *loue*, and so to you they wyl *repayre*;
Suche *pastymes* *somtyme* doth many men *auaunce*
In way of *maryage*, and your good name it wyl *enhance*:

and no doubt in earlier days good-looking young serving-men

¹ *Shewing how he won Lord Arundel's daughter from Lord Phœnix, being only serving Man.* In Pepys' *Merrim^{ts}*,

Vol. i. p. 189, 12^o intitled *The Lover's Quarrel or Cupid's Triumph*.—P.

had an eye to their mistresses' hands and fortunes, besides being honestly, desperately in love with them. We have seen, in *The Lord of Learne* (i. 190—8), how the young shepherd-boy was taken by the Duke of France's daughter into her service, and how she fell in love with him, and married him; we know how in *William of Palerne* (or *William and the Werwolf*) the Emperor's daughter Melior loves, and must love, her *gens et tres biaux* young serving-man, though he is only a cowherd's foundling, and though she tries to school her heart, saying:

what? fy! schold i a fundeling · for his fairenesse tak?
 nay, my wille wol nouzt a-sent · to my wicked hert.
 wel kud kinges & kayzers · krauen me i-now;
 I nel leie mi loue so low · now at þis time;
 desparaged were i disgisili · 3if i dede in þis wise;
 I wol breke out fram þat baret · & blame my hert.

and with the immense advantage that continual access to a young mistress's presence gave a man when kettle and other drums had not been invented to bring suitors, and tournaments and feasts came rarely, we may well believe that Thomas Pottes did sometimes secure their ladies, notwithstanding "the great gulf fixed between churl and noble" on which Mr. Hales has remarked in *Glasgerion*, vol. i. p. 248. We can hardly suppose the subject a popular one among highborn dames; and without the fact's actual happening, I doubt whether it would have been chosen for a ballad theme. Grant that it did occasionally happen, and then the balladist would not refuse to sing the constancy of a love that glorified all on whom it shone—as well a Thomas Potts as a banished Earl. Anything less like a hero coming to fight for his love it would be difficult to conceive than the canny Potts as he rode from his Scotch home on his old dock-tailed white horse. This is how he chose his charger, when offered his master's best

theres an old horsse,—for him you doe
 not care,—
 this day wold sett my Lady ffree,
 that is a white, with a cutt tayle,
 ffull 16 yeeres of age is hee. . .
 O Master, those [*better young*] horssees
 beene wild and wicked,
 & litle they can skill of the old traine;

giffe I be out of my saddle cast,
 they beene soe wild theyle neuer b
 tane againe.
 lett me haue age sober & wise;
 itt is a part of wisdom, you know
 itt plaine;
 if I be out of my sadle cast,
 heele either stand still or turne againe

Still, though Potts is unhorsed and wounded, and has to rely on his white steed's wisdom, Potts has pluck, and gives Lord Phenix so much of fighting that he wants no more. And his Lordship, being convinced that Lady Rozamond prefers Potts to him, generously promises her that she shall have her Potts, and if her father will not endow them, he will :

He send ffor thy father, the Lord of Arrundale,
& marryed together I will you see.
giffe hee will [not] maintaine you well,
both gold and Land you shall haue from me.

Need we say that the Lady, his true-love, turns Thomas a Pott's name into "The Lord of Arrundale," and exhorts all her maids

& Ladyes of England, faire & ffree,
looke you neuer change your old loue for no new,
nor neuer change for no pouertye.—F.

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 4 | <p>ALL : you Lords of Scotland ffaire,
& ladyes alsoe bright of blee ;
there is a ladye amongst them all,
of her report you shall heare of me.</p> | <p>Lords and
Ladies of
Scotland,

I'll tell you
of a fair
Lady,</p> |
| 8 | <p>of her bewtye shee is soe bright,
& of her colour soe bright of blee ;
shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,
his heyre apparrant ffor to bee.</p> | <p>Lord
Arundel's
heir.</p> |
| 12 | <p>"He see <i>that</i> bryde," Lord Phenix sayes,
"that is a Ladye of hye degree,
& iff I like her countenance well,
the heyre of all my Land sheest bee."</p> | <p>Lord Phenix</p> |
| 16 | <p>to <i>that</i> Ladye ffayre Lord Phenix came,
& to <i>that</i> Like-some dame said hee,
"now god thee saue, my Ladye ffaire !
the heyre of all my Land thost bee."</p> | <p>offers to
marry her.</p> |
| 20 | <p>"Leane of your suite," the Ladye sayd,
"you are a Lord of honor ffree,
you may gett Ladyes enowe att home,
& I haue a loue in mine owne countrye.</p> | <p>She tells
him that

she has a
lover,</p> |

a serving-
man,

"I haue a louer true of mine ¹ owne,
a seruinge man of a small degree ;
he is the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,

24 & the last *that* hee shalbee :

Thomas a
Pott.

Thomas a Pott, itt is his name."

Lord Phenix
says he

"giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,
I wott I ken him soe readilye ;

has 40*l.* to
Thomas's 3*l.*

28 I can spend 40^u by weeke,
& hee cannott spend pounds 3."

The Lady
says she'll

"god giue you good of your gold," said the Lad,
"and alsoe, Sir, of your ffee !

32 hee was the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,
& the Last, Sir, shall hee bee."

stick to
Thomas.

Lord Phenix

with *that* Lord Phenix was sore amoued ;
vnto her ffather then went hee ;

tells her
father,

36 hee told her ffather how itt was proued,
how *that* his daughters mind was sett.

and he says
she shan't
have his
land
unless she
marries
Lord
Phenix.

"thou art my daughter," the Erle of Arrndell s
"the heyre of all my Land to bee ;
40 thoust be bryde to the Lord Phenix,
daughter, giue thoule be heyre to mee."

for lacke of her loue this Ladye must Lose,
her foolish wooing lay all aside ;

So she is
forced to be
his bride.

44 the day is appoynted,² & ffriends are agreede,
shee is fforcte to be the Lord Phenix bryde.

But she
means
to beguile
him.

with *that* the Lady began to muse—
a greened woman, god wott, was shee—
48 how shee might Lord Phenix beguile,
& scape vnmarried ffrom him *that* day.

¹ MS. nine.—F.

² There is a mark like an undo
in the MS. before the y.—F.

shee called to her her litle ffoote page ;
to lacke her boy, soe tenderlye

She tells her
page, Jack,

52 sayes, " come thou hither, thou litle ffoote page,
for indeed I dare trust none but thee.

" to Strawberry castle, boy, thou must goe,
to Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,
56 & giue him here this Letter ffaire,
& on guilford greene bidd him meete me.

to take a
letter to
Thomas,

" looke thou marke his contenance well,
& his colour tell to mee ;
60 & hye thee ffast, and come againe,
& 40 shillings I will giue thee.

" for if he blush in his fface,
then in his hart heese ¹ sorry bee.
64 Then lett my ffather say what hee will,
for false to Potts Ile neuer bee.

and if he
blushes,
then he'll
be sorry,

[page 410]

and she'll be
true to him ;

" & giue hee smile then with his mouth,
then in his heart heele merry be ;
68 then may hee gett him a loue where-euer he can,
for small of his companye my part shalbe."

if he smiles,

then she'll
give him up,

then one while *that* the boy hee went,
another while, god wott, rann hee ;
72 & when hee came to strawberry castle,
there Thomas Potts hee see ;

The boy

goes to
Thomas,

then he gaue him this letter ffaire.
& when he began then for to reade,

gives him
the letter,

76 they ² boy had told him by word of mouth
' his loue must be the Lord Phenix bryde.'

and tells
him his
loue must
marry Lord
Phenix.

¹ heese, i. e. he will be, or must be.—P.

² the.—P.

Thomas
blushes,
weeps,

cannot read
the letter,

with *that*, Thomas a Pott began to blushe ;
the teares trickeled in his eye :

80 “indeed this letter I cannot ¹ reede,
nor neuer a word to see or spye ;

but bids the
boy tell his
Lady

“ I pray thee, boy, to me thoule be trew,
& heers 5 marke I will giue thee ;
84 & all these words thou must pursue,
& tell thy Lady this ffrom mee :

that Lord
Phenix

shall not
marry her ;

“ tell her by ffaith & troth shee is mine owne,
by some part of promise, & soe itts be found,
88 Lord Phenix shall neuer marry her by night nor d~~ay~~.
without he can winn her with his hand.

he'll lose his
life to stop
it.

“ on Gilford greene I will her meete,
& bidd *that* Ladye ffor mee pray ;
92 for there Ile Loose my life soe sweete
or else the wedding I will stay.”

The boy goes
back.

The Lady
meets him,

then backe againe the boy he went
as ffast againe as he cold hye.
96 the Ladye mett him 5 mile on the way :
“ why hast thou stayd soe long ? ” saies shee.

“ boy,” said the Ladye, “ thou art but younge ;
to please my mind thoule mocke and scorne ;
100 I will not beleene thee on word of mouth
vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.”

and he tells
her

how Thomas
cried.

“ marry, by this booke,” the boy can say,
“ as Christ himselfe be true to mee,
104 Thomas Pott cold not his letter reade
for teares trickling in his eye.”

¹ MS. camot.—F.

"if this be true," the Lady sayd,
 "thou Bonny boy, thou tells to mee,
 40 I did thee promise,
 but heeres 10^l Ile giue itt thee.

The Lady

gives him
10^l.,

"all my maids," the Lady sayd,
 "that this day doe waite on mee,
 wee will ffall downe vpon our knees,
 for Thomas Pott now pray will wee.

says she and
her maidswill pray for
Thomas,

"if his ffortune be now ffor to winn,¹
 wee will pray to christ in Trinytye ;
 Ile make him the fflower of all his kinn,
 ffor they ² Lord of Arrundale he shalbe."

and she'll
make him
Lord
Arundel.

now lett vs leaue talking of this Ladye faire,
 in her prayer good where shee can bee ;

& Ile tell you hou Thomas Pott
 for ayd to his Lord & master came hee.

Thomas

goes to his
Lord,

& when hee came Lord Iockye before,
 he kneeled him low downe on his knee ;
 saies, "thou art welcome Thomas Pott !
 thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.

Jockye,

"has thou slaine any of thy ffellowes,
 or hast thou wrought me some villanye ? "

"Sir, none of my ffellowes I haue slaine,
 nor I haue wrought you noe villanye ;

"but I haue a loue in Scotland ffaire,
 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye ; ³
 if you will not beleene me by word of mouth,
 behold the letter shee writt vnto mee."

and tells him
that he is
like to
lose his love
through his
poverty.

S. wim.—F.

ie.—P.

the next stanza but one is written

in the MS. between lines 131, 132, but
marked by a bracket, and by Percy, to go
in its proper place.—F.

Lord Jockye
says

when Lord Iockye looked the letter vpon,
the tender words in itt cold bee :

"You shan't
lose her :

136 "Thomas Pott, take thou no care,
thoust neuer loose her throughe pouertye.

you shall
have
gold and
silver,

"thou shalt have 40ⁿ a weeke,
in gold & siluer thou shalt rowe,¹
140 & Harbye towne I will thee allowe
as longe as thou dost meane to wooe ;

40 men,
and 40 horse,

"thou shalt haue 40^{or} of thy ffellowes ffaire,
& 40 horsse to goe with thee,
144 & 40 speares of the best I haue,
& I my-selfe in thy companye.²"

and I'll go
with-you."

Thomas
declines the
offer.

"I thanke you, Master," sayd Thomas Pott,
"neither man nor boy shall goe with mee ;
148 I wold not ffor a 1000ⁿ [pa]
take one man in my companye."

Lord Jockye
advises him

"why then, god be with thee, Thomas Pott!
thou art well knowen & proued for a man ;
152 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,
nor neuer confound no gentlman ;

to fix a place
to fight his
rival,

"but looke thou take with him some truce,
apoint a place of lybertye ;

and he'll
provide for
him.

156 lett him provide as well as hee cann,
& as well provided thou shalt bee."

Thomas goes
to

& when Thomas Pott came to Gilford greene,
& walked there a litle beside,

Lord Phenix
and Lady
Rosamond,

160 then was hee ware of the Lord Phenix,
& with him Ladye Rozamund his bryde.

¹ row, i.e. roll. See Gloss. ad G. Douglas. So Page 21-20. Thretty lang twelf monthis rowing over, i.e. rolling

over.—P.

² Only half the *n* in the MS.—]

away by the bryde rode *Thomas* of Pott,

but noe word to her *that* he did say ;

164 but when he came Lord Phenix before,
he gaue him the right time of the day.

and gives
Lord Phenix
the time
o' day.

" O thou art welcome, *Thomas* a Potts !

thou serving man, welcome to mee !

168 how ffares they Lord & Master att home,
& all the Ladyes in thy cuntrye ? "

Lord Phenix
asks

how
Thomas's
master is.

" Sir, my Lord & my Master is in verry good health ; " Very well.
I wott I ken itt soe readylye.

72 I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,¹
a word or towe to talke with mee."

But let me
have a word
with you.

"you are a Nobleman," sayd *Thomas* a Potts,

" yee are a borne Lord in Scotland ffree ;

76 you may gett Ladyes enowe att home ;
you shall neuer take my loue ffrom mee ! "

You are a
Lord,
and can get '
ladies at
home.
You shan't
have my
love.

"away, away, thou *Thomas* a Potts !

thou seruing man, stand thou a-side !

80 I wott theres not a serving man this day,
I know, can hinder mee of my bryde."

" If I be but a seruing man," sayd *Thomas*,

" & you are a Lord of honor ffree,

184 a speare or 2 Ile with you runn,
before Ile loose her thus cowardlye."

I'll fight you
for her."

" on Gilford greene," Lord Phenix saies, " Ile thee
meete ;

neither man nor boy shall come hither with mee."

Lord Phenix
accepts the
fight ;

188 " & as I am a man," said *Thomas* a Pott,
" Ile haue as ffew in my companye."

¹ i.e. on one side : the expression is still used in Northamptonshire.—P.

and the
wedding is
put off.

Rosamond
is glad,

and says
she'll

pray for
Thomas,

and if he
wins,

will make
him Lord
Arundel.

with *that* the wedding-day was stayd,
the bryde went vnmarried home againe ;
192 then to her maydens ffast shee longhe,
& in her hart shee was ffull ffaine.

“but all my mayds,” they Ladye sayd,
“*that* this day doe waite on mee,
196 wee will ffall downe againe vpon our knees,
for *Thomas* a Potts now pray will wee.

“if his ffortune be ffor to winn,—
weele pray to Christ in Trynitye,—
200 Ile make him the fflower of all his kinn,
for the *Lord* of Arrundale he shalbe.”

[The Second Part.]

Thomas goes
home again,

2^d parte

and falls
sick.

Lord Jockye
asks whether

he has got his
love.

204 { now let vs leane talking of this Lady fayre,
in her prayers good where shee can bee ;
Ile tell you the troth how *Thomas* a Potts
for aide to his Lord againe came ¹ hee.
208 { & when he came to strawberry castle,
to try ffor his Ladye he had but one weeke ;
alacke, ffor sorrow hee cannott fforbeare,
for 4 dayes then he ffell sicke.

with *that* his Lord & Master to him came,
sayes, “I pray thee, *Thomas*, tell mee without a
doubt,
212 whether hast thou gotten the bonny Ladye,
or thou man ² gange the Ladye withoute.”

¹ MS. cane.—F.

² maun, i.e. must.—P.

- “marry, *master*, yett *that* matter is vntryde ;
within 2 dayes tryed itt must bee.
- 216 he is a Lord, & I am but a seruing man :
I doubt I must loose her through pouertye.”
- “why, *Thomas* a Pott, take thou no care ;
thoust neuer loose her through pouertye ;
- 220 “thou shalt haue halfe my Land a yeere,
& *that* will raise thee many a pound ;
before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye,
thou shalt drop angells with him to the ground.¹
- 224 “& thou shalt haue 40 of thy ffellowes ffaire,
& 40 horssees to goe with thee,
& 40 speres of the best I haue,
& I my-selfe in thy companye.”
- 228 “I thanke you, *Master*,” sayd *Thomas* a Potts,
“but of one thinge, Sir, I wold be ffaine ;
If I shold loose my bonny² Ladye,
how shall I increase your goods againe ? ”
- 232 “why, if thou winn thy Lady ffaire,
thou maye well fforth for to pay mee ;
if thou loose thy Lady, thou hast losse enoughe ;
not one penny I will aske thee.”
- 236 “*Master*, you haue 30 horssees in one hold, [page 412]
you keepe them ranke and royallye ;
theres an old horsse,—for him you doe not care,—
this day wold sett my Lady ffree,
- 240 “*that* is a white, with a cutt tayle,
ffull 16 yeeres of age is hee ;
giffe you wold lend me *that* old horsse,
then I shold gett her easilye.”

“That’ll be
settled in
two days,

and I shall
lose her from
poverty.”

“No,
Thomas,

I’ll lend you
half
my land,

and 40 men
and horses,

and go with
you myself,

and never
ask for a
return if you
lose.”

“If you’ll
lend me your
old docked
horse, that’s
all I want.”

¹ Cp. *Bessie off Bednall*, vol. ii. p. 284, l. 104-24.—F.

² MS. *bomy*. —F.

- “ Don't be foolish,
Thomas ;

have a better horse.”
- 244 “ thou takes a foolish part,” the Lord Iockye sa
“ & a foolish part thou takes on thee ;
thou shalt haue a better the[n] euer he was,
that 40^{li} cost more nor hee.”
- “ None of your wild animals for me ; I want
- 248 “ O Master, those horsses beene wild and wicke
& litle they can skill of the old traine ;
giffe I be out of my saddle cast,
they beene soe wild theyle neuer be tane agai
- a sober one,
- 252 “ lett me haue age sober & wise ;
itt is a part of wisdome, you know itt plaine
if I be out of my sadle cast,
heelee either stand still or turne againe.”
- that if I'm thrown will stand still.”
- “ Take the old horse then, and

100 men.”
- 256 “ thou shalt haue *that* horsse with all my hart,
& my cote plate of siluer ffree,
& a 100^d men att thy backe
for to fight if neede shalbee.”
- “ No,” says Thomas,
“ neither man nor boy,
- 260 “ I thanke you, Master,” said Thomas a Potts,
“ neither man nor boy shall goe with mee.
as you are a Lord off honor borne,
let none of my ffellowes know this of mee ;
- 264 “ ffor if they wott of my goinge,
I wott behind me they will not bee ;
without you keepe them vnder a locke,
vppon *that* greene I shall them see.”
- keep 'em all back.”
- At Gilford Green
- 268 & when Thomas came to Gilford greene
& walked there some houres 3 ;
then was he ware of the Lord Phenix,
and 4 men in his companye.
- Thomas finds Lord Phenix and men,
- 272 “ you haue broken your vow,” sayd Thomas a l
“ your vowe *that* you made vnto mee ;
you said you wold come your selfe alone,
& you haue brought more then 2 or 3.”

- “these are my waiting men,” Lord Phenix sayd,
 “*that* euery day doe waite on mee;
 giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,
 my speare shold runn throwe his bodye.”
 but they are
 only his
 waiting
 men,
- “He runn noe race,” said Thomas Potts,
 “till *that* this othe heere made may bee:
 ‘if the one of vs be slaine,
 the other fforgiuen *that* hee may bee.’”
- “He make a vow,” Lord Phenix sayes,
 “my men shall beare wittnesse with thee,
 giffe thou slay mee att this time,
 neuer the worsse beloued in Scotland thou shalt
 bee.”
 and he vows
 they shall
 not hurt
 Thomas.
- then they turned their horsse round about,
 to run¹ the race more egarlye.
 Lord Phenix he was stiffe & stout,
 he has runn Thomas quite thorow the thye,
 The charge,
 and Lord
 Phenix
 runs Thomas
- & beere Thomas out of his saddle ffaire;
 vpon the ground there did hee lye.
 he saies, “for my liffe I doe not care,
 but ffor the loue of my Ladye.
 through the
 thigh, and
 grounds
 him.
- “but shall I lose my Ladye ffaire?
 I thought shee shold haue beene my wiffe;
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ryde not away,
 for with thee I will loose my Liffe.”
 Thomas says
 he'll fight on.
- then² Thomas a Potts was a seruing man,
 he was alsoe a Phisityan good;
 he clapt his hand vpon his wound;
 with some kind of words he stauncht the blood.³
 He
 staunches
 his wound,

[S. rum.—F.

though.—P.

The notes to *Brand's Popular Anti-*
s, ii. 167, ed. 1841, give (from the
ian Oracle, i. 158) this charm to
 bleeding at the nose and all other
 rrhages:

In the blood of Adam, Sin was taken,
 In the blood of Christ it was all to-
 shaken,
 And by the same blood I do thee charge,
 That the blood of [Thomas Potts] run no
 longer at large.—F.

charges Lord
Phenix,

runs him
through the
arm,

unhorsed
him,

and says
"fight on,
or give up
my Lady."

Lord Phenix
says he can't
fight,

and he'll give
up the Lady.

[page 413]
Then
Thomas

staunches
Lord
Phenix's
wound,
and offers
him another
chance:

to let
Rosamond
stand
between
hem and
ake which
he likes.

304 then into his sadle againe hee leepe,
the blood in his body began to warme;
he mist Lord Phenix bodye there,
but he run him quite throw the brawne of the :

308 & he bore him quite out of his saddle faire,
vpon the ground there did he lye;
he said, "I pray thee, Lord Phenix, rise & fig:
or else yeeld this Ladye sweete to mee."

312 "to fight with thee," quoth Phenix, "I cannott s
nor ffor to fight, I cannott, sure;
thou hast run me through the brawne of the a
noe longer of thy spere I cannott endure.

316 "thoust haue *that* Ladye with all my hart,
sith itt was like neuer better to prone;
nor neuer a noble man this day
that will seeke to take a pore mans loue."

320 "Why then, be of good cheere," saies Thomas
"indeed, your bucher Ile neuer bee,
for Ile come & stanche your bloode,
giff any thankes youle giue to mee."

324 as he was stanching¹ the Phenix blood,
these words Thomas a Pott cann to him prou
"Ile neuer take a Ladye of you thus,
but here Ile giue you another choice:

328 "heere is a lane of 2 miles longe;
att either end sett wee will bee;
the Ladye shall sitt vs betweene,
& soe will wee sett this Ladye ffree."

¹ MS. stanching.—F.

² or praie.—F.

- 2 “if thoule doe see,” *Lord Phenix* sayes,
 “*Thomas* a Pott, as thou dost tell mee ;
 whether I gett her or goe without her,
 heeres 40^l. Ile giue itt thee.” Lord Phenix
accepts this
- 3 & when the Ladye there can stand,
 a womans mind that day to proue ;
 “now, by my ffaith,” said this Ladye ffaire,
 “this day *Thomas* a Pott shall haue his owne loue.” and gives
Thomas 40^l.

Rosamond
- 4 toward *Thomas* a Pott the Lady shee went,
 to leape behind him hastilye ;
 “nay, abyde a while,” sayd *Lord Phenix*,
 “ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee : chooses

Thomas,
- 5 “thou shalt stay heere with all thy maids,—
 in number with thee thou hast but 3,—
Thomas a Pott & Ile goe beyond yonder wall,
 there the one of vs shall dye.” and is going
to him,

when Lord
Phenix tells
- 6 & when they came beyond the wall,
 the one wold not the other nye ;
Lord Phenix he had giuen his word
 with *Thomas* a Pott neuer to ffight. her to stop,

while
Thomas
and he fight
to the death.
- 7 “giue me a Choice,” *Lord Phenix* sayes,
 “*Thomas* a Pott, I doe pray thee ;
 lett mee goe to yonder Ladye ffaire
 to see whether shee be true to thee.” He asks
Thomas

to let him
prove her.
- 8 & when hee came *that* Ladye too,
 vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,
 “now god thee saue, thou Ladye ffaire,
 the heyre of all my Land thoust bee ! He goes to
her, tells her
- “ffor this *Thomas* a Potts I haue slaine,
 he hath more then deadlye wounds 2 or 3 ;
 thou art mine owne Ladye,” he sayd,
 “& married together wee will bee.” he has killed
Thomas,

and she is
now his.

Rosamond
says she'll

364 the Ladye said, "if *Thomas a Potts* this day thou
haue slaine,

have him
hanged,

thou hast slaine a better man than euer was thee;
& He sell all the state of my Lande,
but thoust be hanged on a gallow tree."

and then
swoons.

368 with *that* they Lady shee ffell in a soone,
a greened woman, I wott, was shee:

Lord Phenix

Lord Phenix hee was readye there,
tooke her in his armes most hastilye;

undeceives
her, says
Thomas is
alive,

372 "O Lord, sweete,¹ & stand on thy ffete!
this day *Thomas a Pott* alieue can bee;
He send ffor thy father, the Lord of Arrundale,
& marryed together I will you see.

and shall
marry her.

376 giffe hee will you ² maintaine you well,
both gold and Land you shall haue from me."

Lord
Arundel
consents too.

"He see *that* wedding," my Lord of Arrundale said,
"of my daughters loue *that* is soe ffair;
380 & sith itt will no better be,
of all my Land *Thomas a Pott* shall be my heyre."

So Maids
and Ladies
all, don't
change an
old love
for a new
or a rich one.

"now all my maids," the Ladye said,
"& Ladyes of England, faire & ffree,
384 looke you neuer change your old loue for no new,
nor neuer change for no pouertye;

"ffor I had a louer true of mine owne,³
a seruing man of a small degree;

Thomas a
Pott shall
be Lord
Arundel.

388 ffrom *Thomas a Pott* He turne his name,
& the Lord of Arrundale hee shall bee."

ffinis.

¹ O Lady sweete.—Dyce.

² for not.—F.

³ MS. owme.—F.

William the Conquerour.¹

THE copy of this ballad in *Strange Histories*, 1607, and Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 94, is entitled "The valiant courage and policy of the Kentishmen with long tails whereby they kept their ancient laws and customs which William the Conquerour sought to take from them—to the tune of *Rogero*." "It was written by Deloney the ballading silk-weaver," who died in or before 1600. Evans, who prints this ballad from another copy (*The Garland of Delight*) extracts the following account of the event which gave rise to it, from *The Lives of the three Norman Kings of England*, by Sir John Heyward, 4to, 1613, p. 97: "Further, by the counsel of Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of Eglesine, Abbot of St. Augustine's (who at that time were the chief governors of Kent), as the King was riding towards Dover, at Swanscombe, two miles from Gravesend, the Kentishmen came towards him armed, and bearing boughs in their hands as if it had been a moving wood: they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firm countenance, but words well tempered with modesty and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and laws: that in other matters they would yield obedience unto him: that without this they desired not to live. The king was content to strike sail to the storm, and to give them a vain satisfaction for the present; knowing right well that the general customs and laws of the residue of the realm would in short

¹ This seems modern by it's elegance. The story of the Kentish-Men's preserving their liberties, 1066 Anno. Collected with a Copy in Pepys's Collection of Penny Merriments, Vol. 3. p. 39. B. L. In *y^e Strange Histories or Garland of Delight*. To the Tune of Rogero.—P. *Strange Histories* is a different book from

The Garland of Delight. Evans prints this ballad from the latter, but the former is a better authority. As Percy says '*Strange Histories or Garland*,' both here and in his first note to the next poem, I think he may have seen some copy made up of the two Garlands.—W. C.

time overflow these particular places. So pledges being given on both sides, they conducted him to Rochester, and yielded up the county of Kent and the castle of Dover into his power." (Chappell, *Pop. Mus.* i. 94.)

When
William
conquered
England,

he was
crowned by
the Arch-
bishop of
York;

punished his
opponents,

and subdued
London,

but Kent
withstood
him.

He went to
Dover to
destroy the
castle,

but the Arch-
bishop of
Canterbury,

the Abbot of
St. Austin's,

WHEN william duke of normandye [page 41:]

with glittering ¹ speare & sheild
had entered into ² ffaire England,

4 & told ³ his ffoes in ffeild,

vpon christmas day, in solemne ⁴ sort,

then was hee crowned heere
by Albert, Archbishopp of yorke,
8 & many a noble peere.

which being done, he changed quite
the customes of England,⁵
& punished ⁶ such as daylye sought
12 his statutes to withstand.

& many cytyes hee subdued,
ffaire London with the rest,
but ⁷ then Kent did still withstand his power,⁸
16 & did his lawes detest.

to douer then he tooke the ⁹ way,
the castle downe for ¹⁰ to flinge
which Aueragus had ¹¹ builded there,
20 the noble Brittain ¹² Kinge.

but when ¹³ the braue Archbishopp bold
of Canterbury knew,
the Abbott of S^t. Austines eke,
24 with all their gallant crew,

¹ glistering.—P.

² There's a *w* seemingly before the *f*.
—F.

⁴ solemn.—P.

³ foild.—P.

⁵ of this Land.—P.

⁶ punisht.—P.

⁸ force.—P.

¹⁰ Del.—P.

¹² British.—P.

⁷ del.—P.

⁹ his.—P.

¹¹ del.—P.

¹³ which when.—P.

- thé ¹ sett themselves in order ² bright,
these mischeefes to preuent,
with all the yeomen braue & bold
28 that were in ffruitfull Kent. and the Kentish yeomen
- att Canterbury they did ³ meete
vpon one certaine day, met at Canterbury,
⁴ with sword, with sheild, with bill, with bow,
32 to stopp ⁵ the conquerours way.
- “ ⁶ let vs not liue like bondmen pore
to ffrenchmen in their pryde,
but lett vs ⁷ keepe our ancyent lybertyes,
36 what chance soeuer tyde ⁸ ! and resolved
- “ & rather lett vs ⁹ dye in bloody ffeild,
with manly courage prest,
then to endure the seruile yoke
40 which wee thus much ¹⁰ detest ! ” not to submit.
- thus did the Kentish Commons crye
vnto their leaders still,
& then they marched ¹¹ in warlike sort,
44 & stood att swansco ¹² hill. They marched to Swanscomb Hill,
- & vnder a wood ¹³ they hidd themselves,
vnder they shadow greene,
wherby ¹⁴ to gett them vantage good
48 of all their ffoes vnseene. ¹⁵ hid in a wood,

ey.—P.
mour.—P.
& they.—P.
word & spear . . . & bow.—P.
ad Stopt.—P.
ild like.—P.
l.—P.
e'er betyde.—P.
l.—P.

¹⁰ so much.—P.
¹¹ And so marcht forth.—P.
¹² Swanscomb.—P.
¹³ There in the woods.—P.
¹⁴ Therby.—P.
¹⁵ And for y^e conq^r coming there
They privily laid wait,
And therby suddenly appal'd
his lofty high conceit.—P.

and on
William's
approach
marched out,
each carry-
ing a bough. 52 & when ¹ thé spyed his approche
in place where they did stand,
they marched fforth to hemm him in ;
eche man tooke ² a bow in his hande.

William sees
a wood
moving
towards
him, 56 ³ before, behind, & on eche syde
as hee did cast his eyes,⁴
he espyed these woods ⁵ in sober pace
approach to him ffull nye.

and quakes
for fear. 60 The shape of men he cold not see,
the bowes did hyde them soe ;
& how ⁶ his hart did quake for feare
to see a fforrest goe !

The Kentish
men hem
him in,
draw their
swords,
throw down
their boughs, 64 but when the Kentish men had thus
enclosed the Conquerour round,
then suddenly they drew their swords,
& threw their bouges to ground ;

sound a
charge,
and deploy. 68 their banners they displayed ⁷ in sight,
their trumpetts sounded ⁸ a charge,
the rattling drummes strike vp alarme,⁹
their troopes streitch fforth to the Large,¹⁰

William is
aghast, 72 ¹¹ wheratt this dreadfull Conquerour
theratt was sore agazed,¹²
& most in perill when he thought ¹³
all perills had beene past.

¹ For when as they did.—P.

² del. *tooke*.—P.

³ Percy marks to come in here:
So *that* up to *the* conquerors sight
Amazed as he stood
They seem'd to be a walking grove
Or else a moving wood.—F.

⁴ eye.—P.

⁵ spyed the wood with.—P.

⁶ now with fear did quake.—P.

⁷ display.—P.

⁸ sounde.—P.

⁹ Their alarms.—P.

¹⁰ out at large.—P.

¹¹ The conq^r with all his train
Were hereat sore aghast.—P.

¹² aghast or agast.—P.

¹³ they thought.—P.

¹ therefore vnto the Kentishmen
 an Embassadoure he sent,
 to know they ² cause they tooke in hand
 5 these warres, to what entent.¹

to whom they made this short reply,
 “ffor liberty wee le fight,³
 And to enioy King Edwards the Confessors ⁴ Lawes
 0 which wee doe hold arright.⁵”

“why ⁶ then,” said the dreadfull Conquerour,
 “you shall haue what you will ;
 your libertyes, your ancyent customes,⁷
 1 soe *that* you wilbe still ;

“& eche thing else *which* you will craue
 with reason att my hands,
 soe *that* you will acknowledge me
 3 cheefe King of ffaire England.”

the Kentishmen therevpon agreed,⁸
 & layd all ⁹ their armes asyde ;
 & by this meanes King Edwards lawes
 2 doe still in kent ¹⁰ abyde.

& in no place in England else
 such customes ¹¹ doe remaine,
 as they by their manlike ¹² policye
 1 did of duke william gaine.

and sends

to ask what
the Kentish
men want.“ Our
liberties,
and King[page 415]
Edward's
laws.”William
agrees togive them
all they ask,and the
Kentish men
lay down
their arms.Thus Kent
alone keeps
its old
customs.

ffinis.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent
 3 cause to understand
 that intent & for what cause
 they took this war in hand.—P.
 12.—P. ² we fight.—P.
 11.—P.
 10 right.—P.
 9. *why*.—P.

⁷ Your ancient customs & your laws.
 —P. See note at the end of the volume.
 —F.
⁸ agreed thereon.—P.
⁹ delend *all*.—P.
¹⁰ In Kent doe still.—P.
¹¹ those Customs.—P.
¹² Which they by manly.—P.

The : Browning of Henry the : i : his Children :

THIS," says Percy, "as well as the foregoing, is an excellent ballad." To us it seems the song of a very pedestrian Muse. The subject is excellent. It is preserved also in *Strange Histories*.

When
Henry I. had
subdued the
French,

WHEN : as royall King ² henery the first
had ffoyled his ffoes in ffrance,
& spent the pl[e]asant springe
4 his honors ³ to aduance.

he came
back to
England,

then into England he returned ⁴
with ffame & victorye,
what t[i]me the subiects of this Land
8 receiued him ioyfullye.

but left his
children in
France,—

but att his home returne,
his children left hee still
in ffrance, ffor to soiourne
12 to purchase learned skill.

Duke
William,
Lord
Richard,

Duke william with his brother dere,
Lord Richard was his name,
who was the Erle of Chester then,
16 w[ho] ⁵ thirsted after ffame ;

¹ A.D. 1120. To the tune of *The Ladies Daughter*. This, as well as the foregoing, is an excellent ballad. Collated with a copy in *Strange Histories or The Garland of Delight*, 12^{mo}. Canto 3^d. B. L., in Pepys Collection of Penny Mer-

rim^u, vol. 3. p. 14.—P.

² After our roy^l king.—P.

³ honour.—P.

⁴ Into fair England he return'd.—P.

⁵ and thirsted.—P.

the Kings faire daughter eke,
 the Lady Marry bright,
 with diners noble peeres,
 20 & many a hardy Knight ;

Lady
 Mary,—
 with peers
 and knights.

all these he left ¹ together there,
 in pleasure ² and delight,
 when *that* our King to England came
 24 after the bloodye fight.

but when faire flora had
 drawen forth her treasure drye,
 then winter sadd and cold ³
 28 with hoarye head drew niec.⁴

When
 summer was
 over,
 and winter
 came on,

then these princes all with one assent ⁵
 prepared all things meete
 to passe the seas into ⁶ faire England,
 32 whose sight to them was sweete.

the princes

“ to England lett vs hye,”
 this euerye one did say,
 “ ffor Christamas draweth nye ;
 36 no longer lett vs stay,

wanted to

spend
 Christmas in
 England,

but let vs ⁷ spend the Merry Christamas time ⁸
 in game and pleasant sort,⁹
 where Lady pleasure doth attend
 40 with many a princely sport.”

and enjoy
 themselves.

¹ were left.—P.

² pleasures.—P.

³ cold and sad.—P.

⁴ nigh.—P.

⁵ Those princes all. . . cons[ent].—P.

⁶ for.—P.

⁷ [*let vs*] del.—P.

⁸ MS. time.—F.

⁹ within our Father's court.—P.

They set sail, to seas ¹ these princes went,
 full ffraught ² with mirth & ioy;
 but all their merriment ³
 44 returned to greet ⁴ anoye.

 but the for the saylors & the shipmen, ⁵
 saylors got throughe ffoule excesse of wine,
 drunk, they were soe amazed *that* ⁶ on the sea
 48 they showed themselues like swine.

 no one could the sterne ⁷ no man cold guide,
 steer, the *Master* sleeping Lay,
 the saylors all besyde
 52 went reeling euerye way,

 and the ship soe *that* the shipp att randome rode
 went at vpon the ffominge ffloode,
 random. wherby in perill of their lines
 The princes 56 these princes ⁸ alway stoode,

 which caused distilling ⁹ teares
 weep from their faire eyes to ffall,
 and fear, their harts were filled with ffeare, ¹⁰
 60 No Ioy ¹¹ they had att all, [page 416]

 thé wished themselues vpon the land
 1000 times and more;
 but at last then att they last ¹² they come in sight
 see England 64 of Englands pleasant shore.

¹ To sea.—P.

That y telle an evel lype,
 Mon that doth him into shype
 Whil the weder is wod;
 For, be he come to the depe,
 He may wrynge hard ant wepe,
 Ant be of drery mod.
 ‘Ofte rap reweth;’
 Quoth Hendyng.

Reliquie Antiquæ, i. 115.—P.² Fulfill’d.—P.³ this their merrim^t.—P.⁴ did turn, to dear.—P.⁵ The saylors Shipmen all.—P.⁶ were so disguis’d *that*.—P.⁷ A.-S. *steór-ern*, the steering-place, the stern.—F.⁸ The princes.—P.⁹ which made distilling.—P.¹⁰ fears.—P.¹¹ no helpe.—P.¹² And at the last.—P.

- then euery one began
 to turne these siges ¹ to smiles, and smile.
 their coulours ² pale and wan
 68 a cheerfull looke Exiles.
- the princelye Lords most louinglye
 their Ladyes doe embrace ; Lords
embrace
their ladies,
³ "In england," quoth they ⁴ wee shalbe
 72 within a litle space." ³
- "take comforts to your selues," and all take
comfort.
 thus euerye one did say,
 "& be no more dismayd ;
 76 behold the Land att Last ! " ⁴
- ⁵ but as they did thus cheerfullye But at that
moment
 their comfort to attaine,
 then suddainlye vpon a rocke
 80 the shipp itt burst in twayne. ⁵ the ship
strikes, and
breaks in
two.
- with *that* a greiuous srike ⁶
 among them there was made,
 & euery one did seeke Every one
seeks a
support,
 84 on something to be stayd.
- but all in vaine ! such helpe the lacke. ⁷
 the shipp soe soone did sinke
that in the seas ⁸ they were constrained but all are
whelmed,
 88 to take their latest drinke.

their sighes.—P.

mour.—P.

For now in England shall we be
noth they in little space.—P.

then they said

of the Land at last

shall be &c.

worst is gone & past.—P.

—⁴ While they did this joyful hope

With comfort entertaine

The goodly ship upon a rock

In sunder burst in twaine.—P

⁶ shriek.—P.

⁷ they sought.—P.

⁸ sea.—P.

there might you see the Lords
 and Ladyes ffor to lye
 amidst the salt sea ffome,
 92 with many a greiuous crye

 notwith-
 standing
 their efforts,
 still laboured for their lues ¹ defence
 with streched armes abroad,
 & lifting vpp their Lilly hands
 96 for helpe with one accordd.

 but as good ffortune wold,
 the sweete young duke did gett
 into the Cockebotte then,
 except Duke
 Richard,
 who gets
 into the
 cockboat ; 100 where safelye he did sitt.

 but when he heard his si[s]ter ² crye,
 the Kings faire daughter deere,
 he turned his boate to take her in
 but he turns
 to rescue his
 sister, 104 whose death did draw soe neere ;

 but while he turned his boate
 to take his sister in,³
 the rest such shift did make
 108 in seas as they did swimn,

 for to ⁴ the boate a number gott,
 soe many att the Last,⁵
 that the boate & all that was ⁶ therin
 others crowd
 into the
 boat,
 and all are
 drowned. 112 was drowned & ouer cast.

 of Lords & gentlemen,
 & ladyes ffaire of fface,
 not one escaped then ;
 116 this was ⁷ a heauinesse !

¹ labouring life's.—P.² sister.—P.³ he strove to take
His sweet young sister in.—P.⁴ That to.—P.⁵ as at the last.—P.⁶ The boat were.—P.⁷ Which was.—P.

- 60^{tye} and ten ¹ were drowned in all, 70 perish.
 not one escaped death
 but one pore butcher, who had swoome
 120 himselfe quite out of breath. One, a
butcher.
alone
escapes.
- which was ² most heauy newes
 vnto our comlye Kinge;
 all mirth hee did refuse,³
 124 this word when he did ⁴ bringe, The King is
sad at the
news,

and refuses
all mirth.
- where by ⁵ this meanes no child wee ⁶ had
 his Kingdome to succede. No child
succeeds him
but his
nephew.
⁷ his sisters sonne was crowned *King*,
 128 as wee may plainly reede.⁷
ffinis.

re Score & ten.—P.

is was.—P.

so did all mirth refuse.—P.

y did.—P.

⁵ For.—P.

⁶ he.—P.

⁷⁻⁷ Whereby his sister's Son was king,
 As you shall plainly read.—P.

Murdering of Edward the fourth his sonnes.¹

THIS ballad differs very slightly from that published in the 1659 edition of *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (reprinted by the Percy Society, ed. Mr. Chappell), and reprinted from that work in Evans' *Old Ballads*, iii. 38. The piece is there intitled "An excellent song made of the successors of King Edward the Fourth, to the tune of O man in desperation." It contains three stanzas more than the present version, one after v. 8, one after v. 28, one after v. 126. Else the differences are merely verbal.

The ballad is evidently the production of a professional hand. It tells its story in a business-like manner, with no great excitement either of the imagination or the feelings. Pegasus here appears as a sort of cab-horse. His driver awaited on his "stand" any call that might be made for him. Poor Pegasus, well broken to harness, jogged steadily away in the required direction, when the call came,—to the Tower, it might be, or to Bosworth Field, or to Swanscombe. His pace seldom varied. His caracolling and flying days were past and gone. He did his work in a sober plodding style, not without an occasional thought of the "feed" that might reward his efforts.

There is another ballad on this same subject—and of no greater merit—in the 1612 edition of the *Crown Garland*, also reprinted by Evans.

"The greater proportion of the ballads are historical," says Mr. Chappell in his Preface to the Percy Society reprint of

¹ This is but of moderate excellence, tho' written so late as James the 1st's Time. See Stan^s. 31, 32. There is a

Song on this Subject, but very different from this, in the printed Collection, 12th. Vol. ii. p. 100.—P.

1612 edition, "and from early times down to the end of the
 fifteenth century the common people knew history chiefly
 by ballads. Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the
 story of England from the Conquest down to the time of
 Henry I. in ballads." Could any nurses of the present day
 perform such a feat?

<p>WHEN: as the <i>King</i> of England dyed, Edward the fourth by name, he left 2 sonnes of tender yeeres 4 for to succeed the same.</p>	<p>When Edward IV. died he left two young sons.</p>
<p>then Richard, duke of Glouster, desiring Kingly sway, desired ¹ by treason how to make 8 his brothers sonnes away.</p>	<p>Glo'ster and Buckingham plot to kill them,</p>
<p>betwixt them they Laid downe their plott,² & straight together went to Stony Stratford, where they mett 12 the <i>King</i> incontinent.</p>	<p>[page 417] and meet the young King at Stony Stratford.</p>
<p>the sweete young <i>King</i> did entertaine his vnckle Louinglye,³ not thinkinge of their ⁴ vile intent, 16 nor of their ⁵ trecherye.</p>	
<p>& then the duke of Buck[i]ngham, to sett abroach this thinge, he began a quarrell for the nonce 20 with them <i>that</i> kept the Kinge.</p>	<p>Buckingham</p>

intruded.—P. in the MS., but are marked at the side
 when he & Buckingham did plot.— with a bracket.—F.
¹ his.—P.
 lines 13, 14 are written before l. 11 ⁵ his.—P.

arrests Lord
Gray,
 Lord Rivers,
 24 & then they did arrest Lord Gray,
 the Brother to the Queene ;
 her other brother, the Lord RIVERS,
 in durance as they had beene.

 and Sir T.
Vaughan,
 the King's
friends,
 28 Sir Thomas Vaughan then Likewise ¹
 did there and then ² arrest ;
 soe was the King of all his ffreinds
 suddenly dispossess.

 in breeffe, these Noblemen were sent
 to Pontfracte Castle soone,
 and has
them put to
death.
 32 where thé, [in] ³ short time afterwards,
 to death was eche man doone.

 Glo'ster and
Buckingham
take the
King to
London,
 36 then forth they brought they King alone,
 towards London with great speed,
 vsing their perswasions full ffalselye ⁴
 not to Mislike *that* deede.

 & when to London *that* they came,
 ffor him they had prepared
 and lodge
him in the
Bishop's
Palace.
 40 the Bishopp's pallace ffor the nonct,
 but saflye vnder guard.

 Glo'ster
names
himself
Protector,
 44 & then duke Richard takes vpon him
 the keeping of the King,
 naming himselfe Lord protectore,
 his wished ends to bringe ;

 desiring ⁵ how then ⁶ in his mind
 to gett the other brothers too,
 and the
Cardinal
 48 the *which* the Cardinall vndertooke
 ffull Cuningly to doo.

¹ in like wise.—P.² They then and there.—P.³ in.—P.⁴ their false persuasions.—P.⁵ Devizing.—P.⁶ contriving, then how.—P.

& then the Cardinall in great hast
 vnto the Queene doth come ;
 vsing his perswasions full falselye,
 52 then he gott her other sonne.

persuades
 the Queen to
 give up her
 other son.

then they both in full great hast
 vnto the tower were sent,
 where they liued but short space,
 56 for death did them prevent.

Glo'ster puts
 them both in
 the Tower,

then Duke RICHARD, hauing found this meanes
 to worke these 2 princes death,
 procured one of JAMES TIRRELLS hired men¹
 60 full soone to stopp their breath :

and hires
 two men,

James Dighton & Miles Forrest both,
 these 2 vile wicked men,²
 these 2 were made the instruments
 64 to worke this murder then.

Dighton and
 Forrest,

these princes being asleepe in bedd,
 lyinge arme in arme,
 not thinking of their vile entents
 68 nor thinking any harme,

who, when
 the princes
 are asleep in
 bed,

these villaines, in the featherbedd
 did wrapp them up in hast,
 & with the clothes soe smothered them
 72 till life and breath was past.

smother
 them
 with the
 feather-bed.

& then they both were buryed,
 where no man yett doth know.
 but marke how god, in his indgment iust,
 76 did his right reuengment shewe !

But God
 takes
 vengeance
 for this.

¹ one St. James.—P.

² these vile and wicked men.—P.

for betwixt those DUKES within short space
 such a discord there was bredd,
 as Buckingham to please the King
 80 was fforcet to loose his head.
 & then Richard in his Kinglye seate
 no ease nor rest cold ffind,
 the murdering of his nephews did
 84 so sore molest his minde.
 he neuer cold haue quiett sleepe,
 his liffe itt stood in ffeare,
 his hand was on his dagger straight,
 88 *that* no man might come him neere.
 but att the Last Erle Richmond came
 with such a puissant band,
that this ffalse King [he] was inforced
 92 in his defence to stande.
 then meeting him att Bosworth ffield,¹
 they fought with harts full faine;
 yett ffor shedding of these princes blood,
 96 god caused King Richard to be slaine.
 & being dead, vpon a horsse
 all naked he was borne,
 his fflesh [all²] cutt & mangled,
 100 his haire all rent and torne.
 & then Erle Richmond worthelye,
 ffor this his deede of ffame,
 of England hee was crowned King,
 104 Henery the 7th by name,
 of whom most royall lincs did springe,
that ffamous King of might,
 Henery the 8th, our³ noble deeds
 108 our chronicles doe well recyte.

Buckingham
is beheaded.
 Richard
 never sleeps,
is always in
fear of his
life,
 and at last
Richmond
 fights him
at Bosworth,
 and he is
slain,
 and set
naked and
mangled on
a horse.
 Richmond is
 crowned
Henry VII.,
 is succeeded
by Henry
VIII.,

[page 4]

¹ See *Bosworth Feilde* below.—F.² all cut.—P.³ whose.—

when *that* hee dyed, hee left his Land & crowne
 to Edward his sweete sonne,
 whose gracious raigne all England may rue
 112 his time soe soone is come.

he by
 Edward VI.,

& then his Sister Marye came,
 next princesse of this Land ;
 but in her time blind ignorance
 116 against gods truth did stand,

he by Mary

which caused many a mans blood,
 to be shedd in ruefull case ;
 then god did England once regard,¹
 120 & turned all these stormes to grace.

(who killed
 the
 martyrs),

ffor then the other sister came,
 Elizabeth our Late Queene,
 & shee released her peoples harts
 124 ffrom greeffe & eirrou[r]² cleane.

she by
 Elizabeth,
 our late
 Queen,

& then the ³ mightye Iames did come,
 of king HENERys royall race ;
 whose happy dayes our Lord preserue,
 128 grant him Long time & space !

and she by
 James I.,
 whom God
 preserve!

ffinis.

¹ England once more God did regard.
 —P.

² errors.—P.
³ MS. the [blotted] the.—F.

The : Fall : of : Prince[s:]¹

THE transitoriness of the glory of this life was a thing that our early writers were much impressed with, a theme on which they often wrote.

a ! man hab munde
þat of þis lif þer commiþ ende :
of erþe and axen² is ure kunde,
and in-to duste we schulliþ wende :

was the burden of many a sermon and song. As one of the former preaches (*Phil. Soc. Trans.* 1858, Pt. ii. p. 2) to its non-washing hearers of former days, why should men be proud or expect to live ?

Man ! of þi schuldres and of þi side
þou miȝte hunti luse and flee !
of such a park i ne hold no pride ;
þe dere nis nauȝte þat þou miȝte sle.

What is the “gentil man” but a sack stuffed full of dirt and dung that stinketh loathly and is black? When once the soul is out of his body, a viler carrion is there none. And.

þeiȝ man be rich of lond and lede,
and holdiþ festis ofte and lome,
hit nis no doute he sal be dede,
to ȝelde recning at þe dome.

Worldly weal comes and goes, is but deceit, dirt, guile, and vanity ; man’s life is but a shadow ; now he is, and now he is not. Death spares none. Beware then of “helle pine.”

Why, asks another,³

Whi is þis worlde biloued þat fals is & veyn ?

Its power passes away like a brittle pot that is fresh and gay. It

¹ N.B. This song should seem to have been wrote soon after the Death of Henry 8. Vid. St. ult.—P.

² ashes.—F.

³ *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, E. E. T. Soc., p. 86, 1867.—F.

all of sin, false in its business, false in its pleasures : unstable
water, it cannot excel :

It is rapir to bileue the waginge wijnde
þan þe changeable world þat makip men so blinde.

omon, Sampson, Absalom, Duke Jonatas, Cæsar, the Rich
n of the Gospels, Tullius, Aristotle :

Where ben þese worpi þat were heere to-forn ?
Boþe kingis & bischopis ? her power is al lorn.

Lydgate translated his *Falles of Princes* from Boccaccio to
int the same moral, and few Early English religious poems can
found without it, “ þat worldli blis is but a þing of vanite.”
(*Hymns to Virgin*, p. 81, l. 85–6.) The writer of the present
em preaches a like sermon, that life is short and none can
sist Death’s mace. If all the heroes of the world could not do
, how can we ? They have died, and we must all follow them as
it as we may. But the name of his last hero sounds odd to
r ears, though it justifies the impression that Mr. Froude says
e king made on his contemporaries : he was evidently to them
e “ Solomon in all his glory ” of his age :

if wisdom or manhood by any meanes cold
haue saued a mans liffe to endure for ever,
then King Henery the 8th soe noble and soe bold,
out of this wyde world he wold haue passed neuer.

though the climax is to us an anti-climax, it is useful as a sign
of the times.

THE : hye god most gracyous, his ¹ goodenesse alone, God, after
thou hast ² made vpon the earth, beast, bird and tree, creating
Angells in heauen, & ministers to thy throne, beasts, birds,
4 the sun & the moone, the Element & skye. angels,
att Last thou made [man] of ³ noblest degree, sun, and
after thine owne likenesse, such was thy grace. moon,
Lawde wee him therffore, for happy wee bee ; made man.
8 But heere wee beene sure to liue but a space.

¹ whose.—P.

² Hath.—P.

³ madest man of.—P.

But where
are Adam

and Eve?

Where is Adam our first progenitor,
of¹ bewtye & of cuning, &² neuer had no peere?
& Eue his companion, *that* most oryent ffigure?
12 he King, & shee *Queene*, ouer all this world in ffire ;
yet through their great ffalls soone changed we all our
cheer[e,]

Dead. And
we can live
but a space.

that all their posterytye shold ffollow their trace;
death hath them deuoured, this matter is clere ;
16 but³ heere wee beene sure to liue but a space.

Where are
David,

Where is King David the doughtye, *that* Golyas ouer-
came ?

Samson,

Hercules,

and Duke
Joshua ?
Their glory's
gone,
and we don't
live here
long.

or duke Iosua the gentle, of him what shold I tell ?
or Samson *that* ruled the Lyon like a lambe ?
20 or Hercules *that* quelled the porter of hell ?
where is duke Iosua *that* euer bare the bell ?
their pompe & their glory is nowe very basse.⁴
lett this be a mirrour alwayes in our sight,
24 *that* heere we beene sure to liue but a space.

Where are
Alexander,

Where is Alexander the mightye, *that* conquered this
world wide,

Nebuchad-
nezzar,
Augustus,
Hannibal ?

& gouerne att⁵ one day as himselfe did luste ?
or Nabuchondozer, *that* prince proud of price⁶ ?
28 or Augustus, with his power to them was full Iust⁷ ?
where is Haniball the hardy, threw all in the duste,
and brought all roome⁸ into a sorry stay ?

[page 419]

All dead, and
we must
follow them.

Where are
Hector,

All these be dead and gone, and after them wee must,⁹
32 and wee must all ffollow as fast as wee may.

Rowland,
and Oliver ?

Where is Hector of Troy, *that* one of the 9 worthies was?
& worthy sure he was soe for to bee ;
or Rowland & Oliuer, as itt came to passe,¹⁰
36 in number they were doughtye men all 3,

¹ for.—P.

² that.—P.

⁴ base.

⁵ govern'd it.—P.

⁶ full of pride.—P.

² that.—P.

⁷ that was with his power full (right)
just.—P.

⁸ Rome.—P.

⁹ go after them we must.—P.

¹⁰ MS. paste.—F.

- but yett with death they cold not agree
 in this world to haue no Longer space.
 death, all their glory from them he did ring,¹
 0 & wee must all follow them in a short space. Dead, as we
shall soon
be.
- Where is Godfrey of Bullen, *that* Troian soe stout?
 or Mithydrates, where is hee?
 or Iulys Machabeus *that* went not about?
 4 or Guy of warwicke, as doughtye as hee?
 where is Huon² of Burdeaux, where is hee?
 these cold not refuse death with his mace³;
 therfor marke my sayings all you *that*⁴ heere bee,
 18 for heere wee beene sure to liue but a space. Where are
Godfrey,
Mithridates,

Guy of
Warwick,
Huon of
Bordeaux?

Dead, and we
can't live
here long.
- Where is Iason the doughtye *that* woone the fleece of
 gold, Where are
Jason,
 or Acctollen⁵ *that* was called the scorge of god,
 or Phebus, the wisest man vpon the mould?
 52 or Acchilles *that* was called the Troians rodd?
 where is King Herod the herlott, was⁶ worsse then
 madd,⁷ Attila,
Phebus,
Achilles,
and King
Herod?
 for with his owne Kinsmen himselfe he did deface?
 Loe! heere you may see, ffor all this noble⁸ blood,
 56 *that* here we beene sure to liue but a space. We can live
here but a
space.
- where is the Emperour *that* the bold clarke was Where are
 called⁹?
 the Sarasins doe remember him, & shall doe for
 euer¹⁰;
 or Iulys Cæsar, with¹¹ head balde,
 60 *that* brought Roome & the Romans to a sorry stay? Julius
Cæsar,

¹ wring did he.—P.² Sir Huon.—P.³ ? MS. mate, *altered to mace*.—F.⁴ MS. *that* you.—F.⁵ Antiochus.—P.⁶ who was.—P.⁷ wood.—P.⁸ hye.—P.⁹ Was it Charlemagne (l. 77)? He encouraged learning.—T. Wright.¹⁰ aye.—P.¹¹ with his.—P.

and Nero? where is Nero the cruell, *that* ruled soe many a day?
 these cold not refuse death with his mace;
 Dead, therefore marke my saying, all you *that* heere bee,¹
 as we soon 64 for wee beene sure to live but a space.
 shall be.

Where are Where is Pironius,² the proud enemy to Roome?
 Pyrrhus, or *dulcina* the terror, or Cicill the Kinge³?
 Dulcina, or Sir Volen, was called the hardy Troian?
 Sir Volen, 68 or Troylus of Troy *that* loued well to springe?
 Troylus, where is Tamberlaine *that* ouercame the Turke [in
 Tambur- fight],⁴
 lain? *that* all the world did bring in dread & in doubt of
 his deuilish face?
 Remember lett this be a mirrour allwayes in our sight,
 that we 72 *that* heere wee beene sure to live but a space.
 must die.

Where are Where is King Arthur the venturer, with his Knights
 Arthur, bold? ⁵
 Tristram, or Sir Tristeram, *that* treasure of curtesye?
 Gawaine, or Sir Gawaine the good, with his helmet made of
 gold?
 Lancelot, 76 or Sir Lancelott *dulake*, a Knight of Chivalrye?
 Charle- where is King Charlemaine⁶ of ffrance, from them
 magne? wold⁷ neuer flee?
 yett these cold not refuse death with his mace.
 Dead too, heere you may see, ffor all the hye degree,
 and we 80 *that* here [we⁸] beene sure to live but a litle⁹ space.
 cannot live long.

¹ hear may.—P. See Dr. Robson's note below on *leane*, l. 72 of *Sir John Butler*.—F.

² Pyrrhus.—P. I can't find Dulcina and Volen.—F.

³ ? Robert of Sicily:
 Yn Cysylle was a nobulle kyng,
 Fayre and stronge, and some dele 3ynge. .
 The kyng was calde kyng Roberd,
 Never man in hys tyme wyste hym aferde.
Halliwell's Nuga Poetica, p. 49.
 According to Froissart (translated) he
 "was a great astronomyre, and full of

great science"; and in 1529 a play, "Kynge Robert of Cicylye," was performed at the High Cross at Chester. *ib.* p. 71.—F.

⁴ in fight.—P.

⁵ The latter half of each of lines 73-7 is written in the MS. as the first half of the line succeeding it.—F.

⁶ Only two strokes and the dot of the *i* in the MS. for *in*.—F.

⁷ Who would.—P. MS. is right. Compare l. 85 in the next stanza.—F.

⁸ wee.—P.

⁹ short.—P.

<p>Where is <i>King Richard</i>, was called <i>Cwer de Lyon</i> ? or <i>Saladine</i> the good <i>Sarazen</i>, where is hee ? or <i>Edward</i> the 3^d <i>that</i> wan <i>Gasconie</i> & <i>Gaines</i> ¹ ? 14 or <i>King Henery</i> the 5th, a prince of <i>Chinalrye</i> ? where is duke <i>Charles</i> of <i>Burgundye</i>, from them did neuer flee ? yett these cold not refuse death with his mace ; wherfor marke my saying, all you that here bee, 38 <i>that</i> here wee beene sure to lue but a space.</p>	<p>Where are <i>Cour-de-</i> <i>Lion</i>, <i>Saladin</i>, <i>Edward III.</i>, <i>Henry V.</i>, Duke <i>Charles</i> ? All dead. Take heed, then, we shall soon die too.</p>
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<p>ffor if wisdome or manhood by any meanes cold haue saued a mans liffe to endure for euer, then <i>King Henery</i> the 8th soe noble and soe bold, 12 out of this wyde world he wold haue ² passed neuer. but death, where he comes, all things doth disseuer ; where-euer he aproches, he will take place. good <i>Lord</i> ! bring vs to thy blisse, there to remaine for euer ; 16 ffor heere we be sure to lue but a space.</p>	<p>If manhood could have saved a man, <i>Henry VIII.</i> would not have died. But death takes all. God, bring us to thy bliss ! Here we can live not long.</p>
---	--

ffinis.

¹ Guisnes. *Gasconie may be Gascoine.*—F.

² One stroke only for *u* in the MS.—F.

The nutt browne mayd¹

THIS is but a torn and tattered copy of one of the most exquisite pieces of late Mediæval poetry.

The oldest copy extant is that inserted by Arnold in his *Chronicle*, the first edition of which appeared at Antwerp in 1502. The poem was even then, we may infer, considered old and precious for its antiquity.

See General Introduction to Vol. II. Part I. and Introduction to *A Jigge*; also Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 271.

1

Men com-
plain that,

² RIGHT & noe wronge, these men amonge, [page 420]

as [on] women doe Complaine,

affirming this, what a thing itt is

4 of a labour spent in vaine

[To love them well; for never a dele^a

They love a man agayne;]

do what they
will to win
a woman's
love,

for lett a man doe what he can

8 their ffavor to obtaine,

¹ Prior's Poems, Vol. I. p. 160. This is a very imperfect and mutilated Copy. That printed by Prior is very correct. There are 40 or 50 lines left out of this

Copy, and several of them transpos'd. —P. The copy below is from Richard Hill's MS., ab. 1500–30 A.D.—F.

THE NUTBROWN MAYDE.

[From the Balliol MS. 354, marked Arch. P. 1. 6.]

1

² Be it right, or wronge, Thes [leaf 210b]
men a-monge

on wymen do complayn;
affermynge this, how *that* it is

a labowre spent in vayn
to love them welle; for neuer a dele^a
they love a man a-gayn:

for late a man do what he can,
ther favowre to attayn,
yet, yf a newe to them pursue,
ther ferste trew lover than
labowreth for nowght; for from her
thought
he is a banysshed man.

& if a new to them persue,
 the first true lover then
 he labours for nought,—far from his thought,—
 2 for he is a banished man.

when a new
 lover comes
 the old one
 is turned off.

2

1 And I say not nay,—but as you said,
 itt is both written and sayd,—
 but womens faith, who soe sayth,
 6 [is] right vtterly decayde;
 yett neuertheles, right good wittnesse
 in this cause may be Layd:
 that they 2 Loue true, & doe continue,
 0 reccords the nutt-browne 3 maide:
 ffor when her loue came her to proue,
 he come to make his moane; 4
 1 he sayd, “alas! thus stands the case,
 4 I am a banished mann.

But though
 some say
 that

women's
 faith is
 decayed,

yet the
 Nut-brown
 Maid's love
 continued
 true.

Her lover
 came to
 prove her;

said: “I am
 a banished
 man.

2
 I say not nay, but that alle day
 is both wreten & said
 woman's feyth, Is, as who seyth,
 & vtterly decayde;
 neuerthelesse, Right good witnes
 this case myght be layde,
 they love trew, & conteneue,
 recorde the Nutbrown mayde,
 h, whan her love cam her to prove,
 her to make his mone,*
 & not departe; for in her hart
 & loved but hym alone.

3
 1 betwen us let us discusse
 what was alle the maner
 on them two: we wille also
 le alle the payn in fere
 she was in. Now I begyn,
 that ye me answer;e;
 for, alle ye that present be,
 pray you, geve an ere.

I am the knyght; I com by nyght,
 as secrete as I can;
 1 saying, “alas! thus stondith the caas,
 I am a banysshed man.”

4

PUELLA.*

And I your wille for to fulfille
 In this wille not Refuse;
 trustyng to shew, In wordis fewe
 that men have an ylle use
 (To ther own shame) wymen to blame
 and cawselesse them accuse:
 therfor to you I answers now,
 alle wymen to excuse,—
 Myn own hart dere, with you what
 chere?
 I pray you, telle me a-non;
 ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd
 I love but you alon.

2 MS. they that.—F.

3 MS. browme.—F.

* Puella and Squire are at the right sides of the MS.—F.

3

I've done a
deed for
which I

must die,

or flee

like an
outlaw

to the woods.
I'm a
banished
man."

1 " ffor itt standeth soe *that* a deede is doe
wherby great harme may growe ;
my destynye is ffor to dye
28 a shamefull death, I trowe,
or else ffor to flee ; the one must bee.
none other reed I know
but to withdraw my-selfe Like an outlawe,
32 & betake me to my bowe.
& therfore, adew, my owne hart trew,
they best way *that* I can
is *that* I to the greenwood goe,
36 my selfe a banished man."

4

The Maid
laments the
shortness of
her bliss.

But she'll
not part
from her
love.

2 " Alas ! " shee said, " what is all this worlds blisse ?
itt changeth as doth the Moone.
the summers day in the Lusty may
40 is darke before the noone.
I heare you say ffarwell. nay ! nay !
wee will not depart soe soone.
but why say you soe, or whither will you goe ?
44 alas ! what haue you done ?

5

SQUIRE.

1 It stondith so ; a dede is * doo
wherof gret harme shalle grow :
My destynye ys for to dye
A shamfulle deth, I trow ;
Or ellis to flee : the on mvste be.
Non other way I know,
But to withdraw as an owlawe [leaf 211]
And take me to my bow.
wherfer, a-dewe, Myn own hart trew !
Non *other* rede I can :
ffor I mvste to The gren-wode go,
alon, a banysshed man.

6

PUELLA.

2 O lorde ! what is this worldis blis,
that changith as *the* mone ?
the somers day In lusty may
Is darke beffore the none.
I here you say, ffarewelle : nay, nay !
we departe not so sone.
why say ye so ? *whether* wille ye go ?
alas ! what haue ye done ?
alle my welfare To sorow & care
shuld change, yf ye were gon ;
ffor, in my mynde, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

for all my welfare into sorrow & care
 wold come if *that* you were gone ;
 for in my mind, of all mankind

She loves but
 him alone.

48 I lone but you alone."

5

1 "I can but beleene this wold you greene,
 & somewhatt you see straine ;"

Her lover
 tells her

7

SQUIRE.

e, it shalle you greve,
 hat you dystreyne ;
 rd, your paynes harde
 ay or twayn
 alake ; & ye shalle take
 o you a-gayn.
 you owght? for, to take
 t,
 we were in rayn.
 oo; and pray you to,
 as I can ;
 to the gren-wode go,
 nysshed man.

8

PUELLA.

at ye haue shewed to me
 of your mynde,
 dayn to you a-gayn,
 shalle me fynde.
 that ye wille go,
 t bide behynde,
 mer be said, the nutbrown
 e love vnkynde.
 edy, for so am I,
 h it were anon ;
 mynd, of alle mankynd
 you a-lon.

9

SQUIRE.

ade to take good hede
 wille thynke & say :
 ide, hit shalle be told,
 gon a-way,
 wille for to fulfille,
 le you to play ;
 nyght for your delite
 make delay.
 e shuld thus for me
 myasse woman,

yet wold I to The grenwode go,
 alon, a banysshed man.

10

PUELLA.

[leaf 211b]

Though it be songe of olde & yonge,
 that I shuld be to blame,
 Thers be the charge, That speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name :
 ffor I wille prove, That feythfullc love
 hit is deuyoyed of shame ;
 In your distresse and hevynesse,
 To parte with you, the same :
 to shewe alle tho that do not so,
 trew lovers ar they non ;
 ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd
 I love but you alon.

11

SQUIRE.

I cownsaille you, Remembre how,
 hit is no maydyns lawe,
 No-thing to dowte, but to renne owt
 to wode with an owlawe.
 ffor ye mvste ther, In your hond bere
 a bowe Redy to drawe,
 &, as a theff, thus mvst ye leve,
 Ever In drede & awe ;
 wherby to you Gret harm myght grow
 yet hade I lever than,
 that I [had] to The grenwod go,
 alon, a banysshed man.

12

PUELLA.

I say not nay, but as ye say,
 yt is no maydyns lore ;
 but love may make Me to for-sake,
 as I haue sayd beffore,
 to cum on fote, To hunte & shote
 to get us mete in store ;
 ffor so that I your company
 may haue, I aske no more :

of the hard-
ships she'd
have to
undergo
with him,

52 ^a the thorny wayes, the deepe valleys,
the haile, ffrost, snow, & raine ;
ffor dry & weete, ffor cold & heate,

wee must Lye on the plaine;
no other house [be] vs aboue,
56 but a bush or a brake twaine.

my hart sweet, this ill dyett,

I know itt will make thee to looke wan ;

and says
he'll go alone
to the
greenwood.

60 therefore will I to the greenwoode goe,
my selfe, a banished man."

6

She answers
that as she's
shared his
joy, she'll
share his
woe.

¹ Shee sayes, " with you I haue been partener,
with you in Ioy and blisse ;

I will take alsoe part of your woe,

64 endure, as reason itt is ;

ffrom which to parte, it makyth my harte
as colde as any ston ;
for, in my mynde, of alle mankynd
I love but you alone.

for, in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

15

[SQUIRE]

18
SQUIRE.
ffor an owtlawe This is the lawe,
that men hym take and bynde,
withowt pite, hangid to be,
& waver with the wynde.
yf I had nede, (as God for-bede!)
what socowrs cowld ye fynde?
fforsoth, I trow, ye and your bowe
ffor fere wold draw behynde.
and no mervayle: ffor littille avayle
were in your counselle than:
wherfor I wille to the grenwod go,
alon, a banysshed man.

Yet take good hede ; for euer I drede
that ye cowld not susteyn
^a the thorny wayes, the depe valeyes,
the snowe, the froste, the Rayn,
the colde, the hete: for drye & wete
we mvste logge on the playn;
&, vs above, none other Roffe
but a brake, bushe, or twayn:
which sone shuld greve you, I belove;
& ye wold gladly than
that I had to the grenwode goo,
a-lon, a banysshed man.

16

PUELLA.

14
PUELLA.
Right welle know ye, that wymen be
but feble for to fight;
No womanhede it is in-dede
to be bolde as a knyght:
yet, in suche fere yf that ye were
with ennemyes day or nyght,
I wold withstond, with bow in honde,
To helpe you with my myght, [leaf 212]
and you to save ; as wymen have
from deth [men] many one :

¹ Sith I haue here ben partynere
with you yoye & blisse,
I mvste also parte of your woo
Endure, as Reason is:
yet am I sure of on pleasure;
&, shortly, it is this:
that, wher ye be, me semeth, perde,
I cowld not fare a-mysse.
withowt more speche I you beseeche
that we were shortly gon;
for, in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

but I shold be sure of one pleasure,
that is shortlye this,
 wheresoener you be, *that* I you see,
 68 I cold not ffare amisse.
 from home to depart will make my hart
 as cold as any stone ;
 ffor in my mind, of all mankind
 72 I loue but you alone."

At any rate
 she shall
 see him,

and she loves
 him alone.

7

1 "But you must consider, sweet hart, when you come thither
 and haue List to dine,
 there is no meate *that* wee can gett,
 76 neither ale, beere, nor wine,
 nor sheetes cleane to lye betweene,
 made neither of threed nor twinn, [page 421]
 Nor noe other house but leaues & brouse,
 80 to couer your head and mine.²
 my hart sweet, this ill dyett,
 I know will make thee to Looke wan ;
 therfore will I to the greenwood goe
 84 my selfe, a banished man."

we shall have
 no meat,

no sheets.

It'll make
 you wan.
 I'll go to the
 woods by
 myself."

8

3 "But among wild deere," shee said, "such an archer
 as men say *that* you bee,

"Oh, you'll
 shoot deer
 for us ;

17

[SQUYRE.]

e go thyder, ye mvst consider,
 in ye have luste to dyne,
 halles no mete be for to gete,
 her bere, ale, ne wyne ;
 tes clen, to lay betwen,
 le of threde and twyne ;
 her hows, but levis & bowes,
 over your hede & myne ;
 yn hart swete, this ille dyett
 d make you pale and wan ;

wherfor I wille to the grenwod go,
 a-lon, a banysshed man.

² nine in MS.—F.

18

[PUELLA.]

² Amonge *the* wilde dere, suche an archer,
 as men say *that* ye be,
 may not faylle of good vytaylle,
 wher is so gret plente :
 & water clere of *the* Rivere
 shalle be fulle swete to me ;

you shold not ffaile ffor good vittaile
 88 where is such great plentye ;
 I'll drink
 water the water cleere within the riner
 shold be full sweete to me ;
 I cold endure well, I am sure,^a
 92 in health as you may see ;
 and provide
 a bed, & a bedd or 2, before I goe,
 I will prouide anon ;
 for I love
 but you
 alone." ffor in my minde,¹ aboue all mankind
 96 I loue but you alone."

9

" Ah, but
 there's worse
 to do. 2 " Nay Loue, thore you must doe more :
 If you will goe with mee,
 You must
 cut your
 hair, you must shorten your haire aboue your eare,
 shorten your
 frock, 100 & your kirtle² aboue your knee,
 ffor to withstand, with bow in hand,
 your enemyes, if neede bee ;
 and start
 with me
 before
 daylight, ffor this same night, before it be day-light,
 104 to the woods *that* I will flee ;
 & if you will all this ffulfill,
 doe itt as shortlye as you can,
 for I'm a
 banished
 man." or else I must to the greenwood goe
 108 my selfe, a banished man."

with which in hele^a I shalle Right wellle^a
 Endure, as ye shalle see ;
 and, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provide anon ;
 ffor, in my mynde, of alle mankynd
 I love but you alone.

¹ ninde in MS.—F.

with bow in honde, for to withstonde
 your enymyes, yf nede be :
 & this same nyght, beffore day-light,
 to wode-warde wille I flee.
 yff *that* ye wille alle this ffulfille,
 do it as shortly as ye can ;
 Els wille I to the grenwode go,
 alone, a banysshed man.

19

SQUIRE.

[leaf 212b]

² Loo yet, beffore, ye mvst do more,
 yf ye wille goo with me :
 as, cute your here vp by your ere,
 your kyrtyll by your knee ;

² Kyrte is not upper petticoat, but our
 modern gown, a waist and petticoat. A
 kyrte and mantle completed a woman's
 dress. *Crit. Rev.* Jan. 1795, p. 49.—
 F.

10

1 "Euen now," shee saies, "Ile doe more ffor you
 then belongs to woman-hood²;
 Ile shorten my haire, a bow to beare,
 to shoote in time of neede.
 my owne deare mother! aboue all other
 of you I haue much dread;
 but yett, adew! I must insue;
^a such ffortune does me lead.
 therefore make you ready now
 as ffast as euer you can;^b
 ffor in my mind, of all mankind
 I loue but you alone."

"I'll go
 with you at
 once.

Dear mother,
 adieu!

My love,
 make ready!

I love but
 you alone."

11

3 "Noe, not soe, you shall not goe!
 ffor Ile tell you now as why:
 your habitt⁴ itt is to be light,
 my loue, I will espye;
 for likewise as you say to me,
 Likewise you shall ffind,^c
 itt is told of old, 'soone hott, soone cold,
 and soe is a woman;[']
 therefore will I to the greenwood goe
 my selfe, a banished man."

"No, you
 shall not go.

Women
 change soon.

I'll go to the
 woods
 alone."

20

PUELLA.

alle as now do more for you
 n longith to womanhede;
 rte myn here, a bowe to bere,
 shote in tyme of nede.
 swete moder, beffore alle oder
 you I have moste drede:
 ow, adewe! I mvst ensue,
 her fortune doth me lede.
 us make ye: Now lat vs flee;
 day commeth fast vpon;^b
 a my mynd, of alle mankynde
 ve but you a-lon.
 ed wanted, to rhyme with *ne.de.*
 e.

21

SQUIRE.

3 Nay, nay, not so; ye shalle not go,
 & I shalle telle you whye,
 your appetite is to be light
 of love, I wellespye:
 for, like as ye haue said to me,
 In likewyse hardely^a
 ye wolde answer who-so-euer it were,
 In way of Companye.
 It is said of olde, Son whot, sone colde;
 & so is a woman.
 ffor I mvste to *the* grenwode goo,
 alone, a banysshed man.

^a appetite.—P.

12

" You shall
have no
cause to say
that of me.

132

" Giff you take heed, you doe not need
soe ffarr to speake by mee ;
ffor I haue prayed, & long I haue sayd,
before I loued pardye ;
& [though] *that* you [know] of anceytrye ^a
a Barrons daughter I bee,
& you haue pruned how [I] haue loued ^b
a squier ² of a Low degree,
& shall doe, whatsoener doth befall,
to die with him anon ;
& in my mind, of all mankind
I lone but you alone."

Haven't I, a
baron's
daughter,
loved you,
a poor
squire ?

136

And I'll die
with you,
I love but
you alone."

140

13

" What! I,
an outlaw,
mate with a
baron's
daughter !

144

God forbid!

³ " A Barrons child to be beguiled !
that were a cursed deede.
& to become ffellow with an outlaw !
alimightye god fforbidd !
itt were better the pore Squier
himselſe to the fforrest yeede,
then you shold say another day,
' by my accursed deede
you were betraid.' therefore, good maide,
the best way *that* I can,
is, lett me vnto the fforrest goe
my selfe, a banished man."

You'll
reproach me
with having
betrayed
you.

148

Let me go
alone."

152

22

PUELLA.

¹ yf ye take hede, it is no nede
such wordis to say to me ;
ffor ofte ye prayd, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, *pardè* :
& though that I of avncetrye ^a
a barons dowghter be,
yet haue ye proved how I ye loved, ^b
a squyre of lowe degre ;
and ever shalle, what-so befalle ;
to dye therefor a-non ;
ffor, in my mynd, of alle maskynd
I love but you a-lon.

² The MS. has four strokes for *ui*.—F.

23

[SQUYRE.]

^a A barons child to be begiled !
It were a cursed dede !
To be felowe with an owlawe !
almyghty god forbede !
yet better were, *the* pore squyer
alon to foreste yede,
than ye shuld say an-*other* day,
that, by my cursèd Rede,
ye were betrayde : Wherefor, good mayd,
the best Rede *that* I can, [*leaf 213*]
ys, *that* I to the grenwod go,
alon, a banysshed man.

14

“Let this out-fall, I neuer shall
 of *that* thing you vpbraid ;
 but if you goe & leaue me soe,
 then I am quite betraid.

Remember how *that* itt is,^a

[page 422]

you are not as you said :
 you are vnkind to leaue behind
 your loue, the nutt-browne maid.
 trust me, trulye I must dye
 as soone as you are gone ;
 for in my mind, of all mankind
 I loue but you alone.”

“ Whatever
 happens,
 I'll never
 upbraide you,
 except you
 leave me.

I am your
 love, and
 must die if
 you go.

I love but
 you alone.”

15

“ Why, but if you went, you wold repent ;
 for in the fforrest now
 I haue *provid*ed me of a maid
 whom I loue better then you ;
 & ffairer then euer you were,
 I dare this well anowe.
 betw[i]xt you both I shold be wroth^b
 with eche other, as I trowe ;
 itt is my ease to line [in] peace ;
 soe will I if I cann ;
 ffor I will to the greenwood goe
 my selfe, a banished man.”

“ But you'd
 repent if you
 did come ;

for I've got
 there a
 prettier
 maid, whom
 I love better
 than you:

I'll go to the
 woods
 alone.”

24

[PUELLA.]

befalls, I neuer shalle
 yng you owt-brayde ;
 o, & leue me so,
 e ye me betrayde.
 you wells, how *that* ye dele ;^a
 be as ye said,
 synd, to leue me behynd,
 , *the* Nutbrown mayde.
 | truly, *that* I shalle dye
 : ye be gon ;
 mynd, of all mankynd
 t you alon.

25

SQUIRE.

^a If that you went, ye shuld Repent ;
 for in *the* foreste nowe
 I have purveyde me of a mayde,
 whom I love more than you ;
 an-*other* more fayre, than euer ye were,
 I dare it wells avowe ;
 and of you both, Eche wille be wroth^b
 with other, as I trowe.
 It were myn eas to leue in peas ;
 so wille I, yf I can ;
 wherefor I wille to *the* grenwod goo,
 alon, a banysshed man.

16

"Never
mind,
though you
have a
paramour,
I still am
yours.

I'll be soft
and kind to
her,

and be your
second love,
when you
want one.
I love you
alone."

180 1 " Why, tho in the wood I vnderstood
 that you had a paramoure,
 yett all *that* right nought remoues my thought,
 for still I will be yours.
 shee shold me ffind both soft & kind,
184 & curteous euery houre ;
 gladd your will for to ffulfill ;
 comand me to my power.
 & if you haue a 100 more,
188 of them I wold be one ;
 for in my mind, of all mankind
 I loue but you alone."

17

" Dear, true
love !

Be glad,

believe not
what I have
said !

I am Lord
Westmore-
land's son,
and not

192 2 " My owne deere loue ! I see and proue
 that you be kind and true !
 in maid & wiffe, in all my liffe
 the best *that* euer I knew !
 Be merry & glad, be no more sa[d],
196 the case is altered now ;
 be not dismaid [at] what I haue said
 to you since I begann.
 thus you haue woone the Erle of westmoreland sone,
200 & not a banished man."

26

MAYD.

1 Though in *the* wode I vnderstode
 ye had a paramowre,
alle this may nowght remeue my thought,
 but *that* I wille be your :
 & she shalle me fynd softe and kynd,
 & Curteys euery owre ;
 Glad to ffulfille alle *that* she wille,
 Comaund me to my powere :
 ffor had ye, loo ! an hundreth mo,
 yet wolde I be that on ;
 ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd
 I love but you a-lon.

27

SQUIRE.

2 Myu own dere love ! I se *thee* proue
 that ye be kynde & trewe ;
of mayde & wyf, In alle my lyff,
 the best that ever I knew.
Be mery and glade ; be no more sade ;
 The case is chaunged newe ;
for it were Rewth, *that* for your trewth,
 that ye shuld have cawse to Rewe.
be not dysmayde, what-so-euer I said
 to you, whan I be-gan ;
I wille not to *the* grenwode go ;
 I am no banyshed man.

18

1 "These tydings to me are gladder," shee saies,
 "then tho I were a Queene,
 If I were sure itt wold endure ;
 4 but itt is often seene
 men will break promise [tho] thé speake
 words vpon the plaine.
 you shape some wyle, me to beguile,
 18 & steale ffrom me, I weene ;
 then were the case worsse then euer itt was,
 & I were woe-begon ;
 for in my mind, of all mankinde
 12 I loue but you alone."

a banished
 man."
 "I'm gladder
 than if I
 were Queen.

But are not
 you begull-
 ing me ?

If you leave
 me
 I am lost ;

for I love
 but you
 alone."

19

2 "You shall not neede soe ffar to dreed,
 ffor I will not disparishe³
 [you, (God defend !) sith you descend
 16 of so gret a linage ;]
 for westmoreland, as I vnderstand,
 itt is my owne heritage ;
 I will thee bring in with a ringe ;
 20 in way of Marryage
 I will you take, and Ladye make,
 as shortlye as euer I cann.

"No, truly,

Westmore-
 land is mine.

I'll wed you

as soon as I
 can.

28

[MAYD.] [leaf 213b]

es tydyngis be more gladder to me,
 an to be made a quene,
 [were sure they shuld endure :
 ut it is often seen,
 as men wille breke promyse, they
 speke
 as wordis on the splene.*
 hape som wyle me to begile,
 ; stele from me, I wene :
 I were the caas wors than it was,
 ; I more woo-be-gon :
 In my mynd, of alle mankynd
 love but you alon.

29

[SQUIRE.]

3 Ye shalle not nede further to drede ;
 I wille not disparage³
 you, (god defende !) Sith ye descende
 of so gret a lynage.
 Now vnderstond ; to Westmorelond,
 which is myn herytage,
 I wille you bryng ; & with a rynge
 by way of maryage
 I wille you take, & lady make,
 as shortly as I can :
 Than haue ye wonne an erles sonne,
 & not a banysshed man.

* On a sudden.—R. Bell.

³ disparage. Arnolde.—F.

I'm not a
banished
man."

thus haue you woone the Erle of westmorelands
sonne,¹
224 and not a banished man."

20

So you see
women are
true.
Let not men
reprove
them.

² Heere you may see *that* women bee
of loue meeke, kind, and stable.
lett neuer men reprove them then,
228 nor call them varyable,^a
but rather pray to god *that* they
to men may be comfortable,
that haue proued such as they loued,
232 iff they be charitable.

Men want
their love ;

but I shall
love God
alone.

but men wold *that* women shold
be kind to them eche one,
yett I had rather, god to obay,
236 & serue but him alone.³

ffinis.

¹ sonne in MS.—F.

30

[AUTHOR.]

² Here may ye see, *that* women be
In love, meke, kynd, & stable ;
latt never man Repreve them than,
yf they be Charytable,^a
but Rather pray god *that* we may
to them be comfortable ;
God suntyme provith, such as he lovith,
yf they be * charytable.

for sith men wold *that* women shuld
be meke to them echone ;
moche more awght they to god obey,
and serue but hym alon.

Explicit, quod Richard Hille.

here endith *the* nutbrown mayd.

This last stanza is not in Prior's
Edition.—P.

³ From the concluding Words of this
last stanza it should seem *that* the Author
was a woman.—P.

* MS. be be.—F.

The : rose of Englaunde : ¹

[page 423]

Thomas. Come hither, fiddler ;
 What ballads are you seen in best ? Be short, Sir.
Fiddler. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
 "The Duke of Norfolk," or "The merry ballad
 Of Diversus and Lazarus," "*The Rose of England*,"
 "In Crete when Dedimus first began,"
 "Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry."
Thom. Excellent !
 Rare matters all !
Fid. "Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter,"
 "The Devil and ye Dainty Dames."
Thom. Rare still !
Fid. "The landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
 With the bloody battle of Mile End."
Thom. All excellent !

Monsieur Thomas, act iii. sc. 3.

THIS is one of the many pieces that compose the Bosworth Field and Stanley cycle. It relates in an allegorical manner how the Earl of Richmond returned to claim his right, and how he gained it. There is some little confusion in this as in most of her allegories ; for indeed, to speak the language of parables coherently and with consistence is a matter of no ordinary difficulty. Nor is the allegorical treatment always maintained ; the rose suddenly becomes Earl Richmond. The piece is characterised by a certain vigour and earnestness. The writer gives himself up to his subject ; he feels that that is great and grand. No doubt he was some Lancashire or Cheshire man, a vehement admirer of the Stanleys. Percy says that the song was written "Henry 8th's lifetime." From the last stanzas it would

¹ An allegorical Song on the Landing Victory of King Henry 7th, with the true Conduct of the Bailiff of Shrews-

bury, written in Henry 8th's lifetime.

N.B. This song is quoted in Beaumont's Mons. Tho^r p. 397.—P.

seem to have been written earlier—we should suspect before the execution of Sir William Stanley in 1495. But the present copy is, we may be sure, much modernised.

Vv. 57–90.—This incident is told, with additions, in “Dr. Taylor’s MS.” quoted *apud* Phillips’ *History and Antiquity of Shrewsbury*.

Thys yeare [runs the MS.] in the monthe of August 1485, Henry Earle of Rychemoonde came out of Bryttane towards England wyth a small companye & landyd at Mylford Haven in Wales nygh Pembroke the 7th daye of August, having help Inoughe in England & so marchyng forward being stayed at no place untill he came to the towne of Shrosberie, where the gates were shutt egainst by him, & the pullys let downe : so the Earle’s messengers came to the gate to say the Welsh gate, commandynge them to open the gates to theyre right Kynge, and Maister Mytton made answeere being head bayley, & a stoute royste gentelman sayinge that he knew no kynge, but only Kynge Richard, whose lyffetenants he & hys fellows were ; & before he should enter there, he should goe ouer hys belly : meaninge thereby that he would be slayne to the grounde, and so to roon over hym before he entird, and that he protestyd vehementlye uppon the Othe he had tacken.

So the sayd Erle returnyd wyth hys companye backe agayne to a vylledge callyd Forton, 3 Myles and a halfe from Shrosberie, where he lay that night, & in the mornynge followynge there came Embassadors to speake with the Baylyff, requesting to passe quyetlye, and that the Erle theyre master dyd not meane to hurt the towne nor none therein, but to go to trye hys right, & that he promysed further that he would save his othe & hym & hys fellows harmless ; uppon thys they entered, and the sayd Mytton laye alonge the grounde, & hys belly upwardes, & soe the sayd Erl stepped over him & saved hys othe ; and so passing forthe & marching forward he came to Bosworth, whar the Battel was fought betwyxt hym & Kynge Richard, in which Kynge Richard was slayne.

The difficulty in which the poor mayor found himself placed was of course of no rare occurrence in a period when the occupancy of the throne was perpetually disturbed. It was of so common occurrence, that a statute was passed in the eleventh

of Henry the Seventh's reign declaring that "subjects are bound to serve their prince and sovereign lord *for the time* in his wars for the defence of him and his land against any rebellion, power and might reared against him," and proceeding to enact that no person for the same "true service of allegiance" shall be "convict or attain of high treason nor of any offences for that cause." The answer which the distressed king here makes is pretty much the same with that made by David under somewhat similar circumstances—made by him to David after the fall of Antony, whose firm friend the Idumæan king had been. (See *Jos. Ant.* xv. vi. 6; *Bell. Jud.* I. xx. 1.) *Iv.* 107, 108.—Compare in Theocritus' account of the combat between Amycus and Pollux (ed. Ahrens):

ἐνθα πολὺς σφισι μόχθος ἐπειγομένοισιν ἐτύχθη,
 ὀπότερος κατὰ νῶτα λάβοι φάος ἡελίοιο ·
 ἰδρίη μέγα δ' ἄνδρα παρήλυθες, ὃ Πολύδευκες,
 βάλλετο δ' ἀκτίνεσσιν ἅπαν Ἀμύκοιο πρόσωπον.

THROUGHOUT: a garden greene & gay,
 a seemlye sight itt was to see
 how fflovers did flourish fresh and gay,
 & birds doe sing Melodiouslye

In a gay
garden,

grew gay
flowers.

in the midst of a garden there sprange ¹ a tree
 which tree was of a mickle price,
 & there vppon sprang the rose soe redd,
 the goodlyest *that* ener sprange on rise.²

and in the
midst was
a rose so red,
(Edward V.)

this rose was ffaire, ffresh to behold,
 springing with many a royall Lance;
 a crowned King, with a crowne of gold
 ouer England, IreLand, and of ffrance.

the King of
England,
Ireland,
and France.

¹ this garden sprang.—P.

² bough.—F.

A Boar
(Richard
III.)
came in and
trampled
it down,

then came in a beast men call a bore,¹
& he rooted this garden vpp and downe,²
by the seede of the rose he sett noe store,
16 but afterwards itt wore the crowne.

and buried
its branches.

hee tooke the branches of this rose away,³
and all in sunder did them teare ;
& he buryed them vnder a clodd of clay,
20 swore they shold neuer⁴ bloome nor beare.

But an Eagle
(Lord
Derby)

bore the
branch
to its nest at
Latham.

then came in an Egle gleaming gay,
of all ffaire birds well worth the best ;
he took the branche of the rose away,
24 & bore itt to Latham⁵ to his nest.

but now is this rose out of England exiled,
this certaine truth I will not Laine⁶ ;
but if itt please you to sitt a while,
28 He tell you how the rose came in againe.

And the Rose
(Henry
VII.)
came in
again at
Milford,

att Milford hauen he entered in⁷ ;
to claime his right, was his delight ;
he brought the blew bore in with him,
32 to encounter with the bore soe white.⁸

¹ Cf. the stanza quoted in Mrs. Markham :

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog
Ruled all England under the Hog."
This poem, written by William Col-
lingborne, is quoted in Larwood's His-
tory of Signboards, p. 116, where it says
Richard III.'s cognisance was a *boar*,
passant, *argent*. Blue Boar—Earl of
Oxford. See *Hist. Signb.*, p. 116.—
Skeat. The Earls of Oxford and Pem-
broke were two of the chief commanders
in Henry VII.'s army. The deeds of the
latter (Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke,
afterwards Duke of Bedford), and of the
famous Sir Wm. Brandon, the Standard

Bearer, do not appear to be commemo-
rated in this poem.—G. E. Adams.

² And there he rooted up and down.—P.

³ clean away.—P.

⁴ and ne'er.—P.

⁵ See "Bosworth feilde," l. 347.—F.

⁶ conceal.—P.

⁷ See "Scotish feilde," l. 8, vol. i.
p. 212 ; "Bosworth feilde," l. 50, below ;
"Ladye Bessiye," below, l. 809.—F.

⁸ The blue boar was borne by the
Earl of Oxford, who is named in line 71.
Richard III.'s cognisance was a boar
passant, *argent*.—Skeat.

- the[n] ¹ a messenger the rose did send
to the Egles nest, & bidd him hye ;
“ to my ffather ² the old Egle I doe [me] comend, ³
36 his aide and helpe I craue ⁴ speedylye.”
- saies, “ I desire my father att my ⁵ cominge
of men and ⁶ mony att my need,
& alsoe my mother of her deer blessing,
40 then better then I hope to speede.”
- & when the messenger came before ⁷ thold Egle,
he kneeled him downe vpon his knee,
saith, “ well greeteth you my Lord the rose,
44 he hath sent you greetings here by me.
- “ safe ffrom the seas Christ hath him ⁸ sent,
now he is entered England within.”
“ let vs thanke god,” the old Egle did say,
48 “ he shall be the fflower of all his kine !
- “ wend away, messenger, with might and maine ;
itts hard to know who a man may trust ;—
I hope the rose shall fflourish againe,
52 & haue all things att his owne lust.”
- then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes wales with him :
a worthy sight itt was to see,
how the welchmen rose wholly with him,
56 & shogged ⁹ him to Shrewsburye.
- and sent to ask
the old Eagle to help him
with men and money.
The Rose's messenger tells the old Eagle.
He thanks God,
and wishes the Rose God speed.
The Welshmen carry the Rose to Shrewsbury,

¹ tho, or then.—P.

² send me the loue of the Lord Stanley!

he married my mother, a Lady bright.

Bosworth ffilde, l. 59-60, below.—F.

³ we commend.—P.

⁴ his aid I must crave.—P.

⁵ I desire of my Father at my.—P.

⁶ Both men &c.—P.

⁷ there.—P.

⁸ Apparently altered from “mim” in MS.—F.

⁹ moved. See vol. i. p. 218, note ³.—F.

where
Master
Mitton is
bailiff.

Att *that* time was baylye in ¹ Shrewsburye
one Master Mitton² in the towne.
the gates were strong, & he mad them ffast,
60 & the portcullis he lett downe ;

Mitton
declares no
one shall
enter,

& throug a garrett of the walls,
ouer severne these words said hee,
“att these gates no man enter shall.”
64 but he kept him out a night & a day.³

but on
getting
orders
from Sir
William
Stanley,

these words Mitton did ⁴ Erle Richmond tell ;
I am sure the Chronicles of this will not Lye ;
but when *lettres* came ⁵ from Sir William Stanley of
the holt castle,
68 then the gates were opened presentlye.

lets in the
Red Rose,

who stops
Lord Oxford
killing him.

then entred this towne the noble Lord
the Erle Richmond, the ⁶ rose soe redd,
the Erle of Oxford with a sword
72 wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.

“ but hold your hand,” saies Erle Richmond,
“ ffor his lone *that* dyed vpon a tree !
ffor if wee begin to head ⁷ so soone, [page 434]
76 in England wee shall beare no degree.”

Richmond
asks Mitton
why he
opposed
him ?

“ Because
Richard is
my king.”

“ what offence haue I made thee,” sayd Erle
Richmonde,
“ *that* thou Kept me out of my towne? ”
“ I know no King,” sayd Mitton then,
80 “ but Richard now *that* weares the crowne.”

¹ of.—P.

² Maister Mitton.—P.

³ be kept out by night or day.—P.
The man misses the whole point of the
story: the Mayor said, I have sworn that
no one shall enter this town except *ouer*
my body: on which Henry proposed that

he should lie down and let him step over
him; which he did.—Skeat.

⁴ he did.—P.

⁵ *came* in MS.—F.

⁶ that.—P.

⁷ A.-S. *heafðlian*, to behead.—F.

“why, what wilt thou say,” said Erle Richmonde,

“when I haue put *King* Richard downe?”

“why, then Ile be as true to you, my Lord,
after the time *that* I am sworne.”

“But when
I put
Richard
downe?”

“Why then
I’ll be true
to you.”

“were itt not great pittie,” sayd ¹ Erle Richmond,

“*that* such a man as this shold dye?”

such Loyall service by him done,

the cronickles of this will not Lye.²

“thou shalt not be harmed in any case.”

he pardone[d] him presentlye.

they stayd not past a night & a day,³

but towards newport ⁴ did they hye.

So Mitton
is pardoned.

but ⁵ [at] Attherston these Lords did meete;

a worthy sight itt was to see,

how Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,

& said, “Cheshire & Lancashire, welcome to me.”

Cheshire and
Lancashire
back
the Rose,

but now is a bird ⁶ of the Egle taken⁷;

ffrom the white bore he cannot flee.

therfore the old Egle ⁸ makes great moane,

& prayes to god most certainly:

but the
young Eagle
is taken,

and the old
one prays
God

“O stedfast god, verament,” he did say—

“3 persons in one god in Trinytye!

saue my sonne, the young Egle, this day

ffrom all ffalse craft & trecherye!”

to save his
son.

he, or Richmond said.—P.

will not belye.—P.

in the wyle cop, Shrewsbury, is an
house, lately a tinman’s shop (and,
now, it is so still) where either
Henry VII. or *Richard* III. is said to
lodged not long before the battle of
Borth.—Skeat.

⁴ Newport in Shropshire.—P.

⁵ Qu. At, or perhaps about.—P.

⁶ Lord Strange, the eldest son of Lord
Stanley.—G. E. A.

⁷ Egle.—P.

⁸ Lord Stanley, afterwards made Earl
of Derby.—G. E. A.

- The blue
Boar (Lord
Oxford)
leads the
van ;
- then the blew bore ¹ the vanward had :
he was both warry and wise of witt ;
the right hand of them he tooke,
108 the sunn & wind of them to gett.
- the Eagle,
- then the Egle ffollowed fast vpon his pray ;
with ² sore dints he did them amyte.
- Talbot,
Unicorn,
- the Talbott ³ he bitt wonderous sore,
112 soe well the vnicorne ⁴ did him quite.
- Hart's head,
- & then came in the harts head ⁵ ;
a worthy sight itt was to see,
- white-and-
red-jackets,
fight,
- they Iacketts *that* were of white & redd,
116 how they Laid about them lustilye.
- and win the
day.
The white
Boar
(Richard
III.) is slain.
- but now is the ffeirce ffeeld foughten & ended,
& the white bore there Lyeth slaine ;
& the young Egle is preserued,
120 & come to ⁶ his nest againe.
- The garden
flourishes.
- but now this garden flourishes ffreshly & gay,
with ffragrant fflowes comely of hew ;
& gardners itt doth maintaine ;
124 I hope they will prone Iust & true.
- Our King is
the Rose.
- our King, he is the rose soe redd,
that now does flourish ffresh and gay.
- God love
him !
- Confound his ffoes, Lord, wee beseeche,
128 & loue his grace both night & day !
- ffinis.

¹ The badge of John, Earl of Oxford.
—G. E. Adams.

² And with.—P.

³ The Talbot was the badge of the family of Talbot, Earls of Shrewsbury. The person referred to is doubtless *Sir Gilbert Talbot* of Grafton (uncle of the 4th Earl, then a minor), who commanded the right wing of Henry's army.—G.E.A.

⁴ The unicorn's head was the crest of Sir John Savage of Rock Savage, co. Chester, one of Henry's principal commanders at Bosworth.—G. E. A.

⁵ Probably alluding to those in the arms of Sir Wm. Stanley (the brother to Lord Stanley), who had the rearguard.—G. E. A.

⁶ unto.—P.

The pore man & the Kínge:

is a Kent version of the ballad which Martin Parker issued for Northumberland one in 1640, with the title "*The King and the Northerne Man*. Shewing how a poore Northumberland man, a tenant to the King, being wronged by a Lawyer (neighbour), went to the King himself to make knowne his wronges. Full of simple mirth and merry plaine jests." The

Society reprinted this in 1841, Mr. Collier editing; and Hazlitt reprinted it in 1866 in his *Early Popular Poetry*, p. 290. The Folio ballad differs from Parker's, not only in the incidents, but in some of the incidents, and much in the wording. The existence (coupled with that of the *King & Northern Man*, noticed by W. O[nley] noticed by Mr. Collier,) confirms the suggestion of that editor, which Mr. Hazlitt states thus: "The strictness of Martin Parker to the original authorship of this production may be open to question. Perhaps he merely modernized what he found already in print, but too antique to please the taste of the palates of the customers for such articles in his day, and the strength of this attached his initials, which, as will be seen, occur at the conclusion of the tract." The second edition was in 1673, black letter, eleven leaves; and there is a copy in the British Museum. (Hazlitt.)

Lawyers have always been reckoned poor men's foes. And the story is not far to seek. As a gamekeeper said to a solicitor I knew who had grumbled at the dogs out shooting, and then got cruelly hooked up by some brambles, "We call them 'ere they come down here, we do. When they once gets hold of 'ee, don't let 'ee go without takin' a bit out of 'ee." The

profession has not the credit of working at law for nothing, whatever it may do at Early English, &c. &c. Langland says in his *Vision* (p. 5, l. 849, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat):

þer houep an Hundret · in Houues of selk,
 Seriauns hit semeþ · to seruen atte Barre;
 Pleden for pons · and poundes þe lawe,
 Not for loue of vr lord · vn-losep heore lippes ones.
 þow mihtest beter meten þe Myst · on Maluerne hulles,
 þen geten a Mom of heore Mouþ · til moneye weore schewed.

The rebels under Wat Tyler “killed such judges and lawyers as fell into their hands” (*Macfarlane*, iv. 183); and the Scotch proverbs—“Law licks up a’,” “Nae plea is the best plea,” “Law’s costly; tak a pint and gree,” &c. (*Hislop*, p. 308)—bear witness to the general modern feeling on the subject.

The punishment of a rapacious lawyer has always been a popular theme, and the present ballad tells how a poor man who dwelled in Kent paid out the lawyer who tried to fleece him. He went to his king—the popular remedy for men alone, as ballads and stories show; the popular remedy for crowds, as Wat Tyler’s rebellion shows—and begged to be let off the forfeiture of his lease that his felling five of his landlord’s, the king’s, ash trees to build his house with had worked, and of which forfeiture the lawyer wanted to take advantage. Needless to say that the king forgives his Kentish man,—a worthy descendant of those who stood up against William the Conqueror for their rights,—and, to punish the lawyer in a way that all may understand, bids the poor man,

untill hee haue paid thee a 100^{li}
 thoust tye him to a tree that hee cannott start.

This the poor man threatens to do; but the lawyer pays down his money, and the ballad concludes:

God send all Lawyers thus well served!
 then may pore ffarmers liue in rest.

The poem also gives rise to another set of scenes like those we

ve-seen in the *Kinge and Miller* and *John de Reeve*, on the countryman's coming to court. To those who "coude their rtesye," and were full of the flunkeyish respect of persons that characterises courtiers, it must have been a joke to see a proud porter rapped on the crown by the country clown, a nobleman offered fourpence for an introduction to the king, and the dread incarnation of majesty himself told that he was a very poor-looking fellow for a sovereign, and his grand feast only—

. twatling dishes soe small :
 zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all !
 (vol. i. p. 156.)

on the general subject Mr. Hales's Introduction to the *King and Miller*, vol. i. pp. 147–8, should be consulted.—F.

ITT : was a pore man, he dwelled in Kent,
 he payd our King 5^d of rent ;

A poor man
 holds land of
 the King.

& there is a lawyer dwelt him by,
 4 a ffault in his [lease,¹] god wott ! he hath ffound,
 " & all was for ffalling of 5 ashe trees
 to build me a house of my owne good ground.

A lawyer
 says he has
 forfeited his
 lease by
 cutting five
 ash trees.

" I bidd him lett me & my ground alone² ;
 8 to cease his selfe, if he was willinge,
 & pike no vantages out of his³ lease ;
 & hee seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40^s ;⁴

He offers the
 lawyer 40s.

to keep
 quiet.

[" 40^s nor 40^l
 2 wold not agree this lawer and mee,
 without I wold giue him of my farme ground,
 & stand to his good curtesye.⁵]

The lawyer
 demands
 some of his
 land.

¹ lease.—P. See line 9.—F.

² MS. *alome*. *him* is *hem* with the *e*
 added.—F.

³ my.—F.

⁴ Read 40 shillings.—Skeat.

⁵ These are lines 147–50 below.—F.

He then
offers
5 marks;

“ he ¹ said, ‘ nay, by his fay, *that* hee wold not doe,
16 ffor wiffe and children wold make madd warke,
but & he wold lett him and his ground alone,
he seemed a good ffellow, he wold gine him 5 marka.’ ”

but the
lawyer
refuses that
too.
So the poor
man resolves
to go to the
King.

‘ he said, ‘ nay by his ffay, *that* wold he not doe,
20 ffor 5 good ash trees *that* he ffell.’
‘ then He doe as neighbors haue put me in head,
He make a submission to the King my-selfe.’ ”

by [that] he had gone a dayes iourney,
24 one of his neighbors he did spye,
“ Neibor ! how ffar haue I to our King ? (page 198)
I am going towards him as ffast as I can hye.”

“ alas ! to-day,” said his neighbour,
28 itt is ffor you I make all this mone.
you may talke of *that* time enoughe
by *that* tenn daies Iourney you haue gone.”

He gets to
London,

but when he came to London street,
32 for an host house he did call.
he Lay soe longe othe tother morninge a-sleepe,
that the court was remoued to winsor hall.

oversleeps
himself,

and is told
he must go
on to
Windsor;

“ arrise, my guest, you haue great neede ;
36 you haue Lyen too long euen by a great while ;
the court is Remoued to winsor this morning ;
hee is ffurther to seeke by 20 mile.”

“ alacke to-day ! ” quoth the poore man,
40 “ I thinke your King att me gott witt ;
had he knowen of my cominge,
I thinke he wold haue tarried yett.”

¹ The poor man speaks of himself in the third person ; or else *he* and *hee* are

miscopied for the *I* of line 164.—F.
² MS. *marke*.—F.

“ he ffoled not for you,” then said his host,
 44 “ but hye you to windsor as fast as you may ;
 & all your costs & your charges,
 haue you no doubt but the *King* will pay.”

the King
will pay his
expenses.

he hath gotten a gray russett gowne on his backe,
 48 & a hood well buckeled vnder his chin,
 & a longe staffe vpon his necke,
 & he is to windsor to our *Kinge*.

soe when hee came to windsor hall,
 52 the gates were shutt as he there stood ;
 he knocket and poled with a great Long staffe :
 the porter had thought hee had beene woode.

So he goes to
Windsor
Hall,

knocks at
the gates,

he knocket againe with might & maine,
 56 saie, “ hey hoe ! is our *King* within ? ”
 with *that* he proffered a great reward,
 a single penny, to lett him come in.

and offers
the porter a
penny to let
him in.

“ I thanke you, Sir,” quoth the porter then,
 60 “ the reward is soe great I cannott say nay ;
 there is a noble-man standing by,
 first He goe heare what hee will say.”

The porter

fetches a
nobleman,

the nobleman then came to the gates,
 64 & asked him what his busines might bee :
 “ nay, soft,” quoth the ffellow, “ I tell thee not yett,
 before I doe the *King* himselfe see ;

who asks
the man
what his
business is.

“ I’ll tell the
King myself.

“ itt was told me ere I came ffrom home,
 68 *that* gentlemens hounds eaten arrands by the way,
 & pore curr doggs may eate mine ¹ ;
 therefore I meane my owne arrands ² to say.”
 “ but & thou come in,” saies the Porter then,
 72 “ thy bumble staffe behind wee must stay.”

Messengers
often
swallow
their
errands.”

“ Leave your
staff, then.”

¹ MS. nine.—F.

² MS. arrand, with a tag to the d.—F.

"No, I
shan't;

the court
bankrupts
may rob
me."

"beshrow the, Lyar," then said the pore man,
"then may thou terme me a foole, or a worsse;
I know not what bankrounts bee about our King,
76 for lacke of mony wold take my pursse."

"hold him backe," then said the noble-man,
"& more of his speech wee will haue soone;
He see how hee can answer the matter
80 as soone as the match att bowles is done."

The poor
man is led
to a noble-
man,

the porter tooke the pore man by the hand,
& ledd him before the noble-man :
he kneeled downe vpon his knees,
84 & these words to him sayd then :

whom he
first takes
for the King,

"& you be Sir King," then said the pore man,
"you are the goodlyest ffellow *that* euer I see;
you haue soe many I[i]ngles Iangles about yee,
88 I neuer see man weare but yee."

and then
offers 4d. to
bring him to
the King.

"I am not the King," the Nobleman said,
"although I weare now a proud cote."
"& you be not King, & youle bring me to him,
92 ffor your reward He giue you a groat."

The noble-
man says
he'll ask the
King ;

"I thanke you, Sir," saith the Noble-man,
"your reward is soe great, I cannott say nay;
He ffirst goe know our Kings pleasure ;
96 till I come againe, be sure *that* you stay."

"here is such a staring," said the pore man,
"I thinke the King is better heere then in our
countrie ;
I cold haue gone to ffarmost nooke in the house,
100 Neither Ladd nor man to haue troubled mee." [page 426]

does so ;

the noble-man went before our Kinge,
soe well hee knew his curtesye,
"there is one of the rankest clownes att your gates
104 *that* euer Englishman did see.

“ he calles them knaues your hignes keepe,
 with-all hee calls them somewhatt worsse,
 he dare not come in without a longe staffe,
 8 hees ffeard lest some bankrout shold pike his pursse.”

“ lett him come in,” then said our King,
 “ lett him come in, and his staffe too ;
 weelee see how he can answer euery matter
 2 now the match att bowles is done.¹ ”

and the
 King
 answers “ et
 him come
 in.”

the Noble-man tooke the pore man by the hand,
 & led him through chambers and galleryes hye :
 “ what does our King with soe many empty houses,
 6 & garres them not filled with corne and hay ? ”

The poor
 man

& as they went through one alley,
 the nobleman soone the King did spye ;
 “ yond is the King,” the noble-man sayd,
 9 “ looke thee, good ffellow, yond hee goes by ! ”

asks why
 the King
 doesn't
 fill his
 empty
 rooms with
 corn and
 hay,

“ belike hee is some vnthriff,” said the pore man,
 “ & he hath made some of his clothes away.”
 “ now hold thy tounge,” said the Nobleman,
 4 “ & take good heed what thou dost say.”

and on being
 shown
 the King,
 won't
 believe it is
 he,

the weather itt was exceeding hott,
 & our King hath Laid some of his clothes away ;

& when the noble-man came before our King,
 8 soe well hee knew his curtesie,
 the pore man ffollowed after him,
 gaue a nodd with his head, & a becke with his
 knee :

“ & if you be the king,” then said the pore man,
 2 “ as I can hardly thinke you bee,
 this goodly ffellow *that* brought me hither,
 seemes liker to be a King then yee.”

and tells
 him the
 nobleman
 looks more
 like a king
 than he
 does.

¹ doo.—Dyce.

But the
King says he
is king,

136

"I am the King, & the King indeede;
lett me thy matter vnderstand."

and the poor
man tells
him how
the lawyer,

then the pore man ffell downe on his knees:

"I am your tennant on your owne good Land,

140

"& there is a Lawyer dwells me by,
a ffault in my lease, god wott, hee hath found,
& all is for ffelling of 5 ashe trees
to build me a house in my owne good ground.

because he
has cut
down 5 ash
trees,

144

"I bade him lett me & my ground alone,
& cease himselfe, if *that* hee was willing,
& pike no vantage out of my Lease;
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40^s;

wants to
make him
forfeit his
lease,

148

"40^s nor 40^h;
wold not agree this lawer and mee,¹
without I wold giue him of my farme ground,
& stand to his good curtesye.

unless he'll
give up
some of his
land.

152

"I said, 'nay, by fay, *that* wold I not doe;
ffor wiffe & children wold make madd warke;
& hee wold lett me & my ground alone,
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 5 marke."

"Have you
your lease?"
says the
King.

156

"but hast thou thy Lease eene thee vppon,
or canst thou shew to mee thy deede?"
he pulled itt fforth of his bosome,
& saies, "heere my Leege, if you cann reede."

"Here it is
if you can
read it."

"What if I
can't?"

160

"what if I cannott?" then sayes our King,
"good ffellow, to mee what hast thou to say?"
"I haue a boy att home, but 13 yeere old,
will reede itt as ffale gast as young by the way."

"My boy of
13 can."

¹ Lines 147 and 148 are written as one in the MS.—F.

"I can neuer gett these knotts Loose," then said our
King ;

hee gane itt a gentleman stood him hard by.

"*thats* a proud horsse," then said the pore man,

"*that* will not carry his owne prouentye ;

" & yee paid me 5^s rent as I doe yee,

I wold not be to proud to loose a knott ;

but giuet me againe, & Ile loose itt for ye,

soe *that* in my rent youle bate mee a groate."

an¹ old man tooke this Lease in his hande,

& the Kings maiesty stooode soe,

"Ile warrant thee, pore man, & thy ground,

if² thou had ffallen 5 ashes more.³"

"Alas to-day !" then said the pore man,

"now hold your tonge,⁴ & trouble not mee ;

hee *that* troubles me this day with this matter,

Cares neither for your warrantts, you, nor mee."

"Ile make thee attachment, ffoole," hee sayes, [page 427]

"*that* all *that* sees itt shall take thy part.

vntill hee haue paid thee a 100^{li}

thoust tye him to a tree *that* hee cannott start."

"I thanke you, Sir," said the poreman then :

"about this Matter, sith you haue beene willinge,

& seemed to doe the best you cann,

with all my heart Ile giue you a shillinge."

"a plauge on thy knaves hart !" then said our King,

"this mony on my skin⁵ Lyes soe cold."

he fflang itt into the Kings Bossome,

because in his hand he wold itt not hold.

"I can't
read it,"
says the
King.

"More
shame to
you," says
the poor
man ;

"I'll read it
for you if
you'll let me
off 4d. rent !"

The King
tells him
he'll war-
rant him his
ground.

"Warrant!
the lawyer
don't care
for you or
your war-
rants."

"Well
then," says
the King,
"tie the
lawyer up to
a tree till he
pays you
100l."

"Thank
you, that'll
do,

and I'll give
you 1s."

which he
throws into
the King's
bosom.

the.—F.

i.e. even if.—Skeat.

moe.—Dyce.

⁴ Another letter blotched with e follows
in the MS.—F.

⁵ MS. skim.—F.

The King
gives him
100*l*.

the King called his tresurer,
192 saies "count me downe a 100^{li}—
since he hath spent mony by the way,—
to bring him home to his owne good ground."

when the 100^{li} was counted,
196 to receiue itt the pore man was willing :
"if I had thought you had had soe much siluer &
gold,
you shold not haue had my good shilling."

When the
poor man
comes
home,
the lawyer
asks him
where he
has been.

the Lawyer came to welcome him
200 when hee came home vppon a sunday :
"where haue you beene, Neihbor ? " hee sayes,
"methinkes you haue beene long away."

"To the
King,

"I haue beene att the King," the poore man said.
204 "& what the deuill didest thou doe there?
cold not our neihbors haue agreede vs,
but thou must goe soe ffarr ffrom heere ? "

who's told
me to tie you
up till you
pay me
100*l*."

"there cold no neighbors haue agreed thee & me,
208 nor halfe soe well haue pleased my hart ;
vntill thou haue payd mee a 100^{li},
He tye thee to a tree, thou cannott start."

The lawyer
pays the
money.

when the 100^{li} was counted,
212 to receiue itt the poreman was most willing ;
& for the paines in the Law hee had taken,
hee wold not gine him againe one shilling.

May God
serve all
lawyers so,

god send all Lawyers thus well serued !
216 then ¹ may pore ffarmers liue in rest.²

and let us
live in
peace.

god blesse & saue our noble Kinge,
& send vs all to liue in peace ! ffinis.

¹ MS. them.—F.

² ease.—Dyce.

Sir : John Butler :

IN a “ Booke of Survey of the Baronye of Warinton in the countie of Lancaster, Parcell of the possessions of the Right Honorable Robert Erle of Leicester, baron of Denbigh,” as taken on the 19th of April in the twenty-ninth year of “our Sovereign Queen Ladye Elizabeth ” (1587) we find the following description of Bewsey Hall :

The Mannerhowse of Bewsey is situate on the west side of the Town and Lordship of Warrington, and is a mile distant from Warrington Town, and is the South East side of Bewsey Park. The house is environed with a fair mote, over which is a strong draw-bridge. The house is large, but the one half of it being of very old building, is gone to decay, that is to say, the Hall, the Old Buttery, the Pantry, Cellars, Kitchen, Dayhouse and Brewhouse, which can not be sufficiently repaired again without the charge of 100*l*. The other half is of new building and not decayed, being one great chamber, four other chambers or buildings, a kitchen, a buttery, and also three chambers and a parlour of the old building are in good repair. There is also an old chapel, but much decayed. The seat of the manorhouse with the garden and all the rest of the grounds within the mote containeth 3 roods 20 perches. . . .

The park is three measured miles about ; almost the one half of it is full of little tall oaks, but not underwood. It is indifferent well paled about. There is in it little above six score deer of all sorts ; the soil of the park is very barren.

The park and demesne lands together contained 304 acres large measure=644 statute.

The family of Botyller, Boteler, and many other variations of spelling, becoming Butler in the reign of Henry VII., was seated at Warrington in the time of Henry III. A William Butler was then in ward to Earl Ferrars, and sometime about 1240

bought the manor of Burtonwood from Robert de Ferrariis.¹ Here he built Bewsey Hall, and thereafter took the style of Butler of Bewsey instead of Butler of Warrington.

It is not intended to go into the family history of the Butlers. As lords of various manors held *in capite*, they had to lead their retainers in the Welsh and Scotch wars; and Froissart has a characteristic narrative of the rescue of John Butler of Bewsey by Sir Walter Manny in the French campaign in 1342.² This seems to have been the prosperous time of the family. A priory of Hermit Friars of St. Augustin in Warrington was probably founded by them towards the close of the thirteenth century. The chancel of the parish church dates about 1360. Sir John Butler rebuilt Warrington Bridge, which had been washed away by floods, 1364. He seems also to have founded the Butler Chantry in the church.³ His grandson, another Sir John, died about 1432, leaving a son a year old, and a widow Isabella, whose petition to Parliament may be seen in the Rotuli Parliamentorum.⁴

Seven years after her husband's death she was forcibly carried away from Bewsey Hall by one William Poole, gent. of Liverpool, "in her kirtle and smok" to Birkenhead—another petition says the wild parts of Wales—and there compelled to enter into a forced marriage. What the end of it was we are not told, but her son John grew up and married, first Anne Savile, and secondly Margaret Stanley, sister of the first Lord Stanley, and widow of Sir Thomas Troutbeck. Here we come into much entanglement. Some accounts make Lady Margaret the wife of Troutbeck after her marriage with Lord Grey. Sir John Butler had two sons—William by Anne Savile, and Thomas by Margaret Stanley. William died about the time of his coming of age, and Thomas finally succeeded as heir in the year 1482. Sir John died in 1462, and he seems to have been the hero of the ballad, of the

¹ Gent. Mag. Dec. 1863, p. 755.

² Froissart, vol. ii. p. 9, cap. 86.

³ Lancashire Chantries. (*Cheth. Soc.*), p. 67.

⁴ Rot. Parl. iv. 497-8.

traditions of the neighbourhood, and of the narrative of Dods-worth.

The Old Church, as it is always called by the inhabitants, the High Church of Warrington as named in the ancient charters, seems even then to have lost the name of the saint to whom it was dedicated—St. Elphin—in Domesday Book. It has been rebuilt within the last few years, and consisted then (1860) of a nave, north and south transepts (private chapels), chancel and central tower. The chancel and tower arches were good decorated work of about 1360. The north transept was the chapel connected with Bewsey Hall, and had the name of the owners—the Athertons. In the sixteenth century it was the Butler Chapel or Chantry. It contained in the centre a magnificent altar tomb, apparently of the time of Edward IV., which still exists.¹ The LORD and LADY are recumbent, life-size, he in armour, and the sides of the tomb are ornamented with statuettes in relief of various saints, but there is no inscription, nor any appearance of there ever having been one. In an arch in the north wall of the chapel was a monument, in black marble, of a recumbent female; and to the east of this, in the position usually ascribed to the founder, was a cinquefoiled arch which held a stone coffin, the contents of which had disappeared before the chapel was pulled down. This chapel, except the cinquefoiled arch, was of late perpendicular work, and most likely built by the widow of Sir Thomas Butler 1520–30. The name of the Butlers had vanished from their resting place, but the memory of the lord and lady and their unfortunate end was handed down from generation to generation in connection with this monument, no doubt receiving additions or suffering mutilation according to circumstances.

The tale, as generally told, was that certain of the lord's enemies bribed his steward, and that the faithless servant placed

¹ The whole of the chapel has been pulled down, but the tombs have been preserved: the only part of the old pile left is the chancel.

a light at a window over the hall door, to give notice to the assassins, who crossed the mote and found the door open. They made their way to the lord's chamber, and were met and opposed by a negro servant, who fell in defence of his master, whose murder soon followed. The heir, a baby, was carried by the nurse in her apron, covered with chips, out of the house, under the pretence that she was going to light a fire. Two large dark patches on the oaken floors, one in a narrow passage leading to the lord's room, the other within the room, near the door, were left as evidence to all following time, and it was said that every room on that floor, the second, was more or less stained with blood.

A new servant had always to get accustomed to the visits of an apparition, a rattling of chains along the narrow lobby, and three raps at the bedroom door at midnight, till use made the thing pass as a matter of course. The traitor steward was promised great exaltation, and they hanged him on an oak as they came away through the park. A tree pointed out as the *infelix arbor* was cut down some forty years ago.¹

Such was the tale sixty years ago. It had, perhaps, been modified by being introduced as an episode in a poem published with Dodsworth's account in 1796, the first effort of the author of the interminable epic *Alfred*—Mr. John Fitchett. Pennant, who travelled after the middle of last century, heard that both the lord and lady were slain; and a century before that, Roger Dodsworth had taken the pains to put in writing what he had heard, and his narrative is still in the Bodleian Library.

Dodsworth's account is as follows:—When King Henry VII. came to Latham, the Earl of Derby sent to Sir John Butler, who was his brother-in-law, to desire him to wear his cloth for a

¹ This tree was certainly not so old as the time of Elizabeth. As an attendant spirit (on the domain however, more than its lords) was a white rabbit, which

made its appearance when trouble or change was impending; it is said to have been seen within the present century.

time—a request which the Lady Butler answered with great disdain. This gave rise to great malice on the part of the Earl, which was increased by various other matters, till, with the assistance of Sir Piers Legh and William Savage, they corrupted his servants and murdered him in his bed. His lady, who was in London, dreamed that night that Bewsey Hall swam with blood. She indicted twenty men for the murder; but after marrying Lord Grey, he made her suit void. Upon which she left him and came back into Lancashire, and said, ‘If my lord will not help me, that I may have my will of mine enemies, yet my body shall be buried by him,’ and caused a tomb of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth upon the right hand of her husband Sir John Butler. The faithful servant was the chamberlain named Holcroft, and the traitor was his brother; the porter at the hall, whom the assassins hanged in the park.

Dodsworth’s tale, no doubt, represents the tradition as it existed in the middle of the seventeenth century, but it is altogether at variance with facts. During the whole of the reign of Henry VII. the lord of Bewsey was Sir Thomas Butler, who succeeded (as already stated) to the estate in 1482, and died in 1522. He certainly went quietly to his rest, after providing amply for the foundation of a grammar school in Warrington. His father, Sir John, according to the *Inquisitio Post Mortem* still extant in the Bodleian Library, died in 1463, leaving besides Thomas, who succeeded, a brother William, ten or twelve years older. They were wards to the king, and the younger one is said to have been of the Stanley blood; in fact, there are documents still in existence showing the interest Lord Stanley and his son Lord Strange took in the latter just before the battle of Bosworth Field.¹ But not a tittle of evidence has turned up to show that there was any murder at all. The record of the outrage on the previous Lady Butler is given in the ROTULI PARLIAMENTORUM,

¹ Gent. Mag. Sept. 1862.

but every thing connected with the murder of the last Sir John seems to have vanished like Macbeth's witches. There had certainly been bad blood between the Leghs and Butlers for some generations, which continued for two or three generations after; and this Sir Piers Legh of the tale is said to have been compelled to build a church at Dishley, near Lyme, to expiate the guilt he had incurred in the bloodshed. His monumental brass, where he is represented as wearing a priest's robes over his armour, is still to be seen in Winwick Church; and as he died in 1527, aged 65, he could only have been an infant at the date of Butler's death. It seems out of the question to connect Lord Stanley, Butler's brother-in-law, with it; and nothing is known about William Savage. As to the blood-marks, that portion of Bewsey Hall is not older than the sixteenth century, and was most likely the part described in the "Surveye" as having been then newly built, so that we meet only with phantom evidence, which we can neither grasp nor realise.

Whether the Lord Grey was of Codnor, of Groby, or de Ferrariis is uncertain; and it is doubtful whether Lady Margaret Butler was the widow of Troutbeck when she married Sir John, or whether, as another account states, she married Troutbeck for her third husband.

We believe no other copy of this ballad is known. It is in a fragmentary state, and no doubt a good deal of it is wanting; the language too has been modernised; but the peculiar account of Lady Butler's absence from home, and "her good brother John," clearly the first Stanley of Alderley, would lead to the supposition that it was written soon after the murder, by one who was acquainted with the family, and before Lord Stanley was made Earl of Derby. The introduction of Ellen Butler as Sir John's daughter, may have been a mistake, or put, *euphonice gratia*, for the real name Alice, who would have been fourteen or fifteen at the time. Sir John is represented as nephew to Stanley, which must have been incorrect; it may, however, be from the

ballad-maker's confusion of ideas, as Lady Butler afterwards calls Stanley her brother.

The end of the Butlers was sad enough, but we have no space for it here. Descendants in the female line are still in existence, and a keen genealogist might trace them to our own time; but their place knows them no more, the very name is forgotten, and when the fine altar tomb was opened some years ago, a very few mouldering bones and the fragment of a heavy two-handed sword were all that it contained.

The knight was dust,
His good sword rust,
His soul is with the saints we trust. (J. ROBSON.)

BUT word is come to warrington,
& Busye hall is laid about ;
Sir Iohn Butler and his merry men
4 stand in ffull great doubt.

Busye Hall
is sur-
rounded,
and Sir J.
Butler in
danger.

when they came to Busye hall
itt was the merke¹ midnight,
and all the bridges were vp drawen,
8 and neuer a candle Light.

At midnight
his takers
come ;

there they made them one good boate,
all of one good Bull skinn ;
William Sauage was one of the ffirst
12 that euer came itt within.

on a bull-
skin boat

hee sayled ore his merrymen
by 2 and 2 together,
& said itt was as good a bote
16 as ere was made of lether.

cross over
the moat.

¹ merke, dark ; MS. may be *merle*.--F.

Ellen Butler
rouses her
father.

His uncle
Stanley is
there.

No money
will save
him.

Ellen comes
down to the
hall.

"Where is
your
father?"

"Gone to
London,
I swear."

"No, he is
not ;

we must
have him."

They search,

find him,

"waken you, waken you, deare ffather !
god waken you within !

for heere is your vnckle standlye
come your hall within."

"if *that* be true, Ellen Butler,
these tydings you tell mee,
a 100^l in good redd gold
this night will not borrow mee."

then ¹ came downe Ellen Butler
& into her ffathers hall,
& then came downe Ellen Butler,
& shee was laced in pall.

"where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler ?
haue done, and tell itt mee."
"my ffather is now to London ridden,
as Christ shall haue part of mee."

"Now nay, Now nay, Ellen Butler,
ffor soe itt must not bee ;
ffor ere I goe fforth of this hall,
your ffather I must see."

thé sought *that* hall then vp and downe ²
theras Iohn Butler Lay ² ;
thé sought *that* hall then vp and downe
theras Iohn Butler Lay ;

ffaire him ffall, litle Holcrofft !
soe Merrilye he kept the dore,
till *that* his head ffrom his shoulders
came tumbling downe the ffloore.

¹ MS. them.—F.

² These two lines only of the four are

in the MS., but they are marked with a
bracket and *bis*.—F.

“yeeld thee, yeelde thee, Iohn Butler!
yeelde thee now to mee!”

and summon
him to yield.

“I will yeelde me to my vnckle Stanlye,
& neere to ffalse Peeter Lee.”

“a preist, a preist,” saies Ellen Butler,
“to housle and to shrine!

“A priest to
shrive my
father,” says
Ellen.

a preist, a preist,” sais Ellen Butler,

“while *that* my father is a man alive!”

then bespake him william Sauage,—
a shames death may hee dye!—

sayes, “he shall haue no other preist
but my bright sword and mee.”

“No priest
but my
sword,” says
Savage.

the Ladye Butler is to London rydden,
shee had better haue beene att home,
shee might haue beggd her owne marryed Lord
att her good Brother Iohn.

Lady Butler
is in
London.

& as shee lay in leene London,
& as shee lay in her bedd,
shee dreamed her owne marryed Lord
was swiminge in blood soe red.

She dreams
that her
lord swims
in blood,

shee called vp her merry men all
long ere itt was day,
saies, “wee must ryde to Busye hall
with all speed *that* wee may.”

calls up her
men

and rides
homeward.

shee mett with 3 Kendall men
were ryding by the way:

She meets
Kendal men,

“tydings, tydings, Kendall men,
I pray you tell itt mee!”

and asks
tidings.

- “ heawy tydings, deare Madam !
 ffrom you wee will not Leane,¹
 the worthyest *Knight* in merry England,
 76 Iohn Butler, Lord ! hee is slaine ! ”
- “ ffarewell, ffarwell, Iohn Butler !
 ffor thee I must neuer see.
 ffarewell, ffarwell, Busiye hall !
 80 for thee I will neuer come nye.”
- She turns
 back to
 London,
 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,
 in all the speed might bee ;
 & when shee came before her prince,
 84 shee kneeled low downe on her knee :
- and prays
 the King
 “ a boone, a boone, my Leege ! ” shee sayes,
 “ ffor gods loue grant itt mee ! ”
 “ what is thy boone, Lady Butler ?
 88 or what wold thou haue of mee ? ”
- to kill her
 lord’s three
 slayers.
 “ what is thy boone, Lady Butler ?
 or what wold thou haue of mee ? ”
 “ that ffalse Peeres of Lee, & my brother Stanley,
 92 & william Sauage, and all, may dye.”
- “ come you hither, Lady Butler,
 come you ower this stone ;
 wold you haue 3 men ffor to dye,
 96 all ffor the losse off one ? ”
- “ What ! 3
 for 1 ?
 “ come you hither, Lady Butler,
 with all the speed you may ;
 if thou wilt come to London, Lady Butler,
 100 thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.”

ffinis.

¹ O. N. *leina*, to conceal.—F. *Leane* is a Cheshire pronunciation for *layne*, conceal. This provincialism occurs in the previous stanza, where *way* rhymes to *mee*, and elsewhere in the ballad (l. 83–8).

How far south it extends I don’t know, but about Frodsham it is very peculiar.—Dr. Robson.

² These two lines are bracketed, and marked *bis* in the MS.—F.

Will : Stewart & John.

We know of no other copy of this capital ballad.

The scene is in North Britain. The subject is the winning of the Earl of Mar's daughter by William Stuart of Adlatts Park (wherever that may be)—the winning, but not the wooing. The wooing is done by his brother John. It requires much tact and dexterity, and in this respect, though not in age, John has the advantage—

William he is the elder brother,
But John he is the wiser man.

William generally takes to his bed—

—into care-bed leaps he (see vv. 9, 188)

When his passion runs high, or any scheme for crowning it with the object's possession fails. John sets forth to "propose" and "arrange" in his behalf. This giving of wit and importance to the younger brother is perhaps a Norse element. Such a compensation for the disadvantages of juniority, so to speak, is very commonly made in the Norse tales, (see e.g. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*).

The incidental pictures and allusions to manners and customs are highly interesting; as to the kiss of courtesy (v. 139), to football matches (v. 105), to the beating of daughters (v. 171), the Dole day (v. 262), the Beggar's dress and equipment (v. 241 *et seq.*, vv. 312, 313).

Football matches had not unfrequently, as here, a second object—not often, perhaps, so pacific a one as here. "The warlike convocations [of the borderers]," says Scott, "were frequently disguised under pretence of meetings for the purpose of sport.

The game of football in particular, which was anciently and still continues to be a favourite border sport, was the means of collecting together large bodies of moss-troopers previous to any military exploit. When Sir Robert Carey was warden of the East Marches, the knowledge that there was a great match at football at Kelso, to be frequented by the principal Scotch riders, was sufficient to excite his vigilance and his apprehension. Previous also to the murder of Sir John Carmichael, it appeared at the trial of the perpetrators that they had assisted at a grand football meeting where the crime was concerted."

Alas! my
love won't
love me!

ADLATTIS : parke is wyde and broad,
& grasse growes greene in our countrye ;
eche man can gett the loue of his Ladye,
4 but alas, I can gett none of mine !

I sing of
Will Stewart
and Iohn.

itts by 2 men I sing my song,
their names is william Stewart and Iohn :
william he is the Elder brother,
8 but Iohn hee is the wiser man.¹

Will takes
to his bed
for love of
the Earl of
[page 429]
Mar's
daughter.

but william he is in carebed Layd,
& for the loue of a ffaire Ladye ;
If he haue not the loue of the Erle of Mars daughter,
12 in ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.

John asks
him what he
mourns for ;

then Iohn was sorry ffor his brother,
to see him lye and languish soe :
" what doe you mourne for, brother ? " he saies,
16 " I pray you tell to me your woe.

gold

" doe [you ²] mourne for gold, brother ? " he saies,
" or doe you mourne ffor ffee ?

or a girl?

or doe you mourne for a like-some Ladye
20 you neuer saw her with your eye ? "

¹ mon.—F.

² you.—P.

- “I doe not mourne for gold,” he saies,
 “nor I doe not mourne for any ffee ;
 but I doe mourne for a likesome Ladye,
 24 I neere blinke on her with mine eye.”
- “but when haruest is gotten, my deere brother,—
 all this is true *that* I tell thee,—
 gentlemen, they loue hunting well,
 28 & gine wight men their cloth & ffee ;
- “then Ile goe a wooing ffor thy sake
 in all the speed *that* I can gone,
 & for to see this Likesome Ladye,
 32 & hope to send thee good tydings home.”
- Iohn Stewart is gone a wooing for his brother
 soe ffarr into ffaire Scotland,
 & left his brother in mikle ffeare
 36 vntill he heard the good tydand.¹
- & when he came to the Erle of Mars his house,
 soe well he could his curtesye,
 & when he came before the Erle,
 40 he kneeled Low downe vpon his knee.
- “O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Stewart !
 rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee ;
 how doth thy ffather, Iohn Stewart,
 44 & all the Lords in his countrie ? ”
- “& itt please you, my Lord, my ffather is dead,
 my brother & I cannott agree,
 my brother & I am ffallen att discord,
 48 & I am come to crane a service of thee.”

“A beautiful lady.”

“Well, after harvest,

when allowances are given out,

I'll go wooing for you, Will,

and hope to send you good news.”

So John goes

to the Earl of Mar,

kneels down to him,

and says,
 “My father's dead; my brother and I can't agree; take me into your service.”

¹ i. e. tidings.—P.

- " O Welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart !
 a welcome man thou art to me !
 He make thee chamberlaine to my daughter,
 52 & ffor to tend of *that* Ladye soe ffree.
- " & if thou wilt haue a better office,
 aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee ;
 & where I giue other men a penny of wage,
 56 inffaith, Iohn, thou shalt haue 3."
- & then bespake him Iohn Stewart,
 & these were the words said hee,
 " there is no office in your Court
 60 this day *that* better pleaseth mee."
- the ffryday is gone, the sunday is come,—
 all this is true *that* I doe say,—
 & to the church that they be gone,
 64 Iohn Stewart & the Lady gay ;
- & as they did come home againe,
 I-wis itt was a meeten mile,
 Iohn Stewart & the Lady gay,
 68 they thought itt but a [little¹] while.
- " I am a messenger, Ladye," he saies,
 " I am a messenger to thee."
 " O speake ffor thy selfe, Iohn Stewart," shee saies,
 72 " a welcome man *that* thou shalt bee ! "
- " Nay, by my ffaith," saies Iohn Stewart,
 " *which* euer, alas, *that* may not bee !
 he hath a higher degree in honour,
 76 allas, Ladye, then euer I !

¹ little.—P.

"he is a Lord now borne by birth,
 & an Erle after his ffather doth dye ;
 his haire is yellow, his eyes beene gray ;
 all this is true *that* I tell yee.

that his
 brother, an
 Earl,

yellow-
 haired,
 grey-eyed,

"he is ffine in the middle, & small in the wast,
 & pleasant in a womans eye ;
 & more nor this, he dyes for your Loue,
 Therefore, Lady, show some pittye."

small-
 waisted,

is dying for
 her love.

[page 430]

"If this be soe," then saies the Lady,
 "If this be true *that* thou tells mee,
 by my ffaith then, Iohn Stewart,
 I can loue him hartilye.

She says

she can love
 him,

"bidd him meete me att S^t. Patr[i]ckes Church
 on sunday after S^t. Andrews day ;
 the fflower of Scotland will be there,
 & then begins our summers play.

and he is to
 meet her

at their
 Summer
 Games,

"& bidd him bring with him a 100 gunners,
 & rawnke ¹ ryders lett them bee,
 & lett them bee of the rankest ryders
that be to be ffound in *that* countrie.²

with 100
 gunners,

"they ³ best & worst, & all in Like,
 bidd him cloth them in one Linerye ;
 & ffor his men, greene is the best,
 & greene now lett their lineryes bee ;

clad all in
 green,

See Page 432 [of the MS.], 6th Line
 the bottom, [page 227, l. 298 of
 volume] where it is *ranke* ryders.
 is used by Gawⁿ Douglas for a
 a Course, and in the plural *renkis*,
 ice to *rink* up & down ; *discurrere*,
 nire, from Belg. *rencken*, *flectere*.
 Pag. 137, l. 15: The futemennis
 s, is, The Races of the footmen.
 138. 18, 32. The *renkis* end, The

end of the Course. So Pag. 193. 52,
Solisque vias is render'd The Sonny's
renke, Æ. 6. 796. So Æn. 7. 802,
querit iter, *sekis* his *renk*. N.B. *rank*
 rider is still used in Leicestershire, &
 signifies a keen eager rider, one that doth
 not spare horse-flesh.—P.

² The *t* seems to be made over an *rl*,
 part of which is left.—F.

³ the.—P.

himself in
scarlet,

“ & clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,
that is soe seemlye ffor to see ;
ffor scarlett is a ffaire Coulour,
104 & pleasant allwayes in a womans eye.

and then
win
most of the
16 games.

“ he must play sixteene games att ball
against the men of this countrie,
& if he winn the greater part
108 then I shall [Love] ¹ him more tenderlye.”

John writes
all this to
his brother
Will.

Will leaps
out of bed,

what the Lady said, Iohn Stewart writt,
& to Argyle Castle sent it hee ;
& ² [when] Willie steward saw the letter,
112 fforth of care-bed then Lope hee.

musters his

223 men,

hee mustered together his merry men all,
hee mustered them soe lonelilye,
hee thought hee had had scarson halfe a 100;
116 then had hee 11 score and three.

chooses the
100 best,

clothes them
in green,

he chose fforth a 100 of the best
that were to be ffound in *that* countrie,
he cladd them all in one Coulour,
120 & greene I-wis their lineryes bee.

himself in
scarlet,

he cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,
that is soe seemelye ffor to see ;—
ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,
124 & seemlye in a womans eye ;—

and goes to
St. Patrick's
Church.

& then towards Patricke Church he went
with all his men in braue array,
to gett a sight, if he might,
128 & speake with his Lady gay.

¹ *Love* is written in the MS. by a later
hand between *then* and *I*.—F.

² When.—P.

when they came to Patrickes church,
 shee kneeled downe by her mother trulye :
 "O Mother, if itt please you to giue me leaue,
 the stewarts horsse ffaine wold I see."

His Lady
 asks
 her mother
 to let her go
 and see
 the Stewarts.

"He giue you leaue, my deere daughter,
 & I and my maide will goe with yee :"
 the Lady had rather haue gone her selfe,
 then haue had her mothers companye.

when they came before Willie Stewart,
 soe well hee cold his curtesye,
 "I wold kisse your daughter, Ladye," he said,
 "& if your will *that* soe itt bee."

When they
 see Will,
 he asks for a
 kiss from the
 daughter.

the Ladyes mother was content
 to doe a straunger *that* curtesye ;
 & when willie had gotten a kisse,
 I-wis shee might haue teemed him 3.¹

She agrees,

and Will
 takes it.

16 games were plaid *that* day there,—
 this is the truth as I doe say,—
 willie stewart & his merry men,
 thé carryed 12 of them away.

He plays 16
 games,

and wins 12
 of them.

& when they games *that* they were done,
 & all they ffolkes away were gone
 but the Erle of Marrs & William Stewart,
 & the Erle wold needs haue William home.

The Earl of
 Mar asks
 him home.

& when they came vnto the Erles howse,
 they walked to a garden greene ;
 ffor to conferr of their bussines,
 into the garden they be gone.²

leemed it 3.—P. given him 3 :
 to pour out ; to unload a cart ; to
 , contrive. Halliwell. A.-S. *teám*,
 , offspring, anything following in a

row or team: *teámian*, to produce, pro-
 pagate. Bosworth.—F.

² I weene [added by]—P.

[page 431]
Will asks
him for his
daughter.
"God
forbid,"
says the
Earl;

"I love your daughter," saies william stewart,
"but I cannot tell whether she loveth mee."
"Marry, god defend," saies the Erie of March,
160 "thou ever soe thou in shold bee!

"I'd sooner
hang you

"I had rather a gallows there was made,
& hange thee for my daughters sake;
I had rather a fyre were made at a stake,
164 & burne thee for my daughters sake!

or burn
you.

Go to your
room, girl,
in the
devil's name,

"to chamber, to chamber. gay Ladye," he saies,
"in the devills name now I bidd thee!
& thou gett thee not to the Chamber soone
166 He beate thee before the stewarts eye."

or I'll beat
you."

Will says
he'd better
not,

& then bespake william stewart,
these were the words said hee,
"if thou beate thy daughter for my sake.
172 thoust beate a l^{ike} men and mee.¹"

and John
rebukes him
for his
discourtesy.

then bespake Iohn stewart,—
Lord! an angry man was hee.—
"O Charle, if thou wouldest not have machit with
my brother,
176 thou might² have answerd him curteouslye."

The Earl
threatens
John with

"O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,
& chamber thy words now. I bidd thee;
if thou chamber not thy words soone,
180 thoust loose a good service; soe shalt thou doe me."

loss of
service.

"Hang your
service,"
says John;

"Marry! hang them *that* cares," saies Iohn Stewart,
"either for thy service or for thee!
services can I have enoughe,
184 but brethren wee must ever bee."

"I hold to
my brother."

¹ MS. acc.—F.

² Two strokes for the i in the MS.—F.

william Stewart & his brother Iohn,
 to Argyle Castle gon they bee ;
 & when willye came to Argyle Castle,
 8 into carebedd then lope hee.

The brothers
 go back to
 Argyle
 Castle,
 and Will
 takes to his
 bed again.

A Parlaiment att Edenborrow was made,
 the King & his Nobles all mett there ;
 the sent ffor william stewart & Iohn,
 2 to come amongst ¹ the other peeris.

A parlia-
 ment
 is held at
 Edin-
 burgh.
 Will and
 John go,

their clothing was of scarlett redd,
 that was soe seemelye ffor to see ;
 blacke hatts, white ffeathers plewed ² with gold,
 6 & sett all on their heads trulye.

gaily clad.

their stockings were of twisted silke,
 with garters ffringed about with gold,
 their shoes were of the Cordevine,³
 9 & all was comelye to behold.

& when they came to Edenborrowe,
 they called ffor Iohn Stewart & Willie :
 I answer in A ⁴ Lords roome," saies will Stewart,
 4 "but an Erle I hope to bee."

Will is
 called, and
 answers as
 a Lord.

"come downe, come downe," saies the Lord of Mars,
 "I knew not what was thy degree."
 "O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy
 daughter,
 8 itt had not beene long of my degree.

The Earl of
 Mar says he
 didn't know
 his rank
 before.

The MS. has four strokes for the *m*.

Perhaps pleited, pleted, i.e. plaited
 sted.—P. Fr. *plier*, to plait, plie,
 , turne, wrie. Cotgrave.—F.

³ Cordevine, i.e. Cordwane, Spanish,
 or Cordovan Leather, from Cordova, in
 Spain. Johns.—P.

⁴ MS. L.—F.

Will answers
that he's the
King's
nephew, and
fit to match
with the
Earl's
daughter.

“ my ffather, hee is the *King* his brother,
& then the *King* is vnckle to me ;
O Churle, if I might not haue macht with thy
daughter,
212 itt had not beene long of my degree.”

The King
says he'll

“ O hold your peace,” then sayd the *King*,
“ Cozen william, I doe bidd thee ;
infaith, Cozen william, he loues you the worsse
216 because you are a-kinn to mee.

make Will
an Earl,

John a Lord,

“ Ile make thee an Erle with a siluer wande,
& adde more honors still to thee ;
thy brother Iohn shall be a Lord
220 of the best att home in his countrie.

and their
brother
Christopher
a Knight.

“ thy brother Kester¹ shalbe a *Knight*,
lands & liuings I will him giue,
& still hee shall line in Court with mee,
224 & Ile maintaine him whilest he doth liue.”

& when the parlaiment was done,
& all the ffolkes away were gone,
willye stewart & Iohn his brother,
228 to Argyle Castle they be gone.

Will and
John go
home,

and Will
falls love-
sick again.

but when they came to Argyle Castle
That was soe ffarr in *that* Countrie,²
he thought soe much then of his loue,
232 *that* into carebedd then lope hee.

John
promises to
go wooing
once more
for him,

Iohn Stewart did see his brother soe ill :
Lord ! in his heart *that* hee was woe ;
“ I will goe wooing for thy sake
236 againe yonder gay Ladye to.

¹ cp. *Kester* Norton, vol. ii. p. 212,
l. 61.—F.

² Perhaps *West* Country, but it is
North Country below.—P.

"He cloth my selfe in strange array,
 in a beggars habbitt I will goe,
that when I come before the Erle of March
 240 my clothing strange he shall not knowe."

clad as a
beggar,

Iohn hee gott on a clouted cloake,
 soe meete¹ & low then by his knee,
 with 4 garters vpon one Legg,
 244 2 aboue, & towe below trulye.

with four
garters on
one leg.

"but if thou be a beggar, brother,
 thou art a beggar *that* is vnknowne;
 ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars
 248 *that* euer I saw since I was borne.

Will

"heere, geeue² the Lady this gay gold ringe,
 a token to her *that* well is knowne;
 & if shee but aduise itt well,
 252 sheele know some time itt was her owne."

gives him
a gold ring
to show to
his lady love.

"stay, by my ffaith, I goe not yett,"
 Iohn stewart he can replye;
 "He haue my bottle ffull of beere,
 256 the best *that* is in thy butterye;

John fills his
bottle with
beer,

"He haue my sachell filld full of meate,
 I am sure, brother, will doe noe harme;
 ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marrs his house,
 260 my Lipps, I am sure, they wilbe warme."

his satchel
with meat,

& when he came to the Erle of Marrs house,
 by chance itt was of the dole day;
 but Iohn cold ffind no place to stand
 264 vntill he came to the Ladye gaye.

and goes to
the Earl of
Mar's on
Distribution
Day.
John gets
near the
lady,

¹ A.-S. 'micle and *mæte*, great and small: Guthlac, l. 24, ed. Grein. Skeat's

Gloss. to Piers Plowman's Crede.—F.
, ² here give.—P.

but many a beggar he threw downe,
 and made them all with weeping say,
 "he is the devill, hee is no beggar,
 268 *that* is come fforth of some strange countrie!"

and after the
 doles are
 given,

& now the dole *that* itt is delte,
 & all the beggars be gon away
 sauing Iohn Stewart, *that* seemed a beggar,
 272 & the Ladye *that* was soe gay.

tells her

"Lady," sais Iohn, "I am no beggar,
 as by my clothes you may thinke *that* I bee;

who he is.

I am your servant, Iohn stewart,
 276 & I am sent a messenger to thee."

She asks

"but if thou be Iohn stewart,
 as I doe thinke *that* thou bee,
 avayle¹ thy capp, avayle thy hoode,
 280 & I will stand & speake to thee.

how Will is.

"how doth thy brother, Iohn stewart,
 & all the Lords in his countrie?"

"Ill, through
 you."

"O ffe vpon thee, wicked woman!
 284 my brother he doth the worsse ffor thee."

She weeps,

with *that* the teares stood in her eyes;
 O lord! shee wept soe tenderlye;

lays the
 blame on her
 father,

sais, "ligg the blame vnto my ffather;
 288 I pray you, Iohn stewart, Lay itt not to mee!

and says
 she'll meet

"comend me to my owne true loue
that liues soe farr in the North countrie,

Will at
 Martings-
 dale in three
 days.

& bidd him meete me att Martingsdale
 292 ffullye w[i]thin these dayes 3.

¹ pull down, from Fr. *à val*.—F.

"hang them," sais the Lady gay,
 "that letts their¹ ffather witting bee!
 He prone a Ladye ffull of loue,
 & be there by the sunn be a quarter highe.

"& bidd him bring with him a 100^d gunners,²
 & ranke riders lett them bee,
 lett them be of the rankest ryders³
 that be to be ffound in *that* Countrye.

"Let him
 bring 100
 gunners
 with him,

"the best & worse, & all in like,
 bidd him clothe them in one liuerye;
 & for his men, greene is the best,
 And greene now lett their Lyueryes bee; [page 433]

clad all in
 green,

"& cloth himselfe in scarlett Redd,
 that is soe seemelye for to see;
 for scarlett is a ffaire Coulor,
 & pleasant in a womans eye."

while he's in
 scarlet."

what they Lady sayd, Iohn steward writt,
 to Argyle Castle sent itt hee;
 his bagg & his dish, & showing horne,
 vnto 3 beggars he gaue them all 3.

John sends
 this message
 to Will.

& when willie stewart saw the Letter,
 fforth of carebed then Lope hee;
 he thought himselfe as lustye & sound
 as any man in *that* countrye.

Will jumps
 out of bed,

he mustered together his merrymen all,
 he mustered them soe louinglye;
 he thought he had had scarce halfe a 100,⁴
 then had hee 11 score and three.

musters his
 223 men,

ay.—F.

in place of *an* in the MS.—F.

Two or three letters appear one over

the other for the *s* of this word in the
 MS.—F.

chooses the
100 best,

he chose fforth a 100^d of the best
that were to be found in *that* companye,
& presentlye they tooke their horsse,
324 & to martingsdale posted hee.

and posts to
Martings-
dale.

There his
love
meets him,

& when he came to Martingsdale,
he found his loue staying there trulye,
for shee was a Lady true of loue,
328 & was there by sunn was a qwarter highe.

kisses him
and John,

shee kisst william stewart & his brother Iohn,
soe did shee part of his merry men :
“ if the Churle, thy ffather, hee were here,
332 he shold not haue thee backe againe.”

marries him,

goes home
with him,

they sent ffor preist, they sent ffor Clarke,
& they were marryed there with speede ;
William tooke the Lady home ¹ with him,
336 & they lined together long time indeed.

and is soon
great with
child.

John goes
to the Earle
of Mar.

& in 12 monthe soe they wrought,
the Lady shee was great with childe ;
thé sent Iohn stewart to the Erle off Marre
340 to come & chr[i]sten the barne soe milde.

The Earle
hopes Will
has married
his
daughter.

“ And if this be soe,” sayes the Erle of Marre,
“ Iohn stewart, as thou tells mee ;
I hope in god you haue marryed my daughter,
344 & put her bodye to honestye.”

No, he
hasn't, says
John,

and he'll send
her home to
you.

“ Nay, by my ffaith,” then saies Iohn stewart,
“ ffor euer alas *that* shall not bee ;
ffor now wee haue put her body to shame,
348 thoust haue her againe hame to thee.”

¹ n instead of m in the MS.—F.

“I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,
 & marry my daughter vnto thee;
 for by my ffaith,” sais the Erle of Marr,
 352 “her marryage is marrd in our countrie.”

“I’d rather
 you marry
 her then,
 and I’ll
 make you
 Earl of
 Mar.”

“if this be soe,” then sais Iohn stewart,
 “a marryage soone *that* thou shalt see;
 ffor my brother william, my ffathers heyre,
 356 shall marry thy daughter before thine eye.”

“No, Will
 ’ll marry
 her.”

they sent ffor preist, thé sent ffor Clarke,
 & marryed there they were with speed;
 & william stewart is Erle of Marr,
 360 & his ffather-in-Law dwells with him indeed. ffinis.

So Will does,
 and is Earl
 of Mar.

Now the Springe is come.

THIS ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 200, entitled "A Lover's desire for his best beloved ; or, Come away, come away, and do not stay. To *an excellent new Court tune*." Having been printed by the assigns of Thomas Symcocke, the Roxburghe copy of the ballad must be of the reign of James I., says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune of it on pages 464–5 of his *Popular Music*, vol. ii. "The rhythm of the first part of the tune is peculiar, from its alternate phrases of two and three bars, but still not unsatisfactory to the ear." The date assigned to the ballad by Mr. Chappell, he confirms by the fact that *Christmas's Lamentation*—a piece like in character to our *In olde times paste*—is to be sung to the tune of *Now the Springe is come*, and was itself written during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, or that of James I., as the yellow starch then in vogue is mentioned in it.

It needs almost an effort now to realise how great the change must have been from the winter of Early and Middle England—with their ill-built and chimneyless houses, their scarcity of fuel and seldom-changed food, their wretched roads,—to the glad light green of spring, its sun, its song of birds, and all its heavenly brightness. The impression which the spring made on Chaucer is seen often in his works, and was, I believe, a deeper one than the season has made on any subsequent poet. But still to all poets and men the time has been, and is, one of joy ; to all lovers one specially of love. Nature's current then sets that way : why should not her loveliest work go with it ? "Fairest faire, then turn to thy love !" sings our song-writer. Who of us does not hope that she did ?—F.

NOW the spring is come, turne to thy loue, to thy loue,
to thy loue, to thy loue, without delay!

Dearest,
now spring's
come, turn
to thy love!

where the fflowes spring, & birds doe singe

1 their sweete tunes : § : § : doe not stay!

where I shall fill thy lapp with fflowes,

& couer thee with shady bowers.

Come away, Come away,

Come away.

3 Come away, & doe not stay!

•

Shall I languish still for¹ thy loue,

[page 424] Let me not
languish.

still ffor thy loue : § : § : without releffe?

shall my ffaith soe well aproned

2 now dispayre : § : § : with my greeffe?

Leave me
not to
despair!

where shall vertue then be ffound

but where bewtye doth abound? Come away! &c.

fflora heere hath made a bedd ffor my loue,

Here is a bed
for thee

6 ffor my loue : § : § : of roses redd.

of roses

Phebus beames to stay are bent,

ffor to yeeld : § : § : my loue content,

& the pleasant Eglantine

and
eglantine.

0 m[i]xt² with a 1000 fflowes fine. Come away! &c.

Hearke! the Nightingale³ doth singe

The nightin-
gale sings for
thee.

ffor my loue : &c : the woods doe ringe.

Pan, to please my loue, allwayes

4 pipethe there : &c : his roundelayes.

& the pleasant rushye brookes,

& euery fflower, for my loue lookes. Come away! &c.

Bewtyes Queen with all her traine

Venus waits
for thee,

3 ⁴ doth attend : &c : my loue vpon the plaine;

¹ Shall I still languish for.—P.

² mixt.—P.

³ Mightingale in the MS.—F.

⁴ attends.—P.

the Muses
play for thee;

trippinge Satyres dancinge mone
delight : &c : my bewtyous lone
the muses nine, with musicke sweete
32 doe all attend, my lone to meete. Come away ! &c.

then turn to
thy love!

ffairest ffaire! then turne to thy lone,
to thy lone : &c : *that* loones thee best !
lett sweete pittye mone ! grant lone for lone
36 like the done : &c : let our lone for *ener* rest!
crowne my desires with a 1000^d ioyes !
Come away! thy lone reuines, thy hate destroyes. Come away! &c.
ffin[is].

Bosworth feilde.¹

THIS is one of many pieces celebrating that great event which gave the land rest from its generation-long succession wars. The following version of the song was produced, as the last line shows, in the reign of James I. But the original composition may well belong to an earlier period. There is a certain air of greater antiquity about many passages of it. Alliterative verses abound, as vv. 47, 48, 55, 147, 148, 175, 176, 199, 211, 212, 214, 218, &c. &c.

The passage relating the narrow escape from execution of Lord Strange occurs also in *Lady Bessy*. Perhaps the earliest account of that peril is given by the continuer of the Croyland Chronicle in the following words:—

Denique crescentibus indies rumoribus quod Regis rebelles adventum suum in *Angliam* maurant & accelerant; Rex autem dubius in quo portu applicare intendunt, id enim per nullos exploratores sibi certitudinaliter afferri potuit; se transfert versus Aquilonem, parum ante festum *Pentecostes*: relicto domino de *Lovell* Camerario suo prope *Suthamptoniam*, ut classem suam ibi diligenter instruat, ut omnes portus illarum partium fide observet custodia, ut ipsos hostes si inibi applicare curarent, coadunatis viribus omnium circum incolentium, debellare non prætermitteret.

Perditis illic sub hac non necessaria

politia victualibus & pecuniis * * * . . . quo Rex tot expensas faceretur, unde non falleret equivocacionem vocabuli portus illius, qui à multis pro eorum descensu describebatur. Aiunt aliqui esse portum in partibus *Suthamptonie* appellatum *Milfordiam*, sicut est in *Wallia*. Et quia nonnulli quasi essent prophetico spiritu præditi, prædixerunt homines istos in portu de *Milford* appulsuros, consueveruntque prophetiæ hujusmodi non in famosiori sed in alio sæpissime ejusdem nominis loco suum sortiri effectum: Præterea visus est Rex tot propugnacula in illa Australi parte Regni hoc tempore constituisse. Sed

¹ written in *the* Time of James 1st, see last line. Either the Author of this & of the Song in Page 464 [of the MS. *Ladye Bessye*, p. 321 below] is *the* same, or one of them has copied almost ver-

batim from *the* other. See Page 441 & seq^{ues}. There is a song of latter date on this Subject in *the* printed Collection 12^{mo} Vol. 3^d p. 47, N. 6.—P.

frustra. Illi enim primo die *Augusti* in nominatissimo illo portu *Milford* juxta *Pembrochiam* prospero statu, nulla inventa resistantia, applicuerunt.

Gavisus est Rex, audito eorum adventu, seu saltem gaudere dissimulavit, scribens ubique, jam sibi diem venisse desideratum, quo de tam exili comitiva facile triumphaturus, subjectos a modo indubitatae pacis beneficiis recomfortet. Interea mandata terribilia multiplicibus literis ad omnes Regni comitatus dirigit, ne ulli hominum, eorum saltem quotquot ad aliquas in Regno hæreditates nati sunt, bellum futurum detractent, cum ea interminatione, quod quicumque post obtentam victoriam inveniretur in aliqua parte Regni, ei in campo præsentialiter non abstitisse, nihil aliud speraturi sunt, quam bona omnia, possessiones, & vitam amittere.

Parum ante istorum hominum appulsum, *Thomas de Stanley*, senescallus hospitii Regis, accepta licentia, ut in patriam suam *Lancastriæ*, domum & familiam suam, unde diu aberat visurus, transiret, non aliter ullam ibi moram trahere permittebatur, nisi filium suum primogenitum, *Georgium* dominum *Lestrangle*, *Notinghamiam* ad Regem locu suo transmitteret; quod & fecit. Deinde hominibus istis, ut præfertur, apud *Milfordiam Walliæ* appulsis, facientibusque iter suum per aspera & indirecta partium Borealium illius Provinciæ; ubi *Willielmus Stanley* frater ejusdem Domini Senescalli, utpote Camerarius de *Northwales*, singulariter præsidebat: misit Rex ad dictum dominum de *Stanley*, ut omni postposita mora, sese Regis conspectui apud *Notinghamiam* præsentaret. Timuit enim Rex id quod accidit, ne mater dicti Comitis *Richmundiæ*, quam dictus dominus de *Stanley* habuit in uxorem, maritum ad partes filii tuendas induceret. Ille autem mirabili . . . pestem sudatoriam qua laborabat allegans, venire non potuit. Filius autem ejus qui clanculum a Rege discessum paraverat, discoopertus ab insidiis capitur, conjurationem suam & patris sui *Willielmi Stanley* supradicti, simul & *Johannis Savage* Militum, ad partes Comitis *Richmundiæ* defensandas, aperit, misericordiam postulat, promittitque patrem suum cum omni potentia in Regis auxilium quam citissime adventurum. Et super hoc, periculum in quo

erat, simul cum desiderio hujusmodi præstandi auxilii, literis suis patri denunciat.

Interim dictis duobus aliis Militibus pro proditoribus Regis apud *Covenetriam* & alibi publice denunciatis, festinantibusque inimicis, ac dirigentibus vias suas die ac nocte recte in faciem Regis: opus erat omnem exercitum, licet nondum integre congregatum, a *Notinghamis* dimittere, venireque ad *Leicestriam*. Ibique compertus est numerus hominum pugnatorum ex parte Regis major quam antea visus est unquam in *Angliæ* pro una parte. Die autem Dominico ante festum *Bartholomei* Apostoli, Rex maxima pompa diadema portans in capite, cum Duce *Norfolchiæ Johanne de Howard*, ac *Henrico Percy* Comite *Northembrie*, ceterisque magnificis Dominis, Militibus, & armigeris, populariumque multitudinis infinita, opidum *Leicestriæ* egressus, satis per intercursores edoctus, ubi hostes sequenti nocte de verisimili manere volebant, ad octo miliaria ab eo opido distantia, juxta Abbathiam de *Mirisall* castra metatus est.

Majores autem exercitus adversantis hi erant: imprimis *Henricus* Comes de *Richmond*, quem illi suum Regem *Henricum* septimum appellabant; *Johannes Vere* Comes *Oxonie*, *Johannes Wellys* dominus de *Wellys*, avunculus Regis *Henrici* septimi, *Thomas* dominus de *Stanley* & *Willielmus* frater ejus, *Edwardus Widevill* frater *Elisabethæ* Reginae, valentissimus miles, *Johannes Chayne*, *Johannes Savage*, *Robertus Willoughby*, *Willielmus Berkeley*, *Jacobus Blunt*, *Thomas Arundell*, *Richardus Egecombe*, *Edwardus Ponynge*, *Richardus Gilford*, & alii plures, tam ante hanc turbationem, quam in isto ingressu belli, militari ordine insigniti. De Ecclesiasticis vero affuerant consilarii, qui simile exilium perpassi sunt, venerabilis Pater *Petrus* Episcopus *Exoniensis*, flos militie patrie suæ, Magister *Robertus Moreton* Clericus Rotulorum Cancellariæ, *Crystoferus Urryk*, & *Johannes Fox*, quorum alter *Eelemosynarii* alter *Secretarii* officium postea consecutus est, cum aliis multis.

Mane die *Lunæ*, illucescente aurora, cum non essent Capellani de parte Regis *Richardi* parati ad celebrandum, neque jentaculum ullum paratum, quod Regis tabescentem animum refocillaret; illeque,

ritur, ea nocte terrenda somnia multitudine dæmonum circumdatus videbat, sicut de mane testatus iem uti semper attenuatam, tunc discoloratam & mortiferam præbentem, affirmans quod hujus hodierni exitus, utrivis parti victoria confuerit, Regnum *Angliæ* penitus t: & expressit mentem suam re, ut si ille victor evadit, omnes in adversæ partis confundat: idque idem prædicebat, adversarium super benevolos suæ partis executi victoria illi succedat. Denique lie]ntibus moderato passu Principe itibus partis adversæ super exercitibus Regis; mandavit ille ut prædictus *LeStrange* illico decapitaretur. Item quibus hoc officium datum dentes ancipitem rem nimis, male ponderis quam unius hominis minium in manibus esse, differentes e Regis mandatum exequi dimittit hominem suo arbitrio, & ad in- belli reversi sunt.

igitur acerrima pugna inter am- rtes, Comes *Richmundia* cum mili- bus directe super Regem *Richard-* rocessit: Comes autem *Oxonie*, post eum in tota ipsa societate, issimus miles, in eam alam ubi *Norfolchie* constitutus erat, magno *hallicorum* quam *Anglicorum* comi- tipatus tetendit. In eo vero loco *Northumbria* cum satis decenti ique militia stabat, nihil adversi datis neque susceptis belli ictibus atur. Ad postremum, gloriosa [sic] Comiti *Richmundia*, jam soli ictoria, una cum pretiosissima Co- quam Rex *Richardus* ante gestavit ite, coalitus data est. Nam inter ndum, & non in fuga, dictus Rex rdus multis letalibus vulneribus quasi Princeps animosus & auden- as in campo occubuit. Deinde o Duce *Norfolchie*, *Richardo Rat-*

cliff Milite, *Roberto Brakenbury* Milite, Constabulario Turris *Londoniarum Jo-* hannem [sic] *Kendall* Secretario, *Roberto Percy* Milite, Controrotulatore hospitii Regii, ac *Waltero Devereux* Domino de *Ferreis*, & multis, maxime Borealibus, in quibus Rex *Richardus* adeo confitebat, [sic] ante ulla consertas manus fugam ineuntibus: nullæ partes dignæ sive habiles remanserunt, in quas gloriosus victor *Henricus* septimus alicujus pugnae experientiam denuo renovaret. Pace igitur ex hoc bello universo Regno concessa, inventa [sic] inter alios mortuos corpore dicto *Richardi* Regis, . . . Multasque alias contumelias illatas, ipsoque non satis humaniter propter funem in collum adjectum usque ad *Leicestriam* deportato; novus Rex Corona tam insigniter conquæsitâ decoratus *Leicestriam* vadit. Dumque hæc ita se haberent, multi nobiles atque alii in captivitatem redacti sunt. Atque in primis *Henricus* Comes *Northumbria*, *Thomas de Howard* Comes *Surrei*, primo genitus dicti defuncti Ducis *Norfolchie*: captus est etiam *Willielmus Oatesby*, qui inter omnes consiliarios defuncti jam Regis præminebat; cujus caput apud *Leicestriam* pro ultima remuneratione tam excellentis officii sui abscisum est. Duo autem valecti partium occiduarum Regni, pater & filius sub *Brecher* vocabulo appellati, qui post finitum prælium ad victorum manus devenerant, laqueo suspensi sunt. Et cum neque auditum, neque lectioni aut memoriæ commendatum est, aliquos alios post recessum à bello, similibus supplicius deputatos; sed Principem hunc novum in omnes suam clementiam impartisse; cœpit laudari ab omnibus, tanquam Angelus de cælo missus, per quem Deus dignaretur visitare plebem suam, & liberare eam de malis quibus hactenus afflicta est supra modum.—*Historiæ Croylandensis Continuatio*; Gale, *Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores*, tom. i. p. 572–575.

GOD: that shope both sea and Land,
& ffor all creatures dyed ont tree,
saue & keepe the realme of England
4 to live in peace & tranquillitye!

May Christ

keep
England in
peace!

We have
cause
to welcome
Henry VII.

St. George, to vs a sheild thou bee !
ffor we haue cause to pray, both old & younge,
with a stedfast hart ffull devatlye,
8 & say, " welcome HENERY, right-wise ¹ King ! "

welcome right-wise King, & Ioy royall,
he *that* is grounded with grace !
welcome the ffortune *that* hath befall,
12 which hath beene seene in many a place !

Who thought
England
would have
changed
so soon ?

who wend ² *that* England as itt was,
soe suddenlye changed shold haue beene ?
therfore lett vs thanke god of his grace,
16 & say " welcome Henery, right-wise King ! "

We know

how had wee need to remember, & to our minds
call

that Henry
VI. was
martyred.

how England is transported miraculouslye
to see the great Mischeefe *that* hath befall
20 sith the Martyrdome of the holy King HENERY !

Let us thank
God for
Henry VII.

how many lords haue beene deemed to dye,
young innocents *that* neuer did sinn !
therfore lett vs thanke god hartilye,
24 & say " welcome HENERY, right-wise King ! "

King
Edward

some time a King raigned in this land,
that was Edward of hye felicitye;
he was dowed & dread, as I vnderstand,
28 through all the nations in Christentye ;

served Jesus.

he serued Iesus ffull heartilye :
these examples may be taken by him
which hath preuailed him ³ with royaltie
32 to weare the crowne & be our King.

¹ rightwise, i. e. righteous.—P. A.-S.
rihtwis.—F.

² wen'd, ween'd.—P.

³ ? *him* superfluous, see l. 39.—F.

for with tounge I haue heard it told,
 when HENERY was in a ffar cuntrye,
that 3 times he was bought & sold
 36 through the might of gold & fee.

Henry VII.

he serued Iesus ffull hartylye : [page 435] did so too.
 this example may be said by him
which prenailed right royallye
 40 to weare the crowne and be our *King*.

they banished him ouer the fflood,
 ouer the fflood & streames gray ;
 yett his right in England was good,
 44 as herafter know you may.

He was
banished

there was hee banished ouer the ffloode,
 & into a strange Land they can him ¹ bring ;
that time Raigned Richard with royaltie,
 48 he ware the crowne & was our *Kinge*.

when
Richard III.
was king.

that was well seene att streames stray ;
 att Milford hauen, when he did appeare
 with all his Lords in royall array,
 52 he said to them *that* with him weare :

But he
landed
at Milford
Haven,

“into England I am entred heare,
 my heritage is this Land within ;
 they shall me boldlye bring & beare,
 56 & loose my life, but Ile be *King*.

and claimed
his heritage,

to be king.

“Iesus *that* dyed on good ffryday,
 & Marry mild *thats* ffull of might,
 send me the loue of the Lord Stanley !
 60 he marryed my mother, a Lady bright ;²

He prayed
for the
help of

Lord Stanley

¹ MS. hin.—F.² Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) had married as his second wife

the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. She was his wife as early as 1473, if not earlier.—G. E. Adams.

“*that* is long sith I saw her with sight;
 I trust in Iesu wee shall meete with winne,¹
 & I shall maintaine her honor right
 64 ouer all England when I am Kinge.

and his
 brother Sir
 William,

“had I the Loue of *that* Lord in rich array
that hath proued his manhood soe well att
 need,
 & his brother Sir William, the good Stanley;—
 68 a better *Knight* neuer vmstrode² steede!

that noble
 knight.

“*that* hath beene seene in mickle dreed:
 much was the worshipp *that* happened him;
 a more nobler *Knight* att neede
 72 came neuer to maintaine Kinge.”

But we'll
 talk of
 Richard III.

now leaue wee HENERY, this prince royall,
 & talke of Richard in his dignitie,
 of the great misfortune did him befall:
 76 the causer of his owne death was hee.

Wicked
 counsellors
 ruined him.

wicked counsell drew Richard neere,
 of them *that* had the prince³ in their guiding⁴;
 ffor wicked counsell doth mickle deere,⁵
 80 *that* bringeth downe both Emperour & King.

He con-
 demned
 to death
 Lord
 Stanley
 who won
 Berwick for
 him

the Lord Stanley bothe sterne & stout,—
 he might be called fflower of fflowers,—man⁶
 dye.
that was well seene without doubt
 84 att Barwicke walls with towers hye;

¹ A.-S. *win*, pleasure.—F.

² bestrode.—P. *vm-*, *um-*, means
 ‘round.’—F.

³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

⁴ Four strokes for *vi* in the MS.—F.

⁵ A.-S. *dar*, *daru*, destruction, injury.
 —F.

⁶ *maun*, i. e. must.—P.

when all the Lords of England let itt bee,
 that castle wightlye can hee winn.
 was there euer Lord in England, ffare or nere,¹
 88 that did such iorney ² to his Kinge ?

when no
 other Lord
 could.

then Richard bade a messenger to ffare
 soe ffare ³ into the west countrie
 to comfort his knights, squiers lesse & more,
 92 & to set good rule amongst his comintye.

then wicked councell drew Rich[ard] neere :
 these were they ⁴ words they said to him,
 “wee thinke yee worke vnwittilye
 96 in England, & ⁵ yee will continue King.

His bad
 counsellors

“ffor why, the Lord Stanley is lent ⁶ in this Land,
 the Lord Strange, & the Chamberlaine ⁷; these 3
 they may show vpon a day a band
 100 such as may noe Lorde in Christentye.

told him
 Lord Stanley
 and others
 were too
 strong,

“lett some of them vnder your bondage bee,
 if any worshipp you thinke to winn;
 or else short while continue shall yee
 104 In England to be our Kinge.”

he must put
 them down.

then they made out messengers with maine & might
 soe ffarr into the west countrie;
 to the Lord Stanley that noble Knight
 108 they kneeled downe vpon their knee

So
 messengers
 are sent

to Lord
 Stanley

¹ far or nere, or perhaps neie.—P.

² A day's work.—Dyce. Cp. Fr. *Bonne iournée fait qui de fol se deliure.*
 Pro. he does an excellent *day's work*
 that rids himsele of a foole. Cotgrave.
 —F.

³ far.—P.

⁴ the.—P.

⁵ an, if.—F.

⁶ lend, to dwell, remain, tarry.—
 Halliwell.—F.

⁷ John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord
 Chamberlain.—G. E. A.

- and bid him & said, "*Richard that* raignes with royaltie,
 Emperour of England this day within,
 hee longeth you sore, my Lord, to see ;
- come to the 112 you must come & speake with our Kinge."
- King.
- He sets off, then they Lord busked ¹ him vpon a day
 To ryde to King *Richard* with royaltie, [page 436]
- but falls & hee ffell sicke att Manchester by the way :
 sick at Man- 116 as the will of god is, all things must bee.
 chester,
- and sends on the Lord strange then called [he] him nee ;
 Lord these were the words hee said to him :
 Strange
- to know " In goodlye hast now ryde must yee
 Richard's 120 to witt the will of Richard, our Kinge."
 will.
- Lord then this Lord bowned ² him ffull right
 Strange
- to ryde to King *Richard* hastilye.
 when hee came before his souerraigne in sight,
- kneels to 124 he kneeled downe vpon his knee.
 Richard,
- who " welcome Lord strange, & kinsman nye !"
 welcomes these were the words he said to him :
 him with " was ther eener any Baron in England of ancetrye³
 kind words 128 shold be soe welcome to his Kinge ? "
- alas *that* ener he cold soe say,
 soe ffoward a hart as hee had vnder !
 that was well seene after vpon a day ;
- but froward, 132 itt cast him & his crowne assunder,
 heart,
- & brought his body into bale & blunder,
 these wicked words he cold begin ;
 thus ffalshood endeth in shame & wonder,
- 136 whether itt be with Emperour or King.

¹ busked, i. e. dressed.—P.³ ancestry.—P.² bowned, i. e. prepared.—P.

of itt heere is no more to say,

but shortlye to ward comanded was hee.
new messengers were made without delay

0 soe ffarr into the west cuntrye

and casts
him into
prison.
Other
messengers
come to

to the Lord stanley soe wise & wittye :

these were the words thé sayd to him,

“you must raise those *that* vnder you bee,
4 & all the power *that* you may bringe ;

Lord
Stanley,
and say,

“ Raise all
your men ;
for

“yonder cometh Richmond over the flood
with many allyants ¹ out of ffarr cuntrye,
bold men of bone and blood ;

3 the crowne of England chalengeth hee.

Richmond is
coming

to claim the
crown ;

“you must raise those *that* vnder you bee,
& all the power *that* yee may bringe,
or else the Lord strange you must neuer see,
2 which is in danger of our King.”

or you'll
never see
Lord
Strange
again.”

In a studye this Lord can stand,

& said, “ deere Iesus ! how may this bee?

I draw wittenes to him *that* shope² both sea &
land,

5 *that* I neuer delt with noe trecherye.

Lord Stanley
says,

“ Richard is a man *that* hath no mercye ;
hee wold mee & mine into bondage bringe ;
therfore cleane against him will I bee,
0 of all England though hee bee King.”

“ Richard has
no mercy.

I am
against
him.”

then another messenger he did appeare

to william Stanley, *that* noble Knight,

& saith, “ Richard *that* weareth the crowne soe
cleare,

4 & in his Empire raigneth right,

Richard's
messenger
asks Sir
William
Stanley

¹ i. e. allyants, aliens.—P.

² i. e. shaped.—P.

- to help the
King.
- “ willeth you to bring your power to helpe him to
fight ;
ffor all his trust itt is you in.”
- “ What !
when he
keepe
- 163 “ I haue great marueill of your King ;
- my nephew
in hold.
- “ he keepeth the[r]e my nephew, my brothers heyre ;—
a truer knight is not in christentye ;—
that, Richard shall repent ffull sore,¹
- He shall
repent it
sore !
- 172 ffor any thing *that* I can see.
- Let him arm
- “ bidd him array him with royaltye
& all the power *that* hee may bringe ;
ffor hee shall either fight, or flee,
or loose his liffe, if hee bee Kinge.
- and fight,
and flee or
die.
- 176
- By Mary and
Christ
- “ I make mine avow to Marye, *that* may,
& to her sonne *that* dyed on tree,
I will make him such a breakefast vpon a day
as neuer made Knight any King in Cristentye !
- I’ll make
him
a meal !
- 180
- Tell him
- “ tell thou King Richard these words ffrom mee :
ffor all the power *that* he may bringe,
in the ffeild he shall either fight, or flee,
or loose his liffe or hee be Kinge.”
- to fight and
flee or die ! ”
- 184
- The
messenger
tells Richard
- then this messenger fforth hee went
to carry to King Richard with royaltye,
& saith, “ in yonder countrye I haue beene sent,
soe greened men are not in Christentye
- how all the
country
rebel at Lord
- 188
- Strange’s
imprison-
ment.
- “ ffor loue of the Lord strange *that* in bale doth bee.”
these were the words hee sayd to him :
- He must
fight, or flee,
or die.
- 192 “ you must either fight or flee,
or loose your liffe, if you bee Kinge.”

¹ *sair* (i. e. sore).—Dyce.

att *that* King Richard smiled small,
 & sware, "by Iesu ffull of might,
 when they are assembled with their powers all,
 I wold I had the great turke against me to ffight,

Richard
 swears that,
 whoever
 opposes,
 [page 437]

"or Prester Iohn in his armor bright,
 the Sowdan of Surrey ¹ with them to bringe !
 yett with manhood & with might
 in England I shold continue King.

he'll still
 be king,

"I sweare by Iesu *that* dyed on a tree,
 & by his mother *that* mayden blythe,
 ffrom the towne of Lancaster to Shrewsburys,
 Knight nor squier Ile leane none alieue.

he'll leave no
 Lancashire
 squire alive.

"I shall kindle their cares riffe,
 & giue their Lands to my Knights keene ;
 many a man shall repent the while
that euer they rose against their King.

"ffrom the holy-head to S^t. davids Land,
 where now be towers & castles hye,
 I shall make parkes & plaine ffeilds to stand,
 ffrythes ffaire, & fforrests ffree.

and will lay
 waste Wales,

"Ladyes, 'well-away !' shall crye ;
 widdowes shall weepe, & their hands wringe ;
 many a man shall repent *that* day
that euer they rose against their Kinge."

make
 widows
 weep,
 and rebels
 rue.

then he made out messengers with maine & might
 throughout England ffarr & neere,²
 to Duke, Erle, Barron, & Knight,
 & to euery man in his degree.

He sends
 all over
 England
 for his
 nobles,

¹ Syria. -- Robson.

² nec. -- P.

- and they
come to
serve their
King :
- 224 you neuer heard tell of such a companye
 att sowte, seege,¹ nor noe gatheringe :
 part of their names heere shall yee
 that came that day to serue their King.
- the Duke of
Norfolk,
the Earls of
Kent,
Shrewsbury,
- 228 thither came the duke of Norffolke vpon a day,
 & the Erle of Surrey *that* was his heyre ;
 the Erle of Kent was not away,
 the Erle of Shrewsbury breme² as beare.
- Lincoln,
North-
umberland,
Westmore-
land ;
- 232 the Erle of Lincolne³ wold not spare,
 the Erle of Northumberland ready bowne,
 the Erle of westmoreland great othes sware,
 all they said *Richard* shold Keepe his crowne.
- Lords
Zouch,
Maltravers,
Arundel,
Wells,
- 236 theres was my Lord Zouch, sad att assay⁴ ;
 my Lord Mattrevis,⁵ a noble Knight ;
 young Arrundell dight him vpon a day,
 the Lord wells, both wise and wight ;
- Grey of
Codnor,
Bowes,
Audley,
- 240 the Lord Gray Cotner⁶ in his armour bright,
 the Lord Bowes made him bowne,
 the Lord Audley was ffeirce to ffight,
 & all said *Richard* shold keepe his crowne.
- Berkeley,
Ferrers of
Chartley,
Ferrers of
Groby,
- 244 there was my Lord Bartley, sterne on a steede,
 the Lord fferryes of chartlye, the Lord fferryes of
 Strobe,
 the Lord Bartley noble att neede,
 chamberlaine of England *that* day was hee.
- Fitzhugh,
Scrope of
Upsal,
Scrope of
Bolton,
Dacres,
- 248 the Lord ffitz Hugh, & his cozen nye,
 the Lord Scroope of vpsall, the Lord scroope⁶
 Bolton ;
 the Lord Dacres raised all the North cuntrye ;
 & all said *Richard* shold keepe his crowne.

¹ assault, siege.—F.² MS. brenne.—F.³ MS. Lincolne.—F.⁴ stedfast in trial.—F.⁵ Maltrevers.—P.⁶ i.e. Lord Grey of Codnor.—P.

- There was many nobles mustered to flight :
the Lord Audley & the Lord Lumley,
the Lord Gray-stocke ¹ in his armour bright,
2 he brought with him a noble companye,
he sware by Iesus *that* dyed on a tree,
‘ *that* his enemyes shold be beaten downe ;
he was not [in] England, farr nor neere,
6 *that* shold lett ² Richard to weare his crowne.’
- there was Sir Iohn Spencer, a noble Knight,
Sir Raph hare-bottle ³ in rich array,
Sir william ward, alwayes *that* was wight,
9 Sir Archeobald, the good Rydley ;
- Sir Nicholas Moberly was not away,
nor yett Sir Robert of Clotten,
alsoe Sir Oliuer, the hend horsley ;
4 all said Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- there was Sir Henery Percy,⁴ sterne on steede,
Sir Roger Bowmer in his companye,
Sir Richard Manners, noble att neede,
1 Soe was Sir Henery the hend Hatteley ; [page 438]
- Sir Robert Conway in companye,
Sir Raphe Smyth & Sir Roger Akerston,
& Sir William, his cozen nye ;
1 & all sayd Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- There was a noble Knight, Sir Iohn the Gray,
& Sir Thomas of Mountgomerye ;
Sir Rodger Sanfort was not away ;
ffrom London came Sir Robert Brakenburye ;

Lumley,
Greystocke ;

Sirs J.
Spencer,

W. Ward,

N. Moberly,

R. Clutton,

O. Horsley,

H. Percy,

R. Manners,

R. Conway,

W. Aker-
ston,

Jn. Gray,

R. Sanfort,

Ralph, Lord Greystock, who died in
without male issue, when the
y became united with that of Dacre.
E. Adams.

² hinder.—Robson.

³ Harbottle.—P.

⁴ Sir Henry Percy.—P.

- H. Bowdrye, Sir Henery Bowdrye was not away,
nor yett Sir Richard the good Chorlton ;
R. Robbye, Sir Raphe Robbye made him yare ;
280 all said Richard wold keepe his crowne.
- M. Con-
stable, there was Sir Marmaduke Constable, a noble Knight,
of King Richards counsell hee was nye ;
W. Conyers, Sir william Conyous,¹ allwayes *that* was wight,
284 Sir Robert Thribald with his meanye ;
- M. Wardley, soe was Sir Martine of the wardley,
& Sir Richard the good Hortton,
R. Rosse, & Sir Richard Rosse sware smartlye
288 *that* King Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- R. Sturley, There was Sir Robert, the sterne Sturley ;
Sir Iohn of Melton, thither Came hee,
G. Clyfton, Sir Garuis Clyfton ² in rich array,
292 Sir Henery Perpoint in his degree,
- T. North, Sir Thomas North with royaltie,
& alsoe Sir Iohn of Babington,
H. Stafford, Sir Humphrey Stafford sware certainlye
296 *that* King Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- R. Ryder, there was Sir Robert Ryder, a man of might,
Sir Robert Vtridge in his dignitye ;
J. Hunting-
ton, Sir Iohn Huntington was ffeirce to flight,
300 soe was Sir Iohn willmarley.
- R. Swayley, Sir Robert Swayley with royalltye,
& alsoe Sir Bryan of stableton,³
W. Staple-
ton, & Sir william his cozen nye,
304 & all said Richard shold keepe his crowne.

¹ Conyers.—P.² Sir Gervase Clyfton.—P.³ Sir Bryan Stapleton.—P.

	There was Sir Richard Ratcliffe, a noble <i>Knight</i> , of King Richards counsell was hee ;	R. Ratcliffe,
	Sir William his brother was ffeirce to ffight,	W. Ratcliffe,
108	& Sir Thomas, they were brethren 3.	
	& Sir Richard the Mallinere, & Sir Iohn the good Horton,	R. Mal- linere,
	& Sir Thomas the good Mallynere,	T. Mally- nere,
12	& all said Rich[ard] shold keepe his crowne.	
	There was Sir Raphe Dacres out of the North, & Sir Christopher the Moresbye ¹ ;	B. Dacres.
	Sir William Musgreave was stiffe to stand,	W. Mus- grave,
16	soe was Sir Alexander ffawne in his dignitye.	
	Sir George Murkenffeild behind wold not bee, nor yett Sir Thomas the doughtye Broughton ;	G. Murken- feild,
	Sir Christopher Owen made him readye,	C. Owen,
20	& all sayd Rich[ard] shold weare his crowne.	
	there was Sir william Tempest out of the vale, & Sir Richard his cozen nye ;	W. Tempest,
	Sir Raph Ashton, hee made not ffaile,	B. Ashton,
24	Sir Thomas Maclefeild ² in Companye.	
	Sir Richard ward behind wold not bee, nor yett Sir Robert of Middleton ;	B. Ward,
	Sir Iohn Coleburne sware certainelye	J. Colo- burne,
28	that King Richard shold keepe his crowne.	
	there was Sir Iohn Neuill ³ of bloud soe hye, Sir Iohn Hurlstean ⁴ in rich arraye,	J. Neville,
	Sir Rodger Herne behind wold not bee,	R. Herne,
32	Sir Iames Harrington, sad att assay,	J. Harring- ton,

perhaps Thoresby.—P. Perhaps
—Adams.
Sir Thomas Macklesfield.—P.

³ Neville.—P.
⁴ ? MS. Hurfslean.—F.

R. Harrington.

Sir Robert his brother was not away,
nor yett Sir Thomas of Pilkinton ;
& all these, great othes sware they
336 *that King Richard shold keepe his crowne.*

All swear
Richard
shall reign.

had wee not need to Iesu to pray,
that made the world, the day & night,
to keepe vs out of bale and woe ?

2 shires
alone
fight for
Henry.

340 2 shires against all England to fight,
& maintaine HENERY *that* came ffor his right,
& in the realme of England was ready bowne !
ffreinds, & yee will hearken me right, [page 439]
344 I shall tell you how Henery gott his crowne.

Lord
Stanley

the Lord Stanley sterne and stout,
that euer hath beene wise and wittye,
ffrom Latham Castle withouten doubt
348 vppon a munday bowned hee

leaves
Latham
Castle

with *Knights* & squiers in companye.
they had their banners in the sunn glitteringe ;
they were as ffeirce as ffawcon to fflye,
352 to maintaine HENERY *that* was their King.

and marches
towards

then this Lord bowned him vpon a day
with noble men in companye ;
towards Newcastle vnder Line he tooke the way,
356 & told his men both gold and ffee.

Newcastle.

Sir Wm.
Stanley

Sir william Stanley wise and wight,
ffrom the castle of Holt with holts hye
to the Nantwich hee rydeth straight,
360 & tooke his men wages of gold and ffee.

marches to
Nantwich,

with the
flower of
Cheshire ;

all the north wales ffor the most partye,
the fflower of Cheshire, with him hee did bringe ;
better men were not [in] christentye
364 *that* euer came to maintaine their King.

Erly vpon Twesday att Morne

Sir william Stanley, *that Noble Knight,*

remoned ffrom Nantwiche to the towne of stone,—

is by then was Henery come to stafford straight,—

thence to
Stone,

he Longed sore to see him in sight,

& straight to stafford towne is gone,¹

& kneeled downe anon-right,

72 & by the hand he hath him tane :

from whence
he goes to
meet Henry,

hee said, “ I am ffull glad of thee ; ”

& these were the words he said to him :

“ through the helpe of my Lord thy ffather,² & thee,

76 I trust in England to continue Kinge.”

who is full
glad of him.

then he hent *that* noble prince by the hand,

& said, “ welcome my souerraigne King HENERY !

challenge thy Herytage & thy Land,

80 *that* thine owne is, & thine shall bee.

He exhorts
Henry
to claim his
crown,

“ be Eger to ffight, & lothe to fflee !

let manhood be bredd thy brest within !

& remember another day who doth ffor thee,

84 of all England when thou art Kinge.”

be eager to
fight,

and, when
he wins,
to remember
his friends.

after, there was noe more to say,

but leane of the prince he hath taken,³

& came againe by light of the day

88 to the litle prettye towne of stone.

Then Sir
William

returms

to Stone.

Early vpon Saturday att morne,

to Lichffeild they remoue, both old & younge.⁴

att woosley bridge them beforne,

92 there had they a sight of our Kinge.

On Saturday

he marches
to Lichfield

gane (i. e. gone).—Dyce.

This should be “*brother*”: Thomas,
d Stanley, the father of Sir William,

and the then (1485) Lord Stanley, having
died in 1458.—Adams.

² tane.—P.

⁴ *yinge*.—Dyce.

- with a
goodly
company,
- 396 & to Lichefeild they ridden right,
 with answerable army came royallye :
to nomber the companye *that* was with the Knight,
 itt was a goodlye sight to see.
- 400 guns in Lichefeild they cracken on hyo
 to cheere the countye both more & min,
 & glad was all the Chinalrye
 that was on heneryes parte, our Kinge.
- and rides
through the
town.
- Then he
hears
- 404 throughout Lichefeild rydeth the Knight,
 on the other side there tarryed hee ;
a messenger came to him straight,
 & kneeled downe vpon his knee,
- that Lord
Stanley
- is about to
fight
Richard.
- 408 & saith, " the Lord Stanley is his enemy nye,
 that are but a litle way ffrom him ;
they will ffight within these houres 3
 with Richard *that* is Englands Kinge."
- He passes
on to
Hattersey
- 412 " *that* wold I not," the Knight can say,
 " ffor all the gold in Christentye !"
towards Tamworth he tooke the way,
 & came to Hattersey, & neighed nye
- and joins
Lord
Stanley.
- 416 where the Lord Stanley in a dale cold bee,
 with trumpetts & tabours tempered with him :
itt was a comelye sight to see
 as euer was to maintaine Kinge. [page 440]
- On Sunday
they set
their battle
in array,
- 420 All *that* night there tarryed they,
 & vpon the sunday gods service did sec.
toward the ffeild they did them array ;
 the vawward the Lord Stanley tooke hee,
- waiting
Richard's
attack.
- 424 Sir William Stanley the rerward wold bee,
 & his sonne Sir Edward with a winge.
thé did remaine in their array
 to waite the coming of Richar! King.

- then they Looked to a fforrest syde,
 they hard trumpetts & tabours tempered on lye :
 they thought *King Richard* had comen there,
 18 & itt was the Noble prince, *King HENERYE*. But Henry
first comes,
- ouer a riner then rydeth hee ;
 he brake the ray, & rode to him :
 itt was a comelye sight to see (comely it
was to see
the meeting)
 12 the meeting of our Lord & Kinge.—
- then in their host there did ffall affray
 a litle time before the night ;—
 you neuer saw men see soone in their array
 36 with fell weapons feirce ffor to fight.—
- vpon a keene courser *that* was wight,
 other Lords with him hee cold bringe ;
 thus in array came ryding straight,
 40 HENERY of England, our noble Kinge. on a swift
courser,

our noble
king.
- he lowted low & tooke his hatt in his hand,
 & thanked the states ¹ and cominaltye :
 “to quitt ² you all I vnderstand ;
 14 I trust in Iesu *that* day to see.” He thanked
the lords
and com-
mons,
and said he
hoped to re-
quite them.
- many a cry in the host *that* night did bee ;
 & anon the Larke began to singe ;
 truth of the battell heere shall yee,
 18 *that* euer was betweene King and King. Next
morning,
- King HENERY* desired the vaward right
 of the Lord stanley *that* was both wise & wittye ;
 & hee hath granted him in sight, he asked to
lead the
van.
 22 & saith “but small is your companye.”

¹ nobles.—F.

² quite, i.e. requite.—P.

Lord
Stanley gave
it him,
with 4 good
knights,

4 of the Noble *Knights* then called hee;
their names to you then shall I minge;
he bade array them with their chinalrye,
456 & goe to the vaward with our Kinge:

Tunstall,

Sir Robert Tunsall, a Noble Knight,
& come of royall anceytrees;

Savage,

Sir Iohn Savage, wise & wight,

Perschall,

460 Sir Hugh Persall; there was 3:

Humphrey
Stanley.

Sir Humphrey Stanley the 4th did bee,
that proued noble in euerye thinge;
they did assay them with their chinalrye,
464 & went to the vaward with our kinge.

Lord
Stanley
has two
battalions.

the Lord stanley both sterne and stout,
2 battells *that* day had hee
of hardye men, withouten doubt
468 better were not in christentye.

Sir Wm.
Stanley
has the
rearguard.

Sir william, wise and worthye,
was hindmost att the outsettinge;
men said *that* day *that* dyd him see,
472 hee came betime¹ vnto our King.

He sees
Richard's
host:

five miles
of men,

then he remoued vnto a mountaine full hye,
& looked into a dale ffull dread;
5 miles compasse, no ground they see,
476 ffor armed men & trapped steeds.

in four
battalions,

theyr armor glittered as any gleed²;
in 4 strong battells they cold fforth bring;
they seemed noble men att need
480 as euer came to maintaine [a] King.

¹ MS. betine.—F.

² burning coal.—Dyce.

- the duke of Norfolke ¹ avanted ² his banner ³ bright, Norfolk in
the van.
 soe did the younge Erle of Shrewsburye,
 to the sun & wind right speedylve dight,
 484 soe did Oxford, *that* Erle, in companye.
- to tell the array itt were hard ffor me,
 & they Noble power *that* they did bring.
 And of the ordinance ⁴ heere shall yee, [page 441] Their
artillery
was,
 488 *that* had *that* day Richard our Kinge.
- they had 7 scores Sarpendines ⁵ without dout, 140 ser-
pentine,
that were locked & Chained vppon a row,
 as many bombards ⁶ *that* were stout; 140
bombards,
 492 like blasts of thunder they did blow.
- 10000 Morespikes ⁷ with-all, 10.000
morris-pikes
and harque-
busiers.
 & harquebusyers, throwlye can thé thringe ⁸
 to make many a noble man to ffall
 496 *that* was on HENERYS part, our kinge.
- ⁹ King Richard looked on the mountaines hye, Richard sees
Lord
Stanley's
banner,
 & sayd, "I see the banner of the Lord Stanley."
 he said, "ffeitch hither the Lord Strange to mee,
 500 ffor doubtlesse hee shall dye this day ;
- "I make mine avow to Marye, *that* may, and swears
that all the gold this Land within
 shall not saue his liffe this day,
 504 in England iff I be Kinge!" Lord
Strange
shall die.

¹ *Norfolk* was on the side of Richard. *Shrewsbury*, a minor, probably with his uncle Sir Gilbert Talbot, was on the side of Henry. *Oxford* was a chief commander of Henry's side.—Adams.

² availed, or perhaps avanced.—P. advanced, raised.—Dyce.

³ MS. bamer.—F.

⁴ Fr. *Artillerie*, f., Artillerie, Ordnance. Cotgrave.—F.

⁵ a kind of cannon. Halliwell. Fr.

Serpentine, the Artillerie called a Serpentine or Basiliskoe. Cotgrave.—F.

⁶ See Florio, ed. 1611, pp. 100, 112, 127. Halliwell. Fr. *Bombarde*. A Bombard, or murdering peece. Cotgrave.—F.

⁷ a large pike. Halliwell.—F.

⁸ A.-S. *þringan* = to rush.—F.

⁹ Vide Pag. 478. St. 236, & sequent⁹ [The 6th Part of *Ladye Bessye*, below.] —P.

- Strange is brought out;
 he calls 508 then they brought the Lord Strange into his sight;
 he said, "ffor thy death make thee readye."
 then answered *that* noble Knight,
 & said, "I crye god & the world mercye !
- Christ to witness
 that he never
 was a
 traitor. 512 " & Iesus, I draw wittnesse to thee
that all the world ffrom woe did winn,
 since the time *that* I borne did bee,
 was I neuer traitor to my Kinge."
- He sends a
 message
 to his
 gentlemen 516 a gentleman then called hee,—
 men said Latham was his name,—
 " & euer thou come into my countrie,
 greete well my gentlemen eche one;
- and yeomen, 520 "my yeomen Large of blood and bone,
 sometimes we had mirth att our meetinge;
 they had a *Master*, & now they haue none,
 ffor heere I must be martyred with the Kinge."
- a ring to his
 Lady, 524 there he tooke a ring of his ffigar right,
 & to *that* squier raught itt hee,
 & said, "beare this to my Lady bright,
 for shee may thinke itt longe or shee may ¹ see;
- and hopes
 that 528 "yett att doomes day meete shall wee,—
 I trust in Iesu *that* all this world shall winn—
 In the celestyall heauen vpon hye
 in presence of a Noble King.
- If Henry
 loses, 532 " & the ffeild be lost vpon our partye,—
 as I trust in god itt shall not bee,—
 take my eldest sonne *that* is my heyre,
 & flee into some ffarr countrie.
- his son is to
 be taken
 abroad ;

“ yett the child a man may bee,—
 hee is comen of a Lords kinn,—
 another day to reuenge mee
 of Richard of England, if he be King.”

and when
 he's a man,

he is to
 revenge him
 on Richard.

then to King Richard there came a Knight,
 saith, “I hold noe time about this to be.
 see yee not the vawards begining to ffight?
 when yee haue the ffather, the vnckle, all 3,

Richard
 hears

that the vns
 are fighting,

“looke what death you will haue them to dyc;
 att your will you may them deeme.”
 through these ffortunate words eskaped hee
 out of the danger of Richard the Kinge.

waits to
 take
 the Stanleys;

and Strange
 escapes
 death.

then the partyes countred¹ together egerlyc.
 when the vawards began to ffight,
 King Henery ffought soe manffullye,
 soe did Oxford, *that* Erle soe wight;

Henry fights
 manfully,

Sir Iohn Sauage, *that* hardy Knight,
 deathes dints he delt *that* day
 with many a white hood in fight,
that sad men were att assay.

and so do
 Savage,

Sir Gilbert Talbott was not away,
 but stontly stirred him in *that* ffight;
 with noble men att assay
 he caused his enemyes lowe to light.

Talbot,

Sir Hugh Persall, with sheild & speare
 ffull doughtylye *that* day did hee;
 he bare him doughtye in this warr,
 as a man of great degree.

and Pearsall.

¹ i.e. encountered.— P.

Richard has
40,000 men.

King Richard did in his army stand,
he was n[u]mbred to 40000 and 3
of hardy men of hart and hand,
564 that vnder his banner there did bee.

Sir William
Stanley

Sir William Stanley wise & worthie [page 442]
remembred the brea[k]ffast ¹ he hett to him ;
downe att a backe then cometh hee,
attacks him. 568 & shortlye sett vpon the Kinge.

Arrows fly,
guns shoot:

then they countred together sad & sore ;
archers they lett sharpe arrowes flee,
they shott guns² both fell & ffarr,
572 bowes of vewe³ bended did bee,

Richard's
men begin to
fall.

springalls⁴ spedd them speedlye,
harquebusiers pellets throughly did thringe ;
soe many a banner began to swee⁵
576 that was on Richards partye, their King.

Henry's
archers
take to their
swords,

then our archers lett their shooting bee,
with ioyned weapons were growden⁶ full right,
brands rang on basenetts hye,
580 battell-axes ffast on helmes did light.

and his men
fight
mightily.

there dyed many a doughtye Knight,
there vnder ffoot can thé thringe ;
thus they ffought with maine & might
584 that was on HENERYES part, our King.

A knight
advises
Richard to
flee.

then to King Richard there came a Knight,⁷
& said, "I hold itt time ffor to flee ;
ffor yonder stanleys dints they be soe wight,
588 against them no man may dree.

¹ See line 179, page 242.—F.

² MS. gums.—F. ³ yewe.—P.

⁴ Springal, an ancient military engine
for casting stones and arrows. Halliwell.
—F.

⁵ swee, qu. perhaps flee.—P. sway
(& fall).—F.

⁶ ? grownden.—F.

⁷ Vide Pag. 479, St. 255 [of MS., last
part of *Ladye Bessye*], et sequentes.—P.

“ heere is thy horsse att thy hand readye ;
 another day thou may thy worshipp win,
 & ffor to raigne with royaltie,
 to weare the crowne, and be our *King*.”

he said, “ gine me my battell axe in my hand,
 sett the crowne of England on my head soe hye !
 ffor by him *that* shope both sea and Land,
King of England this day I will dye !

But Richard
 calls for his
 battle-axe
 and crown :
 he will die a
 King,

“ one ffoote will I neuer flee
 whilest the breath is my brest within ! ”
 as he said, soe did itt bee ;
 if hee lost his liffe, if he were *King*.

and never
 flee.

about his standard can thé light,
 the crowne of gold thé hewed him ffroe,
 with dilffull dints his death thé dight,
 the Duke of Norffolke *that* day thé slowe.

Richard
 is slain ;

Norfolk too,

the Lord fferrers & many other moe,
 boldlye on bere they can them bringe ;
 many a noble *Knight* in his hart was throwe,
that lost his liffe with Richard the *King*.

Lord
 Ferrers,

there was slaine Sir Richard Ratcliffe, a noble
Knight,
 of *King* Richards counsell was ffull nye ;
 Sir william Conyas,¹ allwayes *that* was wight,
 & Sir Robert of Brakenburye.

Sir Richard
 Ratcliffe,

Sir William
 Conyers,

a *Knight* there dyed *that* was ffull doughtye,
that was Sir Richard the good Chorlton ;
that day there dyed hee
 with Richard of England *that* ware the crowne.

and Sir
 Richard
 Chorlton.

¹ Conyers.- P.

Sir William
Brandon,
Henry's
standard-
bearer,

amongst all other *Knights*, remember
which were hardy, & therto wight:
Sir william Brandon was one of those,
620 *King* Heneryes Standard he kept on height,

was killed,

& vanted itt with manhood & might
vntill with dints hee was dr[i]uen downe,
& dyed like an ancyent *Knight*,
624 with HENERY of England *that* ware the crowne.

and also
Sir P.
Triball,

Richard's
standard-
bearer.

Sir Perciuall Thriball, the other hight,
& noble *Knight*, & in his hart was true;
King Richards standard hee kept vpright
628 vntill both his leggs were hewen him free;

to the ground he wold neuer lett itt goe,
whilest the breath his brest was within;
yett men pray ffor the *Knights* 2
632 *that* ener was soe true to their King.

Henry is
proclaimed
King,

and Lord
Stanley

then they moued to a mountaine on height,
with a lowde voice they cryed king HENERY;
the crowne of gold *that* was bright,
636 to the Lord stanley deliuered itt bee.

hands the
crown of
England to
him.

anon to King HENERY deliuered itt hee,
the crowne *that* was soe deliuered to him,
& said, "methinke ye are best worthye
640 to weare the crowne and be our King."

They ride to
Leicester,

Then they rode to Leister *that* night
with our noble prince King HENERYE;
they brought *King* Richard thither with might
644 as naked as he borne might bee,

[page 415]

& in Newarke ¹ Laid was hee,
that many a one might looke on him.
 thus ffortunes raignes most marnelouslye
 18 both with Emperour & with king.

and lay
 Richard's
 body in
 Newark.

now this doubtfull day is brought to an end,
 Iesu now on their soules haue mercye !
 & hee [that] dyed this world to amend,
 2 saue stanleys blood, where-soener they bee,

Jesu have
 mercy on
 their souls,

to remaine as Lords with royaltye
 when truth & conscyence shall spread & spring,
 & *that* they bee of counsell nye
 6 to Iames ² of England *that* is our King !

and save
 Stanley's
 blood
 as Lords
 wherever
 truth shall
 spread !

ffinis.

A place in Leicester so called.—P.
 This Poem was certainly written
 e the time of King James, but some

transcriber applied the Prayer to the
 reigning Prince.—P.

Æneias & Dido : ¹

THIS song is to be found among “*The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle in Westmerland, in the King’s Entertainment, given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right noble Sonne the Lord Clifford. Composed by Mr. George Mason and Mr. John Earsden. Printed by Thomas Snodham, 1618.*” They were reprinted by John Stafford Smith in *Musica Antiqua*; and in the preface to that work he says: “The last verse of the famous ballad *Dido Queen* was, on this occasion, added to the more ancient song. The Editor has in his possession an older copy without it.” The verse here referred to begins “Dido wept.”

D’Urfey reprinted the song, with this third verse, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. vi. p. 192, but to another tune. The old song was very popular, as may be proved by the following quotations:

You ale-knights! you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions! that sing *Queen Dido* over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot! you shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottom before you are aware. (*The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets*, 1608.)

This allusion to the song is ten years earlier than the date of the printed copy of the “Entertainment.” Again, in Fletcher’s *The Captain*, Act iii. Scene 3, Frank says:

These are your eyes—
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman for singing *Queen Dido*?

In Charles II.’s reign, Sir Robert Howard (speaking of him-

¹ In praise of Inconstancy.—P.

lf) said: "In my younger time I have been delighted with ballad for its sake; and 'twas 10 to 1 but my muse and I had set up first: nay, I had almost thought that *Queen Dido*, sung *it* way, was some ornament to the pen of Virgil." (*Poems and says*, 8vo, 1673.)

"The most excellent History of The Duchess of Suffolk's lamity," printed in 1607, was sung to the tune of *Queen Dido*. Several more are quoted in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, l. i. pp. 371-2.—W. C.

	DIDO : was a Carthage Queene,	Dido loved
	& loued a Troian Knight,	Æneas,
	[that] wandering, ¹ many a coste had seene,	
4	& many a bloody ffight,	
	as they on hunting [rode, ²] a shower	
	droue them in a louing hower,	
	downe to a darkesome Caue,	and in a cave
8	wheras Æneas with his charmes	
	loket Queene didon in his armes,	he locked her
	& had what hee wold craue.	in his arms.
	Dido Hymens rites fforgett, ³	
12	her loue was winged with hast ;	
	her honor shee regarded not,	
	but in her brest him placet.	
	but when their loues were new begun,	
16	Ioue sent downe his winged sonne	But Ioue
	to ffright Aeneas sleepe,	
	who bade him by the breake of day	ordered him
	ffrom Queene dido steale away,	away,
20	which made her wayle and weepe.	

¹ MS. wondering.—F. who wand^r—P.

² went.—P. rode, in the other copy.—W. C.

³ forgot.—P.

and Dido
wept.

dido wept, but what of this?
the gods wold haue itt soe;

Æneas did
no wrong, as
he was
forced to go.

24 Aeneas nothing did amisse,
ffor he was fforcte to goe.

Learne lords,
then,
to be
faithless,

Learne, Lordings, Learne ¹, no ffaith to keepe
with your lones, but lett them weepe;
itts ffolly to be true;

28 And lett this story serue your turne,

and get new
loves.

& lett 20 didoes burne,
soe you gett dalye ² new.

ffinis.

¹ *then* in the other copy.—W. C.

² *daily*.—P.

[“*As it beffell on a Day*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 82, follows
here in the *MS.* p. 444.]

The Squier.¹

THIS is a much abridged and somewhat mutilated version of the charming and most popular old romance, *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*,² reprinted by Ritson from Copland's edition, in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*; reprinted again more accurately by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Early Popular Poetry*; liberally quoted from by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*. The "Squyr of Lowe Degree," as Mr. Hazlitt (ii. 22) points out, "was licensed to John Kyng on the 10th of June, 1560, with several other articles; but no impression by King has hitherto come to light." The following may possibly be a copy of King's edition.

With one part of the story—the tender care with which the supposed remains of her lover are preserved by the king's daughter—the reader will not fail to compare Keats' *Isabella or the Pot of Basil*.

<p>IT : was a squier of England borne, he wrought a fforffett against the crowne, against the crowne & against the ffee :</p>	<p>An English Squire offended his King,</p>
<p>4 in England tarry no longer durst hee, ffor hee was vexed beyond the ffome³ into the Kings Land of Hungarye. he was no sooner beyond the ffome,</p>	<p>and had to flee to Hungary.</p>
<p>8 but into a service he was done ;</p>	<p>There he took service</p>

¹ A poor imperfect Old Ballad. Of very moderate excellence: yet curious. This is a mutilated incorrect copy of the ancient Romance intituled *The Squire of Low Degree*. (So I once thôt, but upon comparing them I find *them* very different.) This seems to differ from the printed Romance of the *Squier of Low*

Degree about as much as that of Sir Lambwell in pag. 60 [of MS., vol. i. p. 142 of print] does from *that* of Sir Launfal, & probably for the same Reason—vid. *supra*, p. 60.—P.

² Or *Vndo your doore*: 1132 lines.—F.

³ Sea, qu.—P.

with
the King's
daughter,

and waited
on her
till he won
her love.

When he
was sad,
he went to
his garden
of maples
and hazles,

where the
martin and

thrush sang.

There he
lamented
his want of
money

and birth
that he
might win
his Lady.
She heard
him,

and asked
him
whom he
was

- such a service he cold him gett,
he serued the Kings daughter in her seate;
such a service he was put in,
12 he serued the *Kings* daughter with bread & wine;
he serued this Lady att table and Chesse
till hee had woone her loue to his.¹
he was made vs her of the hall,
16 the setter of the Lords both great & small.²
the Squier was soe curterous & kind,³
Euery man loued him & was his ffreind.
& alwaies when the Squier was woe,
20 into his arbour he wold goe ;
the maple trees were ffaire & round,
the filbert hangs downe to the ground,
the lay iangles them amonge,
24 the marttin song many a ffaire songe,
the sparrow spread vpon her spray,
the throstle song both night and day,
the swallow swooped too and ffroe :
28 the squires hart was neuer soe woe,
he Leaned his backe vntill a thorne,
& said, "alacke *that* euer I was borne !
that I had gold, soe had I fee,
32 marry I might yond ffaire Ladye.
O *that* I were borne of soe hye a kin,
the Ladyes loue *that* I might win !"
the Lady lay in her chamber hind,
36 & heard the Squier still mourning ;
shee pulled fforth a pin of Iuorye,
like the sun itt shone by and by ;
shee opened the Casement of a glasse,
40 shee saw the squier well where hee was,
"Squier," shee sayes, "ffor whose sake
is *that* mourning *that* thou dost make ?"

¹ Compare *Thomas of Potte*, p. 136 above.—F.

² See Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, l. 1001.—F.

³ hend, i. e. gentle.—P.

- “Ladye,” he sayes, “as I doe see,
 1 of my mourninge I dare not tell yee,
 ffor you wold complaine vnto our King,
 & hinder me of my Liuinge.”
- “Squier,” shee sais, “as I doe thrine,
 3 neuer while I am woman aline!”
- “Squier,” shee sais, “if you will my loue haue,
 another ffashion you must itt craue,
 ffor you must to the ffeild, & ffight,
 2 & dresse you like & other wise Knight¹;
 & euer the fformost I hold you ffirst,
 & euer my ffather hold you next,
 & hee will take such ffavor to yee,
 6 soone marryed together wee shalbee.”
- “Lady,” he saies, “*that* is soone said:
 how shold a man to the ffeild, was neuer arraid?
 Lady,” he said, “itt were great shame
 0 a naked man shold ryde ffrom home.”
- “thou shalt haue gold, thou shalt haue ffee,
 strenght of men & royaltie.”
 shee went to a Chest of Inorye,
 4 & ffeicht out a 100^u and 3:
- “Squier,” shee saies, “put this in good Lore;
 when this is done, come ffeitch thee more.”
 shee had no sooner these words all said,
 8 but men about her chamber her ffather had Laid:
- “open your doore, my Lady alone,
 heere is twenty, I am but one.”
 “I will neuer my dore vndoe
 2 ffor noe man *that* comes me to,
 nor I will neuer my dore vnsteake²
 vntill I heare my ffather speake.”
 then they tooke the Squier alone,
 6 & put him into a chamber of ffrom³;

[page 445] mourning
after,

and told him

that if he
would have
her love,he must
fight and
dress
like a
knight,and then
they could be
married.“But I have
no armour.”The Lady
giveshim 103^l.and promises
him more.The King's
men
who have
lain in wait,take the
Squire, put
him in
prison,

Another-guesse *Knight*; qu.—P.
 i. e. unfasten, open.—P.

² her from, qu.—P.
 ffrane, l. 153.—F.

? frame: cp.

set a corpee		& to the gallow tree they be gone, & ffeitchd downe a hanged man.
at her chamber door,	80	thé Leaned him to her chamber dore, the dead might ffall vpon the ffloore ; they mangled him soe in the face, they Lady might not know who he was. shee harde the swords ding & crye ;
and mangle his face.		
The Lady gets up,	84	the Lady rose vpp by and by naked as euer shee was borne, sauing a mantle her beforne ; shee opened the chamber dore,
opens her door, and the corpee falls on the floor. She thinks	88	the dead man ffell vpon the fflore. “ alacke,” shee saith, “ & woe is aye ! something to Long <i>that</i> I haue Lay. alacke,” shee sais, “ <i>that</i> euer I was borne !
her Squire is dead.	92	Squier, now thy liffe dayes are fforlorne ! I will take thy ffingars & thy ffax, ¹ I will throwe them well in virgins wax ; I will thy bowells out drawe,
She says she will bury his bowels,	96	& bury them in christyan graue ; I will wrapp thee in a wrapp ² of lead, & reare thee att my beds head. Squier,” shee sayes, “ in powder thoust Lye ;
embalm his body, and keep it at her bed's head		
till it can be kept no longer :	100	longer kept thou cannott bee ; I will chest thee in a chest of stree, & spice thee well with spicerye, & bury thee vnder a marble stone,
then she'll bury it, and say her daily prayers on it.	104	& euery day say my praiers thee vpon, & euery day, whiles I am woman alieue, for thy sake gett masses ffine. through the praying ³ of our Lady alone,
Also she'll wear nothing but black.	108	saued may be the soule of the hanged man. Squier,” shee sais, “ now ffor thy sake I will neuer weare no clothing but blacke.

¹ A.-S. *fear*, hair of the head.—F.² Wrapper.—P.³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- Squier," shee sais, "Ile neuer looke att other thing,
 1 nor neuer weare mantle nor ringe."
 her ffather stood vnder an easing¹ bore,²
 & heard his daughter mourning euer more ;
 "daughter," he sais, "ffor whose sake
 2 is *that* sorrow *that* still thou makes ? "
 "ffather," shee sais, "as I doe see,
 itt is ffor no man in Christentye.
 ffather," shee sayes, "as I doe thrue, [page 446]
 3 itt is ffor noe man this day aline ;
 ffor yesterday I lost my kniffe ;
 much rather had I haue lost my life ! "
 "my daughter," he sayes, "if itt be but a blade,
 4 I can gett another as good made."
 "ffather," shee sais, "there is neuer a smith but one
that [can] smith you² such a one."
 "daughter," hee sais, "to-morrow I will a hunting
 ffare,
 5 & thou shalt ryde vppon thy chaire,
 & thou shalt stand in such a place
 & see 30 harts come all in a chase."
 "ffather," shee sayes, "godamercy,
 6 but all this will not comfort mee."
 "daughter," he sais, "thou shalt sitt att thy meate,
 & see the ffishes in the ffloud leape."
 "ffather," shee sais, "godamercy,
 7 but all this will not comfort mee."
 "thy sheetes they shall be of they Lawne,
 thy blanketts of the ffine ffustyan."
 "ffathe[r,]" shee sais, &c.:
 8 " & to thy bed I will thee bring,
 many torchers ffaire burninge."
 "ffather," shee sais, &c.
- Her father
 asks whom
 she's sorrow-
 ing for.
 "No man
 alive.
 I've lost my
 knife."
 "I'll get
 another
 blade for
 you.
 Come and
 see me hunt
 to-morrow."
 "That won't
 comfort
 me."
 "I'll give
 you some
 lawn
 sheets and
 fustian
 blankets,

Easing, i.e. Eves of a house.—P.
 ilding with eaves. *Bor, bore*, a
 used for shelter, especially by
 ler animals. *Sir Tristrem. Easin-*

gang, a course of sheaves projecting a
 little at the *casin*, to keep the rain from
 getting in. Jamieson.—F.
² that can smithe you, &c.—P.

- minstrels
shall play to
you, and
pepper and
cloves
burn for
you.
- Why are
you so
pale?
- I have your
lover!
- He brings
the Squire to
her;
- she swoons,
but recovers
when kissed.
- She marries
the Squire.
Kings come
to her
wedding.
- The feast
lasts 34 days,
and the
lovers live
over 30
years.
- 144 thou shalt haue Minstrells with thee to wake.¹
“ffather,” shee sais, &c.
“peper & Cloues shall be burninge,
that thou maist ffee the sweet smellinge.”
- 148 “ffather,” shee sais, &c.
“daughter, thou had wont to haue beene both white
& red;
now thou art as pale as beaten leade.
I haue him in my keeping
152 *that* is both thy loue & likinge.”
he went to a Chamber of ffane,
& ffeicht fforth the Squier, a whales bone.²
when shee looked the Squier vpon,
156 in a dead swoone shee fell anon.
throug³ kissing of *that* worthye wight,
vprisse *that* Lady bright.
“ffather,” shee sayes, “how might you for sinn
160 haue kept vs 2 louers in twin?”
“daughter,” he said, “I did ffor no other thinge
but thought to haue marryed thee to a King.”
to her Marriage came Kings out of Spaine,
164 & Kings out of Almaigne,
& Kings out of Normandye,
att this Ladyes wedding ffor to bee.
a long month and dayes 3,
168 soe long lasted this Mangerye.⁴
30 winters and some deale moe,
soe longe liued these Louers too.
- ffinis.

¹ A.-S. *wæccan*, to watch.—F.² as white as ivory.—F.³ *ffor* is marked out for *throug*.—F.⁴ Mangerye, i. e. eating, feasting.—P.

[“*Blame not a Woman*,” printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 84, follows
here in the MS. p. 446.]

Ⓢ Noble festus : ¹

[page 447]

THIS piece is, as Percy mentions, “printed in a Collection of Songs called the Rump, p. 237, A. D. 1662.” (It is not in the 1660 edition of the said collection.) It is reprinted in the two-volumed edition that appeared in 1731. “It was written,” says Percy, “about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3rd edition of his poems 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor’s folio MS.”

V. 9. “Coming to Court after he [Sir Walter Mildmay, “formerly a serious student in and benefactor to Christ’s College,”] had founded his college [Emmanuel College,]” says Fuller in his *History of the University of Cambridge*, “the queen told him ‘Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation.’ ‘No, madam,’ saith he, ‘far be it from me to countenance any thing contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.’” John Gifford, Ezekiel Culverwell, Jeremiah Burroughs, Stephen Marshall, Thomas Shephard, Nathaniel Ward, Samuel Croke, John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, John Yates, John Stoughton, all well-known Puritan divines, were members of Mildmay’s College.

V. 47. Richard Greenham was born *circ.* 1531, educated at and elected fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, “became pastor to the congregation at Drayton, near Cambridge,” “took such uncommon pains,” says Brook in his *Lives of the Puritans*, “and

¹ Printed in a Collection of songs N. B. The Various Readings below are called the *Rump*, p. 237, A. D. 1662. from the printed Copy.—P.

was so remarkably ardent in his preaching, that at the conclusion of the service his perspiration was so great that his shirt was usually as wet as if it had been drenched in water ;” “ was a most exact and conscientious nonconformist, choosing on all occasions to suffer rather than sacrifice a good conscience ;” “ died a most comfortable and happy death in the year 1591.” With regard to the “ cure ” the reading of his writings is said in the following piece to have effected, we quote once more from Brook : “ In addition to his public ministerial labours, he had a remarkable talent for comforting afflicted consciences ; and in this department the Lord greatly blessed his endeavours. Having himself waded through the deep waters, and laboured under many painful conflicts, he was eminently qualified for relieving others. The fame of his usefulness in resolving the doubts of inquiring souls having spread through the country, multitudes from all quarters flocked to him as to a wise physician, and by the blessing of God obtained the desired comfort. Numerous persons, who to his own knowledge had laboured under the most racking terrors of conscience, were restored to joy and peace in believing. When any complained of blasphemous thoughts, his advice was “ do not *fear* them, but *abhor* them.” Amongst his treatises (see his *Works*, fol. 1612) are “ A sweet comfort for afflicted conscience,” “ A short direction for the comfort of afflicted consciences,” “ Rules for an afflicted minde concerning several temptations,” &c.

V. 49. William Perkins (1558–1602), too, was of Cambridge, a fellow of Christ’s College, and afterwards preacher at St. Andrew’s Church. He was both a Boanerges and a Barnabas, according to Brook. “ Mr. Perkins’ sermons were *all law* and *all gospel* . . . He used to apply the terrors of the law so directly to the consciences of his hearers, that their hearts would often sink under the convictions ; and he used to pronounce the word *damn* with so peculiar an emphasis that it left a doleful *echo* in their ears a long time after.” “ As for his books,” says Fuller in

ghly eulogistic sketch of his life in his *Abel Redivivus*, "it miracle almost to conceive how thick they lye and yet how they overspread all over Christendome." . . .

Of all the Worthies in this learned role,
Our English *Perkins* may, without controle,
Challenge a crowne of Bayes to deck his head,
And second unto none be numbered,
For's learning, wit and worthy parts divine,
Wherein his Fame resplendantly did shine
Abroad and eke at home ; for's Preaching rare
And learned writings, almost past compare ;
Which were so high estéem'd, that some of them
Translated were (as a most precious jem)
Into the Latine, French, Dutch, Spanish tongue,
And rarely valued both of old and young.
And (which was very rare) Them all did write
With his left hand, his right being uselesse quite ;
Borne in the first, dying in the last year
Of Quéen *Eliza*, a Princesse without péer.

T. Fuller's *Abel Redivivus* (1651) p. 440.

His works were printed again and again—in 1608–10, 1612, 1616, 1621, 1626, 1635. The reference in the following piece is, doubt, to his "Golden chaine or the description of Theologie, containing the order of the causes of Salvation and Damnation, according to God's Word, a view whereof is to be seen in the table annexed." See vol. i. of the 1612 edition of his works. In a table, a side-note on it informs us, "may be in stead of an alar Catechisme to them which cannot read ; for by the pointing of the finger they may sensibly perceive the chiefe points of religion and the order of them." The reader is instructed that "the white line sheweth the order of the causes of salvation from the first to the last. The blacke line sheweth the order of the causes of damnation." Some of these latter causes are "the decree of Reprobation," "A calling not effectual," "Nothing," "Ignorance and vanitie of mind," "the hardening of the heart," "a reprobate sense," "Greedines in sinne," "Fulnes of sinne." A bold analysis of perdition this—an audacious piece of

theological presumption. The black line has a fearful look, as of some dark deadly flood moving across the page. No wonder

Those crooked veins
Long stuck in my brains
That I feared my reprobation.

Am I mad

because I
hope to put
down the
Pope?

AM : I mad, O noble festus,
when zeale & godlye knowledge
put me in hope to deale with the Pope
4 as well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldlye I preacht "war¹ & cross war a surplus,
miters, copes, & rochetts!
come heare me pray 9 times a day,
8 & ffill your head with crochetts."

I was trained
in
Emmanuel's
house.

In the house of pure Emannell²
I had my educatyon,
till my ffreinds did surmise I dazled my eyes
12 with the light of reuelation.
Boldlye I preacht &c.

I was bound
like a
madman,
and lashed.

Thé bound me like [a]³ bedlam,
& lash[t]⁴ my 4 poore quarters.
while this does endure,⁵ ffaith makes me sure
16 to be one of ffox his Martyres.
Boldlye I preacht &c.

These iniuryes I sufferd
with Antich[r]ists perswasion.
lett loose my chaine! neither Roome nor Spaine
20 can withstand my strong inuasyon.
Boldlye I preacht &c.

¹ hate a Cross, hate, &c., or *ware a Cross* &c. i. e. beware, &c.—P.

² Emanuel College, Cambridge, was

originally a seminary of Puritans.—W. C.

³ a.—P. ⁴ t.—P. ⁵ thus I indure.—P.

I assailed the seauen-hild Cittye
 where I mett the great redd dragon;
 I kept him alooffe with the armor¹ prooffe.
 4 thoughe now I haue neuer a ragg on.
 Boldlye I preacht &c.

At Rome I
 fought the
 red dragon,

with a ffiery sword and Targett,
 twice ffought I with this monster;
 but the sonnes of pryde my zeale doe deryde,
 8 & all my deeds misconster.
 Boldly I preacht &c.

with a sword
 and target.

I vnhorset the hore of Babell
 with the Launce of Inspiration;
 I made her stinke, & spill the² drinke
 2 in the Cupp of abbominatyon.
 Boldlye I preacht &c.

I unhorsed
 the whore of
 Babylon.

³ffrom the beast with 10 hornes, Lord blesse vs,
 I haue plucket of 3 alreadye;
 if theyle Lett me alone, Ile leaue him none;
 3 but they say I am to headye.
 Boldlye I preacht &c.

I pulled out
 three of the
 beast's ten
 horns.

I saw 2 in the visyon,
 with a fflying booke betweene them.
 I haue beene in dispaire 5 times in a yeere,
 5 & beene cured by reading Greenham.⁴
 Boldlye I preacht &c.

I've been
 rescued
 from despair
 by
 Greenham.

insert] of.—P.

er.—P.

This Stanza is not in the printed
 —P.

*The Works of Richard Greenham,
 Minister and Preacher of the Word of*

God. Lond. 1599, 4to. Greenham was
 a puritan divine of considerable talents
 and popularity. His works consist of
 sermons, treatises, and a commentary on
 Psalm cxix. Lowndes.—F.

Perkins has I haue read in ¹ Perkins table,²
 the blacke Line of damnatyon ;
 made me fear these crooked vaines long sticke ³ in my braines,
 my dam- 44 that I feared my reprobacion.
 nation. Boldlye I preacht &c.

In the holy tounge of Cannan
 I placed my Cheefest tresure,
 till I hurt my ffoot with an hebrew roote
 48 that I bled beyond all measure.
 Boldlye I preacht &c.

I've told the Archbishop
 that I was ⁴ before the Archbishoppe
 & all the hye Comissyon ;
 he favoured I gaue him no grace, but told him to his face
 superstition. 52 that he ffaoured superstition.
 Boldlye I preacht &c. ffinis.

¹ observed in.—P.

² Perkins, William, *The Works*. Lond., 1608–10, fol., 3 vols. *A Reformed Catholike, or a Declaration of Declarations*. Camb., 1567. *A Reformation of a Catholike deformed*. 1604, 4to., and a *Second Part of the Reformation*, etc. 1607. *Discourse of the Damned*

Art of Witchcraft. Camb. 1610. The works of this Puritan are distinguished for their piety, learning, extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, and strong Calvinistic argumentation. Lowndes.—F.

³ so stuck.—P.

⁴ appear'd.—P.

[“O Watt, where art tho?” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 121, follows here in the MS. p. 447–8.]

Carle off Carlile¹:

THIS poem was printed from the Folio by Sir F. Madden in the Appendix to his *Syr Gawayne* for the Bannatyne Club, pp. 256–74. Some of his readings of the MS. differ from mine; and though, if I can trust my eyes, the MS. does not make all the mistakes that Sir F. Madden attributes to it, I have thought it only due to his well-established reputation and great experience in reading MSS., as well as to our readers, who will probably trust him rather than me, to put his readings in the notes. The poem is, as he says, a modernised copy of the *Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle* in the Porkington MS. No. 10, “written in the reign of Edward IV.,” printed by him (Sir F. Madden) in the Appendix to his *Syr Gawayne*, pp. 187–206. Though Mrs. Ormsby Gore has kindly lent me this Porkington MS., I have not collated the Folio with it, as its *Syre Gawene* will be printed by Mr. Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society next year, and will there be easily accessible to all readers. The alterations are great in words, small in incidents, and the earlier poem is the better one. Sir F. Madden looks on the occurrence of the present poem and *The Grene Knight* (vol. ii. p. 58) in our Folio as settling the “question of the genuineness and antiquity of the *romance-poems* (as distinguished from the longer and better-known *romances*) in this celebrated MS.”—that is, that the Folio poems are not abstracts made of the old romances in the seventeenth century, but retellings or adaptations of abstracts made in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. “The original of this story must be sought for in the literature of the Continent, and we find it in the beautiful *fabliau* of *Le Chevalier à l’Epée*, printed in Meon’s *Recueil*, tome i. p. 127, 8vo, 1823, and previously analysed by Le Grand.”

¹ A curious Song of the Marriage of Sir Gawane, one of King Arthur’s Knights.—P.

Like the other Gawaine stories in the Folio, this one takes us into weirdland, the region where necromancers have been at work, where Kelts loved specially to range. And, as in *The Turke and Gowin* and *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, the counter charm which undoes the fiendly work is Gawaine's courtesy. Though he was not held worthy of the highest honours in Arthur-story, though he kept not the state of the virgin three who alone achieved the Quest of the Holy Graal¹—Galahad, Percival, Bors,—yet the sweetness of his spirit, his never-failing gentleness to poor as well as rich, to frightful dames as well as beauties, made him the favourite of most² of the Arthur-writers, and they sang his praises and his prowess, blessed him with the loveliest wives—the second appears here—and, with Israelitish unction, added many concubines. In contrast with him, here, is not only crabbed Kay, but also the Christian Bishop who has sunk the humility of his religion in the pride of his office, has forgotten that

It fitteth a clarke to be curteous and ffree,

and gets accordingly a rap on his crown that sends him down. But Gawaine does not fail: what courtesy requires, that he does, all that his host asks; and so, escapes himself, and rescues his friends, from the fate that had befallen 1500 men before who “coude not their curtasye,”—death at the hand and mouths of the Carle and his Four Whelps. As of the Turke (vol. i. p. 101, l. 288) so of the Carle, Gawaine strikes off the head; the bale that Necromancy had wrought is turned to bliss, the loathsome giant becomes again a man, and Gawaine weds the lady gay. What is not possible to those sweet souls who sun their world, at

¹ “Gauwains, Gauwain! mult a lunc tans que tu fus chivalers, et onques puis ne seruis ton creatour, se peu non: tu ies mais si vieus arbres qu'il n'a en toi ne fuelle ne fruit, car tu penses que nostre sires en eust la moule et l'escorche, puis que li anemis en a eu la flour et le fruit.” Nasciens to Gawain, *Queste*, p. 144. Again: “et quant il vous vit, si

s'en ala, car uous auies le lieu ordi de uotre pechie, et quant il s'en ala il vous dist, ‘chivaler plain de poure foi et de poure creanche, ches iij. choses vous faillent: carite, abstinence, et verites, et pour che n'en poes auenir as sacures del saint graal.’” *Queste*, p. 133, ed. F. J. F. for Roxb. Club, 1864.—F.

² Others consistently run him down.

whose presence words of wrath and thoughts of evil cease, the remembrance even of whose smile wins us from bitterness and gloom?—F.

- LISTEN: to me a litle stond,
 yee shall heare of one *that* was sober & sound:
 hee was meeke as maid in bower,
 4 stiffe & strong in euery stoure;
 certes withouten ffable
 he was one of the round table;
 the *Knights* name was Sir Gawaine,
 8 *that* much worshipp wan in Brittainne.
 the Ile of Brittainne called is
 both England & Scotland I-wis;
 wales is an angle to *that* Ile,
 12 where King Arthur soiorned a while¹;
 with him 24 *Knights* told,
 besids Barrons & dukes bold.
 the King to his Bishopp gan say,
 16 "wee will have a Masse to-day,
 Bishopp Bodwim² shall itt done:
 after, to the ffairest³ wee will gone,
 ffor now itt's grass time of the yeere,
 20 Barrons bold shall breake the deere.
 ffaine theroff was Sir Marrocke,⁴
 soe was Sir Kay, the *Knight* stout;

I'll tell you
about

Sir Gawaine.

Arthur
stayed a
while in
Wales,

and one day
said he'd
hear Mass,

[page 449]

and then go
hunting.

Murrock
was glad.
Kay too,

¹ At Cardyfe soiorned þe kyng a whylle. Porkington MS.—F.

² that Bishop Sir Bodwine. *Turks & Gowis*, l. 154, vol. i. p. 96. On this Bodwin or Bawdewyn in *The Grene Knyght*, Sir F. Madden says that he "occurs nowhere in the early French metrical and prose romances; and his name seems to have been substituted by the English or Scottish poets in the 14th century, for that of Bishop Brice or Dubricius. There was an Archbishop of Canterbury named Baldwin, who held the See from 1184 to 1191, from whom the name may have been taken." *Syr*

Gawayne, p. 312.—F.

³ forrest.—Pork.

⁴ Mewreke.—Pork. Marrake in *The Awntyrs of Arthure*, l. 641. He "appears to be the same as 'Sir Marrok, the good knyghte, that was bitrayed with his wyf, for she made him seuen yere a werwolf,' in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, vol. ii. p. 385; and on a similar story is founded the *Lai de Bisclaveret* of Marie, ed. Roquefort, tome i. p. 179."—Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 335. Marrocke is also the name of the giant in *Eglumore*, vol. ii. p. 349, l. 239, and of the false steward in *Sir Triamore*, vol. ii. p. 82, l. 51.—F.

and
Lancelot,
Percival,
Ewaine,
Lott, the
Green
Knight,
Gawaine,
Mordred,
Lybius
Disconyns,
and Iron-
side,

ffaine was Sir Lancelott Dulake,
24 soe was Sir Perciuall,¹ I vndertake;
ffaine was Sir Ewaine²
& Sir Lott of Lothaine,³
soe was the Knight of armes greene,⁴
28 & alsoe Sir Gawaine the sheene.
Sir Gawaine was steward in Arthurs hall,
hee was the curteous Knight amongst them all.⁵
King Arthur & his Cozen Mordred,⁶
32 & other Knights withouten Lett,
Sir Lybius Disconyns⁷ was there
with proud archers lesse & more,
Blanch ffaire⁸ & Sir Ironside,⁹
36 & many Knights that day can ryde.

¹ The nephew of king Pescheor, [or king Pelles, the Rich Fisher,] guardian of the *Sangreal*, whose adventures occupy a quarto volume, printed in 1530. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 345. See Mr. Halliwell's edition of the verse abstract of the French romance in *The Thornton Romances*.—F.

² See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 231.—F.

³ See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 55, &c.—F. He was the father of Gawayne, and king of Lothian and Orkney. *Geoffr. Monm.*, lib. ix. cap. 9. Madden, p. 346. He is the celebrated Ywain or Owain sometimes surnamed *Le Grand*, son of Urien, king of Moray, according to Geoffrey, or of Rheged, according to the Welsh authorities. His exploits were celebrated in French verse by Chrestien de Troyes, and thence translated into the German, Icelandic, Welsh, and English languages; for which consult Benecke's edition of *Iwein der Riter mit dem Leuen*, 8vo, Berlin, 1827; Von der Hagen's *Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie*, 8vo, Berlin, 1812, p. 118; Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i., and Notes, vol. iii., 8vo, 1802; and Lady C. Guest's *Mabinogion*, part i., 8vo, 1838. He must not be confounded (as Ritson has done him) with Ywain

l'Avoultre, a base son of Urien by his seneschal's wife, who was killed by Gawayne without knowing him, *Roman de Lancelot*, iii. f. cxvii. There are also others of the same name mentioned in the *Roman de Merlin*, i., f. ccviii⁹, and in the *Roman d'Erec et d'Enide*. Cf. *Arthour and Merlin*, p. 306, 4to, 1838. Madden, p. 312-13.—F.

⁴ Ironside's son, see l. 37-40. I know nothing [of him] as one of Arthur's knights. Madden, p. 346.—F.

⁵ most courteous Knight of all.—P.

⁶ Arthur's son by his sister, King Lot's wife.—F.

⁷ Gawayne's bastard. See vol. ii. p. 416, l. 8; p. 418, l. 80.—F.

⁸ Blancheles. Porkn. MS. "But as no knight of that name occurs, in all probability we should read *Brandelys*," says Sir F. Madden, who gives an abstract of the French Romance about him at p. 349 of *Syr Gawayne*. See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 230, 'syre Braundyles'.—F.

⁹ Syre Ironsyde that was called the noble knyghte of the reed laundes, that Syre Gareth [brother of Gawayne] wonne for the loue of dame Lyones. *Maleore*, vol. ii. p. 384. The narrative of the combat may be read in vol. i. p. 211. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 347.—F.

& Ironside, as I weene,
 gate ¹ the Knight of armour greene—
 certes as I vnderstand—
 of a ffaire Lady of blaunch Land.²
 hee cold more of honor in warr
 then all the *Knights that* with Arthur weare :
 burning dragons he slew in Land,
 & wilde beasts, as I vnderstand ;
 wilde beares he slew *that* stond ;
 a hardyer *Knight* was neuer ffound ;
 he was called in his dayes
 one of King Arthurs ffellowes.
 why was hee called Ironsyde ?
 ffor, euer armed wold he ryde ;
 hee wold allwais arms beare,
 ffor Gyants & hee were euer att warr.
 dapple coulour ³ was his steede,
 his armour and his other weede,
 Azure of gold he bare,
 with a Griffon lesse or more,
 & a difference of a Molatt ⁴
 he bare in his crest Allgate.⁵
 where-soener he went, East nor west,
 he neuer fforsooke man nor beast.
 beagles, keenely away thé ran,
 the King ffollowed affter with many a man.
 they ⁶ gray hounds out of the Leashe,
 they drew downe the deere of grasse.⁷
 ffine ⁸ tents in the ffeild were sett,
 a merry sort there were mett

who was
 better than
 any of
 Arthur's
 knights, and

got his
 name
 because he
 went always
 armed,

to fight
 giants.

Beagles ran,

greyhounds
 pulled down
 the deer,

i. e. begat.—P.

The *Seigneur de la Blaunche londe* noticed as one of Arthur's knights, in *Roman de Perceval*, f. lxxi. Cf. f. i^o. See in regard to this territory a of M. Michel on *Tristan*, vol. ii.
 3. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 348.

² Dapple colour'd.—P. The steed's name was Fabele-honde. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 189, l. 79.—F.

⁴ i. e. a mullet.—P.

⁵ The second *l* is over the *g* in the MS.—F.

⁶ the.—P. ⁷ greace.—P. fat.—F.

⁸ or ffine.—F.

- of comely knights of kind,
 68 vppon the bent there can they lead,¹
 & by noone of the same day
 a 100⁴ harts on the ground thé³ Lay.
 then Sir Gawaine & Sir Kay,
 72 & Bishopp Bodwin, as I heard say,
 after a redd deere³ thé rode
 into a fforrest wyde & brode.
 a thicke mist ffell them among,
 76 *that* caused⁴ them all to goe wronge :
 great moane made then Sir Kay
that they shold loose the hart *that* day ;
that red hart wold not dwell.
 80 hearken what aduentures them beffell :
 ffull sore thé were adread
 ere thé any Lodginge had ;
 then spake Sir Gawaine,
 84 “ this Labour wee haue had in vaine ;
 this red hart is out of sight,
 wee meete with him no more this night.
 I reede wee of our horssees do light,
 88 & lodge wee heere all this night ;
 Truly itt is best, as thinketh mee,
 to Lodge low vnder this tree.”
 “ nay,” said Kay, “ goe wee hence anon,
 92 ffor I will lodge whersoere⁵ I come ;
 for there dare no man warne me,⁶
 of whatt estate soener hee bee.”
 “ yes,” said the Bishopp, “ *that* wott I well ;
 96 here dwelleth a Carle in a Castele,
 the Carle of Carlile is his name,
 I know itt well by St. Iame ;

and by noon
100 harts
were killed.

But
Gawaine,
Kay, and
Bishop
Bodwin,

lose their
way in

following a
red deer.

Gawaine
proposes to

dismount,
and stay all
night in the
forest.

Kay says
he'll lodge
in some-
body's
house.
No one
dare stop
him.
The Bishop
says,

The Carle of
Carlisle will:

[page 4]

¹ lend.—Madden.

² delend.—P.

³ rayne-dere, and reyne-dere, l. 79.—
Pork.

⁴ Only half the “ in the MS.—F.

caised.—Madden.

⁵ wherforre, Madden's text: *wher*
ever ?, his note.—F.

⁶ wern hit me.—Pork.

- was there neuer man yett soe bold
 100 *that* durst lodge within his hold ;
 but, & if hee scape ¹ with his liffe away,
 hee ruleth him well, I you say." ²
 then said Kay, "all in ffere,³
 104 to goe thither is my desire ;
 ffor & the Carle be neuer soe bolde,
 I thinke to lodge within his hold.
 ffor if he iangle & make itt ⁴ stout,
 108 I shall beate the Carle all about,
 & I shall make his bigging bare,
 & doe to him mickle Care ;
 & I shall beate [him,] as I thinke,
 112 till he both sweate and stinke."
 then said the Bishopp, "so mote I ffare,
 att his bidding I wilbe yare."
 Gawaine said "lett be thy bostlye ffare,⁵
 116 ffor thou dost euer waken care.
 if thou scape ⁶ with thy liffe away,
 thou ruleth thee well, I dare say."
 then said Kay, "*that* pleaseth mee ;
 120 thither Let vs ryde all three.
 such as hee bakes, such shall hee brew ;
 such as hee shapes, such shall hee sew ;
 such as he breweth, such shall he ⁷ drinke."
 124 "*that* is contrary," said Gawaine, "as I thinke ;
 but if any ffaire speeche will he gaine,
 wee shall make him Lord within his owne ⁸ ;
 if noe ffaire speech will auayle,
 128 then to karp on Kay wee will not ffaile."

he never
lets any
man lodge
with him.

"If he
refuses me,

I'll beat
him till he
stinks," says
Kay.

Gawaine
tells Kay
not to brag ;

they'll try
fair speech
first ;

if that's no
good,
Kay may
scold.

¹ *stape*.—Madden.

² It schall be bette, as I harde say,
And ȝefe he go wtt lyfe away.—
Porkington MS.

³ i. e. together. Perhaps *all on fire*.
—P.

⁴ him.—P.

⁵ Compare vol. i. p. 91, l. 25–30.

Kay was the braggart of Arthur's court.
—F.

⁶ Madden reads the MS. *stape*, and
corrects it to *scape*.—F.

⁷ him ?.—Madden.

⁸ *aine* (in pencil).—P. Pork. has the
talk l. 104–30 somewhat differently.—
F.

- then said the Bishopp, "*that* senteth¹ mee;
thither lett vs ryde all three."
- They ride to
the Earl's
gate.
132 a hammer they ffound hanging theratt:
Gawaine hent the hammer in his hand,
& curteouslye on the gates dange.
fforth came the Porter with still ffare,
136 saying, "who is soe bold to knocke there?"
Gawaine answered him curteouslye
"man," hee said, "that is I²
wee be 2 *Knights* of Arthurs inn,
140 & a Bishopp, no moe to min³;
wee haue rydden all day in the fforrest still
till horsse & man beene like to spill;
ffor Arthurs sake, *that* is our Kinge,
144 wee desire my Lord of a nights Lodginge,
& harbarrow⁴ till the day att Morne,
that wee may scape⁵ away without scorne."
Kay
threatens
the Porter,
148 "Porter, our errand I reede the say,⁷
or else the Castle gate wee shall breake,
& the Keyes thereof to Arthur take."
the Porter sayd with words throe,⁸
152 "theres no man alieue *that* dares doe soe!
of⁹ a 100⁴ such as thou his death had sworne,
yett he wold ryde on hunting to morne.¹⁰"
then answered GAWAIN *that* was curteous aye,
156 "Porter, our errand I pray thee say."
"yes," said the Porter, "withouten ffayle
I shall say your errand ffull well."
- Gawaine
asks him
courteously,
and the
Porter
gives his

¹ Madden reads *testeth*.—F.² "It am I" is the earlier phrase.—F.³ min, ming, i. e. mention, vide v. 162.
—P.⁴ Madden reads *harborrow*.—F.⁵ Madden again reads *stape*, and
corrects to *scape*.—F.⁶ Pork. puts in the Porter's answer,warning them that his lord "can no
cortessye," and that they will not escape
without a "wellony."—F.⁷ thou say or thee (to) say.—P.⁸ tho, i. e. then.—P. A.S. *þrð*, bold.—
F.⁹ If.—P.¹⁰ to-morrow.—P.

- as soone as the Porter the Carle see,
 160 hee kneeled downe vpon his knee :
 "Yonder beene 2 *Knights* of *Arthurs* in,¹ [page 451]
 & a Bishopp, no more to myn ;
 they haue roden all day in the fforrest still,
 164 *that* horsse [&] man ² is like to spill ;
 they desire you ffor *Arthurs* sake, their *King*,
 to grant them one nights Lodginge,
 & herberrow till the day att *Morne*
 168 *that* they may scape ³ away without scorne."
 "noe thing greenes ⁴ me," sayd the Carle without
 doubt,
 "but *that* they ⁵ *Knights* stand soe long without."
 with *that* they ⁶ Porter opened the gates wyde,
 172 & the *Knights* rode in *that* tyde.
 their steeds into the stable are tane,
 the *Knights* into the hall are gone ⁷ :
 heere the Carle sate in his chaire on hye,
 176 with his legg cast ouer the other knee ;
 his mouth was wyde, & his beard was gray,
 his lockes on his shoulders lay ;
 betweene his browes, certaine
 180 itt was large there a spann,
 with 2 great eyen brening as ffyer.
 Lord ! hee was a Lodlye syer ⁸ !
 ouer his sholders he bare ⁹ a bread
 184 3 taylors yards, as clarkes doe reade ;
 his ffingars were like to teddar stakes,¹⁰
 & his hands like breads *that* wiues may bake ;

message to
the Carle.

The Carle
regrets that
they have
been kept so
long wait-
ing.

Gawaine &c.
ride in,

go to the
hall, and
see the
Carle,

a loathly
man,;

with fingers
like stakes
and hands
like leaves.

¹ inne.—P.

² horse & man.—P.

³ Madden again reads *stape*, and corrects to *scape*.—F.

⁴ Half the *z* left out in the MS.—F.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ the.—P.

⁷ gane.—P.

⁸ a lodlye sire, i. e. filthy, p. 387.—P.

⁹ bore.—Madden.

¹⁰ The stakes by which the hair lines are fasten'd to the ground *that* are tied to the horses' feet when they graze in open fields.—P. Madden reads *tedder*.—F.

- 50 Cubitts ¹ he was in height ;
 188 Lord, he was a Lothesome wight !
 when Sir Gawaine *that* carle see,
 he halched ² him ffull curteouslye,
 & saith, "carle of Carlile,³ god saue thee
 192 as thou sitteth in thy prosperitye !"
 the carle said, "as christ ⁴ me saue,⁵
 yee shall be welcome ffor Arthurs sake.
⁶ yet is itt not my part to doe soe,
 196 ffor Arthur hath beene euer my ffoe ;
 he hath beaten my *Knights*, & done them bale,
⁷ & send them wounded to my owne hall.
 yett the truth to tell I will not Leane,⁸
 200 I hane quitt him the same againe."
 "that is a kind of a knaue ⁹," said Kay, "without
 Leasing, ,
 soe to reuile a Noble King."
 Gawaine heard, & made answere,
 204 "Kay, thou sayst more then meete weere."
 with *that* they went ffarther into the hall,
 where bords were spredd, & couered with pall ;
 & 4 welpes of great Ire
 208 they ffound Lying by the ffire.
 there was a beare *that* did rome,¹⁰
 & a bore *that* did whett his tushes ¹¹ ffrome,
 alsoe a bull *that* did rore,
 212 & a Lyon *that* did both gape & rore ;
 the Lyon did both gape and gren.
 "O peace, whelpes !" said the carle then :

Gawaine
salutes him
courteously,

and the
Carle
welcomes
them for
Arthur's
sake, though
Arthur and

he have long
been foes.

They go to
the tables,

and see 4
whelps,

a bear,

a boar,

a bull,

and a lion.

¹ ix. taylloris 3erdis.—Pork.

² i. e. saluted.—P. Madden reads the MS. *haltled*, and corrects it to *halsed*. *Halche* is O. N. *heilsa*, Dan. *hilsa*, to salute, to cry *hail* to. Wedgwood.—F.

³ "Callile, MS.," says Madden.—F.

⁴ Madden reads *cheif*, and puts "*Crist*?" in his note.—F.

⁵ perhaps take.—P.

⁶ y^t et in MS.—F.

⁷ sent.—P.

⁸ vid. p. 367, St. 45 [of MS.].—P. See Dr. Robson's note in *Sir John Butler* above. Madden says "leave, MS."—F.

⁹ A c follows in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ Cp. the bere to ramy. Pork.—F.

¹¹ tusks.—Madden.—F.

- ffor *that* word *that* they carle ¹ did speake,
 216 the 4 whelpes vnder they bord ² did creepe.
 downe came a Lady ffaire & ffree,
 & sett her on the carles knee;
 one whiles shee harped, another whiles song,
 220 both of Paramours & louinge amonge.
 "well were *that* man," said Gawaine, "*that* ere were
 borne,
that might Lye with *that* Lady till day att morne."
 "that were great shame," said the carle ffree,
 224 "that thou sholdest doe me such villanye."³
 "Sir," said Gawaine, "I sayd nought."
 "no, man," said the carle; "more thou thought."
 Then start Kay to the fflore,
 228 & said hee wold see how his palfrey fflore.⁴
 both corne & hay he ffound Lyand,
 & the carles palfrey by his steed did stand.
 Kay tooke the carles palfrey by the necke,
 232 & soone hee thrust him out att the hecke⁵:
 thus Kay put the carles ffole out,
 & on his backe he sett a clout.
 then the carle himselfe hee stood there by,
 236 and sayd, "this buffett, man, thou shalt abuy."⁶
 The carle raught Kay such a rapp [page 452] The Carle
that backward he ffell flatt;
 had itt not beene ffor a ffeald ⁷ of straw,
 240 Kayes backe had gone in 2.⁸
 then said Kay, "& thow were without thy hold,
 Man! this buffett shold be deere sold."
 "what," sayd the carle, "dost thou menace me?" and he tells
 Kay

A fair lady
seats herself
on the
Carle's knee,

and
Gawaine
says her
bedfellow
will be a
happy man.

The Carle
reproves
him.

Kay goes to
the stable,

finds the
Carle's
palfrey next
to his,
turns it out,

and gives it
a clout.

knocks Kay
down.

Kay
threatens
him,

and he tells
Kay

¹ the Carle.—P.

² the bord.—P.

³ Pork. substitutes a scene of the knights drinking, for this one of the lady; but describes the Carle's wife at supper-time, p. 197 of Madden's *Syr Gawayne*.—F.

⁴ i. e. fared, *præt. inusitat.*—P.

⁵ i. e. Cratch, verb. Scot. Dr. Graing^r.—P.

⁶ aby.—P. Madden reads *aby*.—F.

⁷ i. e. a truss of straw, Dr. Graing^r.—P.

⁸ twa.—P.

that if he
says any
more
he'll get
more
knocks.

Then the
Bishop goes
to look at
his palfrey.

He finds the
Carle's
there,

and turns it
out

with a cut,
to go to the
devil.

The Carle

knocks the
Bishop over,

he cares
nothing for
mitre or
ring.

Then
Gawaine

- 244 I swere by all soules sicerlye¹ !
Man ! I swere ffarther thore,²
if I heere any malice more,³
ffor this one word *that* thou hast spoken
248 itt is but earnest thou hast gotten."
then went Kay into the hall,
& the Bishopp to him can call,
saith : Brother Kay, where you haue beene ? "
252 " to Looke my palfrey, as I weene.⁴ "
then said the Bishopp, " itt ffalleth me
that my palfrey I must see."
both corne & hay he ffound Lyand,
256 & the carles palfrey, as I vnderstand.
the Bishopp tooke the carles horsse by the necke,
& soone hee thrust him out att the hecke ;
thus he turned the carles ffole out,
260 & on his backe he sett a clout ;
sais, " wend forth, ffole, in the devills way !
who made thee soe bold with my palfrey ? "
the carle himselfe he stood there by :
264 " man ! this buffett thou shalt abuy.⁵ "
he hitt the Bishopp vpon the crowne,
that his miter & he ffell downe.
" Mercy ! " said the Bishopp, " I am a clarke !
268 somewhatt I can of chr[i]sts werke."
he saith, " by the Clergye I sett nothing,
nor yett by thy Miter nor by thy ringe.
It ffitteth a clarke to be curteous & ffree,
272 by the conning⁶ of his clergy."
with *that* the Bishopp went into the hall,
& Sir Gawaine to him can call,

¹ Madden reads *sikerlye*.—F.

² tho.—P.

³ moe.—P.

⁴ als I ween, i. e. I also thinke, intend. *Sed vid. infra* 276.—P. *As is*

thus, like.—F.

⁵ abay, MS. says Madden.—F.

⁶ MS. coming.—F. cunning or conning.—P.

saith, "brother Bishopp where hane you beene?"

"to looke my palfrey, as I weene."

then sayd Sir Gawaine, "itt ffalleth mee
that my palfreye I must needs see."

goes to see
his palfrey.

corne & hay he ffound enoughe Lyand,

& the carles ffole by his did stand.

He finds
the Carle's
foal by it,

the carles ffole had beene fforth in the raine;

therof Sir Gawaine was not ffaine;

wet with
rain.
Gawaine
covers the
foal with his
mantle

hee tooke his mantle *that* was of greene,

& couered the ffole, as I weene;

sayth, "stand vp, ffole, & eate thy meate;

and tells it
to eat away.

thy *Master* payeth ffor all that wee heere gett."

they carle¹ himselfe stood thereby,

& thanked him of his curtesye;

The Carle

they carle² tooke Gawaine by the hand,

thanks
Gawaine,
takes him in,

& both together in they hall they wend.

the carles called ffor a bowle of wine,

calls for a
bowl of
wine,

& soone they settled them to dine;

70 bowles³ in *that* bowle were,—

he was not weake *that* did itt beare,—

then they⁴ carle sett itt to his Chin,

& said, "to you I will begin!"

15 gallons he dranke *that* tyde,

and drinks
15 gallons
at one
draught.

& raught to his men on euery side.

then they⁵ carle said to them anon,

"Sirrs, to supper gett you gone!"

Gawaine answered the carle then,

"Sir, att your bidding we will be ben.⁶"

"if you be bayne att my bidding,

you honor me without Leasinge."

they washed all, & went to meate,

Then they
all have
supper.

& dranke the wine *that* was soe sweete.

¹ The Carle.—P.

² The Carle.—P.

³ gallons? Madden. Ordinary bowls.—F.

⁴ the.—P.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ baine.—P.

After it, the
Carle tells
Gawaine to
take a spear

and to mark
him in his
face.

Gawaine
takes the
spear,

charges at
the Carle

(who dodges
his head,)

runs the
spear
into the wall,
and breaks it
off.

Then the
Carle
takes
Gawaine to
his wife's
bed,

- the carle said to Gawaine anon,
308 "a long speare see thou take in thy hand,¹
att the buttrye dore take thou thy race,
& marke me well in middest the face.
"a!" thought² Sir Kay, "*that that* were I!
312 then his buffett he shold deere abuy.³"
"well," quoth the carle, "when thou wilt, thou may,⁴
when thou wilt thy strength assay."—
"well Sir," said Kay, "I said nought."
316 "Noe," said the carle, "but more thou [page 453]
thought."
then Gawaine was ffull glad of *that*,
& a long spere in his hand he gatt;
att the buttrye dore⁵ he tooke his race,
320 & marked the carle in the middst the fface.
the carle saw Sir Gawaine come in ire,
& cast his head vnder his speare,
Gawaine raught the wall such a rapp,
324 the ffyer fflew out, & the speare brake;
he stroke a ffoote into the wall of stone,
a bolder Barron was there neuer none.
"soft," said the carle, "thow was to radd.⁶"
328 "I did but, Sir, as you me bade."
"if thou had hitt me as thou had ment,
thou had raught me a fell dint.⁷"
they carle tooke Gawaine by the hand,
332 & both into a Chamber they wend;
a ffull ffaire bed there was spred,
the carles wiffe therin was laid:

¹ hond.—P.

² Ah! thought.—P.

³ MS. aluy. Madden reads *a buy*.—
F. abuy or aby.—P.

⁴ then thou (yee) may.—P.

⁵ Madden reads the MS. *doe*.—F.

⁶ furious, O. Fr. *roide*.—Skeat. *Roide*,
rough, fierce, violent.—Cotgrave. A.S.
hræd, swift, quick, rush.—F.

⁷ Pork. MS. puts Gawaine's supper after
this, and brings the Carle's daughter in
to harp and sing to them. She is prettily
described, has the gold-wire hair so much
admired in early times, and

Owyre alle þe halle ganæ sche lene
As hit were a sonne-beme.

Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 199.—F.

- the carles said, "Gawaine, of curtesye
 5 gett into this bedd with this ffaire Ladye.
 kisse thou her 3^{re} before mine eye ;
 looke thou doe no other villanye."
 the carle opened the sheetes wyde ;
 1) Gawaine gott in by the Laydes syde ;
 Gawaine ouer her ¹ put his arme ;
 with *that* his fflesh began to warme :
 Gawaine had thought to haue made in ffare,²
 1 "hold," quoth the carle, "man, stopp there ³ !
 itt were great shame," quoth they carle, "for me
that thou sholdest doe me such villanye ;
 but arise vp, Gawaine, & goe with me,
 3 I shall bring thee to a ffairer Lady then euer was
 shee."
 they ⁴ carle tooke Gawaine by the hand ; ⁵
 both into another Chamber they wend ;
 a ffaire bedd there found they spred,
 2 and the Carles daughter therin Laid :
 saith, "Gawaine, now for thy curtesye
 gett thee to bedd to this ffaire Lady."
 the carle opened the sheetes wyde,
 5 Sir Gawaine gott in by the Ladyes side.
 Gawaine put his arme ouer *that* sweet thing ;
 "sleepe, daughter," sais the carle, "on my blessing."
 they carle turned his backe & went his way,
 1) & lockt the dore with a siluer Kaye.
 on the other morning ⁶ when the carles rose,
 vnto his daughters chamber he goes :
 "rise vp, Sir Gawaine, & goe with mee,
 1 a maruelous sight I shall lett thee see."
 they carle tooke him by the hand,
 & both into another chamber they wend,

and bids him
get in and
kiss her,

but do
nothing
more.

Gawaine
does so,

and thinks
to do more,

but the
Carle stops
him,

and takes
him to his
daughter's
bed, and
tells him

to get into it.

Gawaine
does so,

and the
Carle goes
away,
locking the
door.
Next
morning

he calls
Gawaine,

1a.—Madden.

rea. q.—Pencil note.

MS. thee.—F.

⁴ the.—P.

⁵ Pork. MS. makes the Carle send his
daughter to Gawaine, *ib.* p. 201.—F.

⁶ In the next m.—P.

and shows
him
bloody shirts

and 1500
dead men's
bones,

slain by him,
the Carle.

Gawaine
wants to
take leave,

but the Carle
makes him
stop to
dinner.

After it
he shows
Gawaine

a sword,

and begs
him to cut
his (the
Carle's) head
off.

Gawaine
refuses,

whereupon

the Carle
says he'll
cut his head
off if he
don't do it.

So Gawaine
cuts the
Carle's
head off,
and he

- 368 & there they found many ¹ a bloody serke
which were wrought with curyous werke:
1500 dead mens bones ²
they found vpon a rooke ³ att once.
"alacke!" quoth Sir Gawaine, "what haue beene
here?"
- 372 saith, "I & my welpes haue slaine all there."
then Sir Gawaine curteous and kind, ⁴
he tooke his leaue away to wend,
& thanked they carle & the Ladyes there,
- 376 right as they worthy were.
"nay," said the carle, "wee will first dine,
& then thou shalt goe with blessing mine. ⁵"
after dinner, the sooth to say,
380 the carle tooke Gawaine to a Chamber gay
where were hanginge swords towe ⁶;
the Carle soone tooke one of tho,
& sayd to the Knight then,
- 384 "Gawaine, as thou art a man,
take this sword & stryke of my head."
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead;
ffor I had rather suffer pine & woe
388 or euer I wold *that* deede doe."
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,
& therof be not adread;
- 392 but shortly smite of my head,
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,
- 396 "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"
he stroke the head the body ffroe,
& he stood vp a man thoe

[page 434]

¹ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

² a bones, MS.—Madden. I think the
a is meant to be blotched out.—F.

³ i. e. a ruck, a heap.—P.

⁴ hend, q.—Pencil note.

⁵ Only half the *m* in the MS. Madden
reads *mine* too.—F.

⁶ rowe.—Madden.

- of the height of Sir Gawaine,
 400 the certaine soothe withouten Laine.
 the carle sayd, "Gawaine, god blese thee,
 ffor thou hast deliuered mee!
 ffrom all ffalse witchcraft¹
 404 I am deliuerd² att the Last;
 by Nigromance thus was I shapen
 till a *Knight* of the round table³
 had with a sword smitten⁴ of my head,
 408 if he had grace to doe *that* deede.
 itt is 40 winters agoe
 since I was transformed soo;
 since then, none Lodged within this wooun,⁵
 412 but I & my whelpes driuen them downe;
 & but if hee did my bidding soone,
 I killed him & drew him downe,
 euery one but only thee.
 416 Christ grant thee of his mercye!
 he *that* the world made, reward thee this!
 ffor all my bale thou hast turned to blisse.
 now will I leaue *that* Lawe;
 420 there shall no man ffor me⁶ be slawe,
 & I purpose ffor their sake
 a chantrey in this place to make,
 & 5 preists to sing ffor aye
 424 vntill itt be doomes day.
 & Gawaine, for the loue of thee
 euery one shall bee welcome to me."
 Sir Gawaine & the young Lady clere,
 428 the Bishopp weded⁷ them in ffere;

stands up a
proper man,

and thanks
Gawaine
for deliver-
ing him
from the
witchcraft

that 40 years
ago trans-
formed him,
so to be till
a Knight of
the Round
Table should
cut his head
off.

"Christ
reward you!

Henceforth
I'll kill no
one;

but every-
body shall
be welcome
to me.
The Bishop
marries
Gawaine and

¹ witchcrafts cast. *Cast* is the regu-
word for a magical contrivance, and
line is too short as it stands.—

² Madden omits the *d*.—F.

³ would read:

Nigromance thus was I bound,

till a Knight of the table round.—Skeat.

⁴ MS. snitten.—F.

⁵ Madden reads *woom*, and notes
woone?—F.

⁶ i. e. thro' me.—P.

⁷ wedded.—Madden.

- the Carle's daughter.
- The Carle gives Kay a blood-red steed,
and Gawaine's lady a white palfrey.
- Then he bids Gawaine go to Arthur and ask him to dine with him next day.
- Gawaine goes singing with his lady,
- and tells Arthur his adventures.
- Kay gives Arthur
- the Carle's invitation. Arthur and his company ride off,
- the carle gaue him ¹ for his wedding a staffe, miter,² & a ringe.
he gaue Sir Kay, *that angry Knight*,
432 a blood red steede, & a wight.
he gaue his daughter, the sooth to say,
an ambling white palfrey,
the ffairest hee was on the mold ;
436 her palfrey was charged with gold ;
shee was soe gorgeous & soe gay,
no man cold tell her array.
the carle commanded Sir Gawaine to wend³
440 & " say vnto Arthur our King,
& pray him *that* hee wold—
ffor his loue *that* Iudas sold,
& for his sake *that* in BETHELEM was borne,—
444 *that* hee wold dine with him to morne."
Sir Gawaine sayd the carle vnto,
" fforssooth I shall your message doe."
then they rode singing by the way
448 with the Ladye *that* was gay ;
they were as glad of *that* Lady bright
as euer was fflowle of the day-Lyght.
they told King Arthur where they had beene,
452 & what aduentures they had seene.
" I thanke god," sayd the King, " cozen Kay,
that thou didst on line ⁴ part away."
" Marry," sayd Sir Kay againe,
456 " of my liffe ⁵ I may be ffaine.
ffor his loue *that* was in Bethlem borne,
you must dine with the carle to-morne."
in the dawning of the day thé rode ⁶ ;
460 a merryer meeting was neuer made.

¹ Sc. the bishop.—P.² a staff, a miter, &c.—P.³ *wend* rimes also with *bring*, l. 498.
—Skeat.⁴ i.e. alive.—P. part = depart.—Skeat⁵ lifte, MS., says Madden.—F.⁶ rade. qu.—P.

- when they together were mett,
 itt was a good thing, I you hett ;
 the trumpetts plaid att the gate,
 464 with trumpetts ¹ of siluer theratt ² ;
 there [was] all manner of Minstrelsy,
 harpe, Gytterne,³ and sowtrye.
 into the hall the King was ffett,⁴
 468 & royallye in seat was sett.
 by then the dinner was readye dight,
 tables were couered ⁵ all on height ;
 then to wash they wold not blinn,
 472 & the ffeast they can beginn.
 there they were mached arright,
 euery Lady against a Knight ;
 And Minstrells sate in windowes ffaire, [page 455]
 476 & playd on their instruments cleere ;
 " Minstrells ffor worshipp att euery messe
 ffull Lowd they cry Largnesse ⁶ ! "
 the carle bade the King " doe gladlye,
 480 ffor heere yee gett great curtesye."
 the King said " by Saint Michaell
 this dinner Liketh me ffull well."
 he dubd the carle a *Knight* anon,
 484 he gaue him the county of carlile soone,
 & made him Erle of all *that* Land,⁷
 & after, *Knight* of the table round.
 the King said, " *Knight*, I tell thee,
 488 CARLILE ⁸ shall thy name bee."
 when the dinner was all done,
 euery *Knight* tooke his leaue soone,

are received
at the
Carle's

with sound
of trumpet,

harp,
gittern, and
psaltery ;

tables are
laid,

and the feast
begins,

minstrels
playing the
while.

Arthur likes
his dinner,

knight the
Carle, gives
him Carlisle,

makes him
an Earl, and
a Knight of
the Round
Table, and
christens
him Carlisle.

After dinner
the guests

trunnpetts MS.—F.

therott, MS., says Madden.—F.

gyttome, MS., says Madden.—F.

has fell, MS., says Madden.—F.

covered.—P. Pork. has a better de-
 ption of the room and dinner, l. 603—
 —F.

⁶ Largesse.—P.

⁷ Lond.—P.

⁸ No knight of this name occurs in
 the French romances of the Round Table,
 nor in the *Morte d'Arthur* of Malory.
 Madden's *Syr G.*, p. 348.—F.

		to wend forward soberlye
go home.	492	home into their owne countrye. ¹
May God		he <i>that</i> made vs all with his hand,
		both the sea and the Land,
		grant vs all ffor his sake
	496	this ffalse world to fforsake,
		& out of this world when wee shall wend,
bring our souls to heaven!		to heauens blisse our soules bringe!
		god grant vs grace itt may see bee!
Amen!	500	AMEN, say all, ffor Charitye!

ffinis.

¹ The Porkington MS. makes the Carle (according to his promise, l. 422-3 above), found "A ryche Abbey . . in the

towne of mery Carleyle . . for the man
þat he had slayne."—F.

[*"Off all the Seaes,"* printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 85, follows here
in the MS. p. 455.]

Hero : & : Leander : ¹

Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
Durus amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat cæca serus freta; quem super ingens
Porta tonat cœli et scopulis illisa reclamant
Æquora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

Virg. *Georg.* iii. 258–63.

subject has been a favourite one with both ancient and modern writers. The eighteenth and nineteenth of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* deal with it. A famous poem was written on it by Theocritus :

εἰπὲ, θεὰ, κρυφίων ἐπιμάρτυρα λύχρον ἐρώτων,
καὶ νυχίων πλωτῆρα θαλασσοπόρων ὕμεναίων,
καὶ γάμον ἀχλύόεντα τὸν οὐκ ἴδεν ἄφθιτος Ἥως,
καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἀβυδὸν δὴ γάμος ἔννυχος Ἑρπυλίου.

His life is unknown; perhaps not before the fifth century of our era. His poem, discovered in the thirteenth century, was passing popular. It was translated again and again, into English by Chapman (the dead shepherd's saw occurs in his translation :

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"),

into Latin by Stirling, and many others; into German by Stolberg, &c.; into French by Marot; into Italian by Bernardo Bettoni &c. (see Smith's *Biog. Dict.* &c.) The story it is retold in other shapes, and amongst them in the shape of a ballad as here.

This version is, as the Bishop remarks, "*tollerably* regular." It does not indeed lay claim to any plenary inspiration; it is

¹ A Poem tollerably (so) regular.—P.

evidently the production of a sort of poetical shopkeeper who could serve his customers with whatever amount of verses they wanted, well measured and carefully weighed, on any subject—of one who executed poetical orders.

References to the touching story lie thick in literature, from the mention of “The Amours of Hero and Leander,” in the *Complaint of Scotland*, to Rosalind’s mocking revision of it in *As You Like It*: “Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn’d nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was ‘Hero of Sestos.’”

In recent times Hood and Turner have, each in his own way, illumined and glorified the old tragedy.

Once were
two lovers,

TOW : ffamous louers once there was,
whome fame hath quite fforgott,
who lined long most constantlye
4 without all enuious blott.
shee was most ffaire, & hee most true,
which caused *that that* did ensue : ffa : la : la :
whose story I doe meane to write,
8 and title itt trueloues delight : fa : la : la :

Leander and

Hero.

The Helles-
pont
separated
them,

Leander was this young mans name, [page 456]
right noble by discent,
& hero, shee, whose bewtyes rare
12 might giue Loue great content.
hee att Abydos kept his court,
shee att cestos lined in sport, fa : la : la.
a riuer great did part these twaine,—
16 which caused them oft, poore soules, complaine
fa : la : la :—

- Euen Hellespont, whose current streames
 like lightning swift did glyde ;
 accursed riner *that* 2 harts
 20 soe ffaithfull must ¹ devyde !
 And more, *which* did augment their woe,
 the parents were eche others ffoe, fa : la : la :
 soe *that* no shipp durst him conuay
 24 vnto the place where his Hero Lay, ffa : la : la :
 Long time these louers did complaine
 the Misse of their desires,
 not knowing how thé ³ might obtaine
 28 the thing they did require.
 though hee were parted with rough seas,
 no watters cold loues fflame appease, fa : la : la :
 Leander ventured for to swim
 32 to Hero, who well welcomed him, fa : la : la :
 Euen in the midst of darkesome ³ night
 when all things silent were,
 wold young Leander take his fflight
 36 throug[h] Hellespont soe cleere ;
 wher att ⁴ the shore Hero wold bee
 to welcome him most Louinglye, fa : la :
 & soe Leander wold conuay
 40 vnto the Chamber where shee Lay, fa : la :
 Thus many dayes thé did enioye
 the fruite of their delight,
 for he oft to his Hero came,
 44 & backe againe same night ;
 And shee for to encourage him
 through Hellespont more boldlye swim,⁵ fa : la :
 In her tap ⁶ tower a lampe did place,
 48 wherby he might behold her fface, fa : la :

and their
parents were
enemies.

For a long
time the
lovers could
not meet.

At last,
Leander
swam

at night

across the
Hellespont,
and Hero
took him

to her room.

To help him
swim,

she used to
put a lamp
in her tower,

¹ MS. nnust.—F.

² they.—P.

³ MS. darkesone.—F.

⁴ MS. wheratt.—F.

⁵ ? MS. siarin.—F.

⁶ high : taper, qu.—P. top.—F.

and sit by it,
praying for
her love.

And by this lampe wold Hero sitt,
still pray[i]ng for her loue,
that the rough watters vnto him
52 might not offensiue prone :
“be mild,” quoth shee, “while he doth swim,
& *that* I haue well welcomed him, fa : [la :]
& then euer rage & rore amaine,
56 *that* he may neuer goe hence againe, fa : la :

Winter
came with
its storms,

Now boisterous winter hasted on,
when winds & watters rage ;
yett cold itt not the Lustfull hart
60 of this younge youth aswage ;
though winds & watters raged soe,
no shipp durst venter for to goe : fa : [la :]
Leander wold goe see his loue,
64 his manly armes in ffloods to prone fa : la :

but these did
not stop
Leander.

He leapt into
the Helles-
pont,

Then leapt hee into Hellespont,
desirous for to goe
vnto the place of his delight,
68 *which* hee affected soe ;
but winds & waues did him withstand
soe *that* he cold attaine no Land, fa : la : la :
ffor his lones lampe [he] looked about ;
72 ffaire Hero slept, & itt was out. fa : la : la :

but could
not reach
land, his
lover's lamp
was out.

His body
was cast
ashore.

Then all in vaine Leander strone
till armes cold doe no more ;
for naked, he, deprinced of liffe,
76 was cast vpon the shore.
O had the Lampe still stayed in,
Leander liueles had not beene : fa : la : la :
which being gone, he knew no ground,
80 because thick darknesse did abound. fa : la la :

When Hero faire awaket ffrom sleepe,
 & saw her lampe was gone,
 her sences all benumbed were,
 & shee like to a stone.

[page 457] Hero awoke
 and found
 her lamp
 out.

O ! ffrom her eyes, then perles more Cleere, fa : la :
 proceeded many a dolefull teare,
 perswading ¹ *that* the angry flood
 had drunke Leanders guiltlesse bloode, fa : la :

fearing
 Leander's
 fate.

Then to the topp of highest tower
 faire hero did ascend,
 to see how the winds did with the waues
 for mastershipp contend,
 & on the sand shee did espye
 a naked bodye linelesse lye, fa : la :
 & lookeing more vpont, shee knew
 itt was Leanders bloudlye hew. fa : la :

She saw his
 corpe on the
 sand.

Then did shee teare her golden hairo,
 & in her greene thus sayd,
 "accursed riuier ! *that* art still

She tore her
 hair,

cursed the
 Hellespont,

0 a foe to euery maide
 since HELLEN faire in thee was drowned,
 named Hellespont, *that* euer ffround, fa : la :
 & now to see what thou canst doe,
 1 thou hast made me a mourner too ! fa : la : la :

" But though thou didst attach my loue,
 & tookest him ffor thy owne,
that hee was only es ² Heroes deere,

8 hencforth itt shall be knowne."
 then ffrom the tower faire Hero ffell,
 whose woefull death I sighe to tell, fa : la :
 and on his body there did dye
 2 *that* loued her most tenderlye, fa : la :

and fell
 from her
 tower,

on Leander's
 body, and
 died.

¹ perswaded.—Skeat.

² ? for *only his*, or *onlye* without the *s*.—F.

Thus endeth both they ¹ liffe & lone
 in prime ² of their young yeeres,
 since whose untimely funeralls

116 no such true lone appeares.

vntill more constant lone arise,
 their names I will imupetelasze,³ fa : la :

May true
 lovers now
 have better
 ends !

& heauen [grant] such as haue ⁴ true friends,
 120 as ffaithfull harts, but better ends ! ffinis.

¹ their.—P.

² MS. prine.—F.

³ qu. MS.—F. himpettelaze, corruptly written for *immortalize*.—P.

⁴ grant such.—P.

Cressus : ¹

BOCCACCIO, Chaucer, and Shakespeare have all taken in hand the story of Troilus and Cressida—an episode of the Trojan war not mentioned by Homer or any other extant ancient writer, but first narrated by Guido de Colonna in the thirteenth century. “In the royal [now imperial] library of Paris,” says Warton, “it occurs often as an ancient French romance. ‘Cod. 7546, *Roman de Troilus* ;’ ‘Cod. 7564, *Roman de Troilus et de Briseida ou Creseida*.’ ” Chaucer, as is well known, in his narrative refers to “myn auctor Lollius ;” but who this Lollius was is a question of much difficulty. Manifestly, the tale was extremely popular, and found its way into many different languages and forms.

Warton notices in the Register of the Stationers’ Company “A ballet intituled the *History of Troilus whose troth* ² *had well been tryed*,” licensed to Purfoote in 1565, and again in 1581,³ and in 1608.

The following piece gives a summary of the old tale, with the moral of it.

<p style="text-align: center;">CRESSUS : was the fairest of Troye, whom Troylus did loue ! the Knight was kind, & shee was coy, 4 no words nor worthes ⁴ cold mone, till Pindarus ⁵ soe playd his part that the Knight obtained her hart,</p>	<p>Troilus</p> <p>could not win Cressid, till Pandarus helped him.</p>
--	--

¹ It sh^d be Cresside, see Chaucer & Shakespear.—P.

² Warton’s correction of “throtes.”

Collier. *Reg. Sta. Comp.* vol. i. p. 121.—F.

³ Collier, vol. ii. p. 146.—F.

⁴ worth.—P.

⁵ Pandarus.—P.

the Ladyes rose destroyes :

- 8 [They] held sweet warr a winters night
till the ennyous day gaue light ;
which darkness ¹ louers ioyes.

- Cresses ² loue lones mother ³ crost,
12 fforetold her in a dreame
how Grecyans ⁴ won, how Troians Lost.
ffalse loue ffleetes with the streame :
Cressid Shee sweete ffaces, vallyant ffights,
16 who put downe the Troian knights,
downe might their Ladyes put.
loved Diomede. dioned ⁵ thought her noe mayd,
yett lones debt was richely paid,
20 the seas the poorest cutt.

So lasses,
learn

Lasses, learne some witt by this !
though Ladyes truth proffesse,
no signe remaines of vnseen kisse
24 vnlesse a ffoole confesse.

that one love
cloyes ;
change it
then,

what pleased to-day, to-morrow cloyes ;
Ioy growes dull *that* still enioyes ;
change loue, for lones sweet sake.

like your
clothes,
and take the
best.

- 28 now hopes pleased ⁶ with pleasure strange ;
then chang loue, with garments change,
& still the better take.

ffinis.

¹ darkens.—P.

² Cresside's.—P.

³ Love's-mother.—P.

⁴ Grecians.—P.

⁵ Diomede.—P.

⁶ new hopes please.—Skat.

Songs: of Sheparden.¹

[page 458]

THIS song is in *Westminster Drollery*, Part II. 1672, p. 64, under the title of "The hunting of the Gods." After two long searches through the Museum Catalogues, only Part I. of that work, dated 1671, could be found. Recourse was therefore had to Mr. Lilly, of New Street, Covent Garden, to whose kind help so many editors and writers have been indebted, and he at once produced from his stores a copy of Part II., and allowed Mr. Furnivall to collate the Folio proof with it. We thank him for his courtesy, and wish his example was followed by *all* noble and gentle owners of rare books and MSS. in England. But, alas, among the fair flock of collectors is more than one black sheep.

This piece, as Percy notes, occurs also in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, and is there, too, entitled "The Hunting of the Gods." The copy is much freer from gross blunders than that of the Folio, but is not altogether satisfactory; *e. g.* it loses the rime to Olympical, reads course for courser.

An elaborate collation of the Old Ballads copy with the Folio one, which differs much from it, had been made for us by Mr. Brock before we found out Mr. Lilly; but this has now been put aside in favour of the collation with the earlier *Drollery* copy. In the O.B. copy which Mr. Brock used, the order of the stanzas differs from that of the Folio and *Westminster Drollery*; the first four and the last coincide, but the others vary thus:—

¹ In the printed *Collection of old Ballads* 12^{mo} vol. 3. pag. 198, N. 36.—P.

Stanza 5 of MS. and W.D. is stanza 9 of O.B.

„ 6	„	„ 8	„
„ 7	„	„ 6	„
„ 8	„	„ 5	„
„ 9	„	„ 7	„

The gods, ennuyés, tired of lying beside their nectar, sick of their “securum ævum,” envious of the sports of men, resolve on a sort of divine “meet.” They have a day with the harriers. The shepherds wonder what this strange venery means.

The piece illustrates the passionate attachment with which hare-hunting was regarded in the old pre-foxchasing days.¹ It was an attachment of long standing. In the *Squire of Low Degree*, when the king’s daughter of Hungary in her forlornness cries out on this world’s vanity, and bids adieu to all that was held most precious, she concludes :

Farewell hawkes and farewell hounde ;
Farewell markes and many a pounce ;
Farewell huntynge at the hare ;
Farewell harte and hynde for evermore.

There are other copies, as Mr. Chappell points out, in *Wit and Drollery* (1682), *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1707), and Dryden’s *Miscellany Poems*.

Songs of
shepherds

SONGS : of shepards,² rusticall roundelayes
fframed on ³ ffancies,² whistled on reeds,
songs ⁴ to solace young Nimphes vpon holydayes,
are not
worthy
to tell 4 are to ⁵ unworthy ffor wonderfull deeds.
Phebus Aeminus ⁶ or worthy Cylen[i]us,⁷
his lofty Genius ⁸ may seem to declare
In verse better coyned, or verse ⁹ more refined,
how the
Gods hunted
the hare. 8 how states ¹⁰ diuined ¹¹ once hunted ¹² the hare.

¹ See pages 320–1 of Chappell’s *Popular Music*.—F.

² *Westminster Drollery* inserts ‘and.’—F. ³ Form’d of.—W.D.

⁴ Sung.—W.D.

⁵ too.—W.D. too.—P.

⁶ Ingenious.—W.D. ingenious.—P.

⁷ winged Cylenius.—W.D. witty Cylenius.—P. ⁸ MS. cenius.—F.

⁹ And voice.—W.D. ¹⁰ stars.—P.

¹¹ devin’d.—W.D. divine.—W. Chappell. ¹² the hunting.—P.

Starres inamoured with pastimes Olimpicall, stares & planetts <i>that</i> bewtiffull showne, wold noe longer <i>that</i> earthlye men only shall ¹ swim in pleasures, & they but looke on. Round about horned Lucina thé ² swarmed, & her informed how minded they were, Eche god & goddesse, to take humane bodyes, as Lords & Ladyes, to ffollow the hare.	The stars and planets told the moon that they meant to take human form, and hunt the hare.
chast dyana aplauded the motyon, with ³ pale proserpina sate in her place, Lights ⁴ the welkin & gouernes the Ocean whilest ⁵ shee conducted her nephews in chase, & by her example ⁶ her ffavour ⁷ to trample the cold & ample ⁸ earth, leaneth the ⁹ ayre, Neptune the watter, the wind ¹⁰ liber pater, & Mars the slaughter, to ffollow the hare.	Diana, Proserpine, Neptune, and Mars join in the hunt,
Light young ¹¹ Cupid, horsset ¹² vpon Pegasus, borrowed of Muses with Kisses and prayers; strong Alcydes vpon cloudye caucasus mounts a Centaure <i>that</i> proudlye him beares; Postylyon of the skye, light heeld ¹³ Mercurye, makes ¹⁴ his courser ffly as fflight as the ¹⁵ ayre; yellow Appollo the Kenell doth ffollow, with ¹⁶ whoope and hallow after the hare.	with Cupid, Alcides, Mercury, Apollo,
Hymen vshers the Ladyes: Astrea the ¹⁷ iust tooke hands with Minerva the bold,	Astrea, Minerva,

¹ should.—P.² they.—W.D. they.—P.³ And.—W.D. And.—P.⁴ Which lights.—P.⁵ while.—W.D.⁶ and, qu.—P.⁷ Father.—W.D.⁸ The Earth old & ample.—P.⁹ leave.—W.D. leave they the.—P.¹⁰ Wine.—W.D. wine.—P.¹¹ god.—W.D.¹² was hors'd.—W.D.¹³ footed.—P.¹⁴ maketh: Conj.—P.¹⁵ fly Fleet as the.—W.D. fleet as the.—P.¹⁶ and.—W.D.¹⁷ that, qu.—P.

- Ceres, Ceres the browne with the ¹ bright Cyther[e]a,²
 Thetis, 36 Thetis ³ the wanton, Bellona the old,⁴
 Aurora, shame-fast ⁵ Aurora, with suttile Pandora,
 Maya, & May ⁶ with flora did company ⁷ beare;
 Juno, Iuno ⁸ was stated too hye to be mated,
 40 but,⁹ O ¹⁰ shee hated not hunting the hare.
- Narcissus, drowned Narssissus ffrom his Metamorphosis
 raised with ¹¹ Eccho, new manhoode did take;
 Somnus, snoring Somnus vpstarted in cinaris,¹²
 44 that this ¹³ 1000^a yeeres ¹⁴ was not awake,
 Mulciber, to see clubfooted old Mulciber booted,
 Pan. & Pan promoted on Aeolus ¹⁵ mare;
 Æolus, proud Æolous ¹⁶ pouted, proud ¹⁷ Aeolus ¹⁸ shouted;
 Momus. 48 & Momus fflowted, but ffollowed the hare.
- The hounds
 give tongne,
 the hunters
 sound their
 horns.
 52 deepe Melampus & cuning Ignobytes,¹⁹
 Nappy,²⁰ & tigre, & harpye, the s[k]yes ²¹
 rends with ²² roring, whilest hunter like ²³ Hercules
 sounds they ²⁴ plentiffull horne to their cryes.
²⁵ [Till with varieties To solace their Pieties
 The wary Deities Repos'd them where]
 We
 shepherds
 told our
 fancies about
 the hunt:
 56 wee shepards weare seated, the whilest ²⁶ wee repeated
 what wee conceited of their hunting the hare.

¹ W.D. omits *the*.—F.² Cytherea.—P.³ With Thetis.—W.D.⁴ doth hold. *Sic legerim*.—P.⁵ Shamefac't.—W.D.⁶ Maya.—P. May.—W.D.⁷ MS. company.—F.⁸ But Juno.—P. ⁹ Altho'.—P.¹⁰ yet.—W.D.¹¹ Rowzed by.—P. Rais'd by.—W.D.¹² Cimmeris.—P. Cineris.—W.D.¹³ The which.—P.¹⁴ thousand year.—W.D.¹⁵ Chirons.—W.D.¹⁶ Pallas.—P. Faunus.—W.D.¹⁷ and.—W.D.¹⁸ and Æolus.—P.¹⁹ fortunate Lælaps.—P. Ichnobates.—W.D.²⁰ Jowler.—P. Napa.—W.D.²¹ Harper, the skies.—P.²² Rent with.—W.D.²³ huntsman-like.—W.D.²⁴ Winds the.—W.D.²⁵ Percy inserts here from *Old Ballads*:

Till with varieties
 To solace their deities,
 Their weary Pieties
 refreshed were.

W.D. has the variations of the text
 above, and the two lines are printed as
 four.—F.

²⁶ And there.—W.D. Line 55 is
 written as two lines in the MS.—F.

young Amyntas supposed the gods came to breathe, Amyntas
 after some battell,¹ themselves on the ground ; told his,
 Thirsis thought they starres² came to dwell here beneath, Thyr'sis his,
 60 & that hereafter they³ world wold goe round ;
 Corydon aged, with Phillis engaged,
 was much intraged with iealous dispayre,
 but feare⁴ rewarded,⁵ & he was perswaded, and I told
 64 when I thus aplauded their hunting the hare : mine.
 "starres⁶ but shadowes where,⁷ states⁸ were but sorrow, "Stars are
 that⁹ noe¹⁰ motyon, nor that no delight¹¹ ; shadows,
 Ioyes are Iouyall, delight is the Marrow gods no
 68 of life, & action the apple¹² of light¹³ ; delight ;
 pleasure d[e]pends vpon no other ends,¹⁴
 but¹⁵ freely lends to eche vertue a share ;
 only is mesure¹⁶ the Iewell of treasure¹⁷ ;
 72 of pleasure the treasure is¹⁸ hunting the hare." the treasure
 of pleasure
 flowre¹⁹ broad bowles to the Olimpicall rector
 that²⁰ Troy borne²¹ Egle does bring²² on his knee !
 Ioue to Pheobus Carrouses in nector,
 76 And he to HERMES, & HERMES to mee, [page 459]
 where-with infused, I pipet²³ & I mused
 in verse²⁴ vnused, this sport²⁵ to declare.
 O²⁶ that the rouse of Ioue, round as his spheere may
 moue,
 80 helth to all that loue hunting the hare !
 ffinis.

It has
 inspired me
 to write
 thus.
 Here's
 health to all
 who love
 hunting
 the hare !

¹ battels.—W.D. ² the stars.—W.D.
³ the.—W.D. ⁴ fury was faded.—P.
⁵ fury vaded.—W.D.
⁶ Starr's.—W.D.
⁷ were.—W.D. were: Joys.—P.
⁸ state.—W.D. ⁹ Had they.—W.D.
¹⁰ they without.—P.
¹¹ these wanting Delight.—P.
¹² axle.—W.D. ¹³ axle of might.—P.
¹⁴ friends.—W.D. ¹⁵ And yet.—W.D.

¹⁶ As measures.—W.D.
¹⁷ pleasures.—W.D.
 Alone is pleasure
 The measure of treasure.—P.
¹⁸ treasures of.—W.D.
¹⁹ Three.—W.D. ²⁰ His.—W.D.
²¹ Boy presents.—P.
²² he brings.—W.D.
²³ I pip'd.—W.D. ²⁴ songs.—W.D.
²⁵ their sports.—P. ²⁶ And.—W.D.

[The following pieces, printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, pp. 87-101,
 follow here in the MS. (pp. 459-63): "Louers hea[r]ke alarum," "A
 freinde of mine," "O nay, O nay, not yett," "I cannot bee contented,"
 "Lillumwham," "The Sea-crabb," "Last night I thought."]

The Lavinian Shore.¹

“MR. THORPE, the enterprising bookseller of Bedford Street,” says Mr. Collier in a note in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, “is in possession of a MS. full of songs and poems, in the handwriting of a person of the name of Richard Jackson, all copied prior to the year 1631, and including many unpublished pieces by a variety of celebrated poets. One of the most curious is a song in five seven-line stanzas thus headed: ‘Shakespeare’s Rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Streete.’ It begins, ‘From the rich Lavinian Shore,’ and some few of the lines were published by Playford and set as a catch.”

Mr. Thoms (see *Anecdotes and Traditions*, printed for the Camden Society) and Dr. Rimbault (in an article in *Notes and Queries*, May 13, 1854) apparently accept this heading as a sufficient proof that the piece is verily written by Shakespeare. We certainly cannot so accept it.

Dr. Rimbault gives an interesting version from a MS. collection of songs formerly in possession of J. S. Smith, editor of *Musica Antiqua*.

From the fair Lavinian shore
I your markets come to store,
Marvel not I thus far dwell
And hither bring my wares to sell,
Such is the sacred hunger of gold.
Then come to my pack
While I cry
What d’ ye lack?
What d’ ye buy?
For here it is to be sold.

¹ One stanza of this is in Wilson’s *Cheerfull Ayres* (1660) p. 3.—F.

I have beauty, honour, grace,
 Virtue, favour, time, and space,
 And what else thou wouldst request,
 E'en the thing thou likest best.
 First, let me have but a touch of thy gold.
 Then come too, lad,
 Thou shalt have
 What thy lust never gave,
 For here it is to be sold.

Though thy gentry be but young,
 As the flower that this day sprung,
 And thy father thee before
 Never arms nor scutcheon bore.
 First let me have but a catch of thy gold,
 Then though thou be an ass,
 By this light
 Thou shalt pass
 For a knight.
 For here it is to be sold.

Thou whose obscure birth so base
 Ranks among the ignoble race,
 And desireth that thy name
 Unto honour should obtain.
 First, etc.

Madam, come, see what you lack,
 Here's complexion in my pack,
 White and red you may have in this place,
 To hide an old ill-wrinkled face.
 First, let me have but a catch of thy gold,
 Then thou shalt seem
 Like a wench of fifteen,
 Although you be three-score and ten years old.

or less perfect copies are, he points out, to be found in
 Ford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues* (1659), Dr. Wilson's
refull Ayres and Ballads (1660), in Playford's *Catch that*
h Can (1667). The first stanza is given as "set" by Dr.
 on in Playford's *Musical Companion* (1673).

remarkable writer in the *Athenæum*, quoted by Dr. Rim-
 t, says the "rime is a merely clumsy adaptation from Ben's
 esting epigram 'Inviting a Friend to Supper.'" This
 leman had certainly not read both poems.

The speaker in the piece is a sort of superior hawker. His stock consists not of such material blessings as Autolycus vended at the sheep-shearing in the *Winter's Tale*—lawn, and gloves, and bracelets, and pins—or as were proffered to the London Lackpenny strolling through the Chepe and Canwyke Street, but of far subtler wares. He sells Success in Love, Rank, Reputation, Health-restoratives. There is nothing in the world that he does not sell, except Wit and Honesty. These cannot be bought and sold. Otherwise he is an universal outfitter. The satire in the third and fourth stanzas is directed, no doubt, at the venality of the court of James I. and especially at the selling of knighthood countenanced and practised by that disreputable monarch. But as was the court so was the country. Dives was successful everywhere. He could never bear a bad character; he could never be “refused” as a lover; he was always a gentleman born. Riches made the man. An ever-old, an ever-new subject for the satirist. The worship of Plutus never ceases. His temple is never uncrowded.

Vincant divitiæ, sacro ne cedat honori,
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis;
Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
Majestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo
Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras.

This famous chapman, himself urged on, as he confesses, by ‘auri sacra fames’ (v. 5), comes from far-away Italy—from Lavinia littora (v. 1. Compare, in D’Urfey’s *Pills to purge Melancholy*,

A gentle breeze from the Lavinian shore
Was gliding o’er the coast of Sicily.)

Did Italy already in the earlier years of the seventeenth century bear that ill name that was affixed to it in the eighteenth and is but now perhaps being removed from it? Was it even then regarded as the cradle and nursery of impostors and charlatans? And were these, its miserable offspring, already overrunning other countries and England? The “Græculus

esuriens " whom Juvenal described with such sarcasm, as ready to turn his hand to anything and everything, to turn

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus,

was but a type of what his own countryman became in later times.

FROM the rich ¹ Launian shore I come from far
 I your markett ² come to store.
 muse not you I soe farr ³ dwell,
 4 [&] hither ⁴ come my warres to sell ; ⁵ to sell my wares.
 Such is they ⁶ Sacred hunger of gold.
 come ⁷ to my packe ! will you buy ⁸ what you ⁹ Buy what you lack!
 lacke : ¹⁰
 what you lacke, ¹¹
 heare shall you haue ¹² to be sold.

8 you whose ffortune young denyes ¹³ You unsuc-
cessful
lovers,
 grace in your beloued ¹⁴ eyes ;
 thou thy lones, vowes, or deserts ¹⁵
 nought preuaile in womans harts ;

12 soe be your palmes anointed with gold ¹⁶ bring me gold,
 come to me then ! when, gentlemen, will you buy ? ¹⁷
 lone, lone, is heere to be sold. and I'll sell you love.

you, whose birth obscure & base You base-
born men
 16 rankes you with ignoble ¹⁸ race ;

¹ faire.—Wilson's Ayres.
² Markets.—W.A.
³ though so farr I.—W.A.
⁴ and hither.—P.
⁵ and my wares come here to sell.
 —W.A.
⁶ the.—P.
⁷ then come.—W.A.
⁸ while I cry.—W.A.
⁹ d'ye.—W.A.
¹⁰ What you lacke is here to be sold.
 —P.

¹¹ what d'ye buy.—W.A.
¹² for here it is.—W.A.
¹³ you, whom Fortune's Wrong denies.
 —P.
¹⁴ beloved's.—P.
¹⁵ For all your loves, vows, &c.—P.
¹⁶ Unless their palms be (I w^d. read).
 —P.
¹⁷ "Come to me then,
 will you buy Gent^a.
 "Gen^t love &c.—P.
¹⁸ of ignoble.—P.

who are
ambitious,

bring me
gold,

and I'll sell
you a place.

You
parvenus

whose
fathers had
no arms,

bring me
gold,

and I'll sell
you
heraldry.

You
defamed,
deficient in
body or
mind,

bring me
gold, and
I'll sell you
fame and
perfection.

But you
dullards,

and scorners,

whatever
gold you
bring,

I can sell
you neither
wit nor
honesty.

hope, ambityon, hyer strines
ffor your selues & ffor your wines ;

well then, supply thy deffects with thy gold ;
20 come for thy race, care not thou for a place, for a
place,
for a place is heare to be sold.

Though thy gentry be as younge
as the fflower *that* this day spronge,
24 though thy ffather thee before
neuer sheild nor scuchyon bore :
canst ffind in thy [heart] ¹ for to part with thy
gold ?
come to me, lad, thou shalt hane what thy dad
neuer had :

28 heeres Heraldrye to be sold.

Hath blind ffortune hurt thy ffame,
or vnkind nature hurt thy fframe ?
hart,² nor mind, nor body, partes,
32 strong³ proportion, or deserts ?

well then supply thy defects with thy gold ;
come to me then ! buy thy fame ; come ⁴ againc !
buy thy frame ;
ffor both are heare to be sold.

36 But dull chapemen, they dispise
my rich ffairings to be wise ;
they whose humors ⁵ still doth ⁶ scorne
truth,⁷ and trickes & toyes adorne ;

40 If you doe come with Millyons of gold,
Seeke ffurther yet in my stall ;
there is witt none att all,
nor honesty, to be sold.

ffinis.

¹ in thy heart.—P.
² Hast.—P.
³ strength.—P.

⁴ MS. cone.—F. come.—P.
⁵ MS. hunors.—F.
⁶ do.—P. ⁷ those whom.—P.

Come my dainty doxeys.¹

[page 464]

piece praises the joys of a gypsy's life. It prefers tents to estates, picking and stealing to honest labour, complete freedom to any sort of restraint.

The word "doxy" Nares defines to mean "a mistress." Shakespeare has it a 'doxy meretrix' . . . For the use of it among the gypsies, see Beaumont and Fletcher in the Beggar's Bush, Act . . . "Dill" is much the same as dilling, which is probably, Nares suggests, much the same as darling. "Minshew explains it a *wanton*, but there is nothing in its origin to convey that meaning, even if with him we derived it from *diligo* . . .

make up a match with my eldest daughter, my wife's daughter, whom she longs to call madam.' Eastw. Hoe. O. Pl. iv. 100.

COME: my dainty doxeys, my dills, my deares !

we haue neither house nor land,
yet neuer want good cheere ;

wee take no care far candle, rents ;
wee sleepe, we snort, we snore, in tents.

Then rouse betime, & steale our dinners ;
our store is neuer taken without pigg or bacon,
& thats good meate ffor sinners.

Att wakes & ffaires we cozen
poore cuntry folkes by the dozen ;
if one haue money, he disbursses,
while some tell fortune, some² picke purses.

Come my
dears !
Tho' we've
no houses,

we live in
tents.

Go and steal
our dinners !

Cheat the
countryfolk
at fairs.

¹ A Gypsy's Song.—P.

² MS. sone.—F.

For practice,
steal boots,

smocks, or
anything!

rather then line out of vse,
steale hose or garters, bootes or shooes,
boots, guilded spurres with ingling ¹ rowells,
16 shirts or smockes, napkins or towells.

Come and
live with us,
all who love
their ease!
Gipsies get
drunk when
they please,

come line with vs, come line with vs,
all you *that* lone your cases!
he *thats* a Gipsey, may be drunke & tipsey
20 att what houre he pleases!

ugh,
nd steal.

wee laugh, wee quaffe, wee rore, we shuffle,
wee filch, wee steale, wee drab, wee sokuffle!
ffinis.

¹ perhaps jingling.—P.

To : Oxforde :

THIS song is said to have been composed by some contemporary Cambridge wit on the occasion of James I.'s visit to Oxford in 1605. No doubt the whole affair—the speechifying, the play-acting, the “quæstiones”—was absurd enough; and the keen eyes of certain members of the sister university who were present observed and recognised abroad absurdities which might have passed unnoticed if perpetrated at home. Indeed, the spectacle of the universities scraping and bowing before a royal visitation—a spectacle they presented at every possible opportunity—is highly ludicrous. They poured forth Latin verses to a prodigious extent :

The hall was hung with verses thick,
A goodly sight to see,
For every one was willed to make
Verses in his degree.
To their trade some had made
Verses called Asclepiad.
Here might you find, of every kind,
Verses fitting to your mind;
Here a Hexameter, there a Pentameter,
Sapphics and Scazons too.

They overflowed with Latin orations. In a word, their book-wormships exhausted all the powers of hyperbole and adulation.

A full and very amusing account of the visit to Oxford here referred to, is quoted by Nichols in his *Progresses of James I.* (i. 530–59) from Harl. MS. 7044, fol. 201. This, as is stated by a note in the MS. in the handwriting of Baker, to whom the MS. once belonged, was written by one Stringer, a bedell at Cambridge in 1589, and subsequently a holder of other important university posts. It fully illustrates the following squib: *e.g.*

as to v. 9: "they presented to his Majesty," he says, "a Greek Testament in Folio washed and ruled, and two pair of Oxford gloves with a deep fringe of gold, the turneoovers being wrought with pearle. They cost, as I was informed, 6*l.* a pair," &c.

Anthony à Wood in his *Annals*, under 1614, speaking of the King's visit to Cambridge in that year, says (*apud* Nichols l. c. *note*): "It must be now noted that when King James was entertained at Oxford in 1605, divers Cambridge scholars went thither out of novelty to see and hear; yet, if anything had been done amiss, they were resolved to represent it to the worst advantage. Some therefore that pretended to be wits made copies of verses on that solemnity, among which I have met with one that runs thus :

To Oxenford the King is gone
 With all his mighty Peers,
 That hath in grace maintained us
 These four or five long years.
 Such a king as he hath been
 As the like was never seen.
 Knights did ride by his side
 Evermore to be his guide:
 A thousand knights, and forty thousand knights,
 Knights of forty pound a year.

Some have said that it was made by one — Lake, but how true I know not."

The piece, then, was composed for the benefit of the Combination Rooms of Cambridge, or what equivalent institutions there were in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, we may be sure, was received with much laughter there by the Dons of the Stuart times.

The King's
 gone to
 Oxford
 to see the
 sights.

TO : Oxford the King is gone
 with all his pompons grace,
 to vew the sights & see the learning
 4 of *that* ffamous place,

- where clownes of the towne—
 clothed in their scarlett gownes—
 gaue the *King* such a thing
 8 as passes all imageninge ;
 a paire of gloues, to testifye their lounes
 which to the *King* they bore.
- They gaue him a payre of gloues
 12 of stiffe & strong staggs lether ;
 I say, a payre of hunting gloues
 to keepe out wind and wheather.
 Some relate they gaue him plate,
 16 & a purse stufft full with gold :
 “sure,” said I, “thats a lye !”
 as soone as ere I heard itt told.
 ffor why shold they giue their gold away
 20 to him *that* hath enough of his owne ?
- Next to christes-church was he brought,
 a place of Mickle ffame,
 where the warden him receiued,—
 24 I haue forgott his name.—
 heere they all went to the hall,
 tag & rag, great and small ;
 the bells did ring, the boyes did singe,
 28 & all did crye, “god saue the *Kinge* !
 & grant him grace to run a race
 with pleasure in Royston downes !”
- The hall was honge with verses thicke,
 32 a goodlye sight to see,
 ffor euery one was willed to make
 verses in his degree.
 to their trade some had made
 36 verses called ascelpiade.

And the
clowns have
given him

a pair of
gloves:

yes,

hunting
gloves;

not plate
and money,
as some say.

At Christ-
church

they took
him to the
hall,

which was
hung all
over with
verses

of all kinds,

here might you find, of euerye Kind,
verses fitting to your minde :

hexameters,
sapphics,
&c.

here an examiter,¹ there a pentamiter,
40 sapphicks,² & seasons³ too.

ffinis.

¹ hexamet^r.—P.

² Sapphicks.—P.

³ Beyond all doubt an error for *seasons*

(the well-known verses, called also *choliambics*).—Dyce.

Ladye : Bessye.¹

[nerat ibi ab unguiculis Dei timor et servitium admirabile; in parentes vero mira observantia; erga fratres et sorores amor ferme incredibilis; in pauperes Christique ministros reverenda ac singularis affectio.—*Bernard Andreas*.

Two copies of this song are preserved elsewhere, one in a MS. of the time of Charles II. in the possession of Mr. Bateman, the other in MS. Harl. 367, transcribed apparently, says Mr. Halliwell, about the year 1600. These two copies differ considerably. They have both been printed: the former three times, viz., by Mr. Thomas Heywood in 1829, by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society, and by Mr. Jewitt in his *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*; the latter by Mr. Halliwell along with the other. The following copy differs but slightly from this latter one from the Harl. MS. It is perhaps a little later than it, as it speaks of 'our comely King,' probably James the First, in v. 3, where the Harleian version reads 'Queen,' probably Queen Elizabeth. Certainly neither copy in its present shape is as old as the events it describes. Both are less modernised than the copy in Mr. Bateman's MS.

But we see no reason to doubt that the main ground-work of the poem was laid early in the sixteenth century, or still earlier,

¹ In 6 Parts. Containing a long Account of the bringing in of Henry 7th and all the steps previous to it, down to the battle of Bosworth.—P.

This is a later copy of the *Ladye Bessie* in MS. Harl. 367, fol. 89, printed by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society in 1847, at p. 43–79 of *The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy*. The Harleian copy is doubtless of Elizabeth's reign,—ab. 1600 Mr. Halliwell says—as in its 3rd line, and its last line but one, it has
save and kepe our comlye *queene*,

whereas our copy in the Folio dates from a King's reign—no doubt James I.'s,—
save & kepe our comelye *Kinge*.

(To prevent the repetition of an objection already made, I add that the epithet 'comelye' was probably applied to James because it was in the text, having been used for Elizabeth.)

Cp. for st. 118, p. 184. The Harleian copy is not divided into parts. The collation of it here is from Mr. Halliwell's text.—F.

by one who himself took part, as he professes, in the exciting transactions that are narrated—by Humphrey Brereton, the active and zealous agent, the ‘true esquire,’ of the Lady Bessy. As to the date of the composition of the poem, there is a great look of authenticity about the work; there is an annalistic air. The account given of the conferences between the Princess and Lord Stanley (styled, proleptically, the Earl of Derby), of the messenger’s journeys into the northern counties and across the sea, is singularly minute and graphic; and these merits can scarcely be ascribed to the brilliant imagination of the writer. There are no signs apparent of any great talent of that kind. The style is that of a man who can relate soberly and steadily what he has seen, not of one fertile in conjuring up ideal pictures. It is matter of fact, autoptic throughout.

We have, unhappily, no means of applying the touchstone of history to the circumstances narrated by the ballad. There is extant no other information as to the movements of Elizabeth of York, between Christmas 1484 and the 21st of the following August, when the battle of Bosworth was fought. We find that at the time of that battle she was living at Sheriff Hutton Castle in Yorkshire, “with no companion,” says Miss Strickland (see that lady’s *Lives of the Queens of England*), “but its young and imbecile owner, her cousin Warwick.” The ballad speaks of her as present at Leicester, when the dishonoured body of her uncle was carried from the field of his fall into that town. But this collision between the ballad and facts cannot be allowed to impugn the validity of the whole account furnished by the ballad. The bringing the lately oppressed lady to the sight of her fallen oppressor, formed a “position” too tempting to be rejected. Facts might pardonably be strained a little to compass such an effective meeting; and the furious spirit of a partisan might put into the mouth of a most gentle lady cruel words derisive of her fallen enemy.

They carried him naked unto Leicester,
 And buckled his hair under his chin.
 Bessie met him with a merry cheer ;
 These were the words she said to him :

"How likest thou the slaying of my brethren twain?"
 She spake these words to him alone.
 "Now are we wroken upon thee here !
 Welcome, gentle uncle, home!"

As to the authorship, we may easily believe that the writer was Humphrey Brereton. Probably no one but Brereton would have described so carefully Brereton's movements, the main interests of the piece centring around the Earl of Richmond, and the lady Elizabeth. This author knows well and describes every passage of them.

This ballad then may be set down as of some considerable historical value for the picture of old times that it gives.

[Part I.]

[How the Princess Elizabeth persuades Lord Derby to help her and her lover Richmond.]

<p>GOD: <i>that</i> is most of might, & borne was of a maiden ffree, saue & keepe our comelye Kinge ¹ 4 & all ² the pore cominaltye !</p> <p>for wheras <i>King</i> Richard, I vnd[e]rstand, had not raigned yeeres three, But the best duke in all the Land 8 he caused to be headed ³ att Salsburye.</p> <p>that time the Stanleys without doubt were dread ouer England ffarr & neere,⁴ next <i>King</i> Richard, <i>that</i> was soe stout, 12 of any Lord in England Ire.⁵</p>	<p>God saue the King and the Commons !</p> <p>In Richard III.'s time</p> <p>[page 465]</p> <p>the Stanleys were the greatest lords in England ;</p>
---	--

¹ queene.—Harl.

² also.—Harl.

³ A.-S. *heáfðian*, to head, behead.—F.

⁴ nee.—Harl.

⁵ free.—Harl.

and when
Lady Bessye

there was a Lady faire on mold,
the name of her was litle Bessye ;
shee was young, shee was not old,
16 but of the age ¹ of one and twentye ;

was staying
in London
with Lord
Derby,

shee cold write, & shee cold reede,
well shee cold worke by prophesye ;
shee soiorrned in the Cittye of London
20 *that* time with the Erle of Darbye.

she com-
plained to
him against
her uncle,
King
Richard :

vpon a time, as I you tell,
there was noe more but the Erle & shee ;
shee made complaint of ² Richard the King,
24 *that* was her vnckle of blood soe nye :

"Hedrowned
my brothers

"helpe, ffather stanley, I doe you pray !
for of King Richard wroken I wold ³ bee.
he did my brethren to the death on a day
28 in their bedd where they did lye ;

in a pipe of
wine,

"he drowned them both in a pipe of wine ;
itt was dole to heare and see !

and wanted
to put away
his Queen
and lie with
me.

& he wold haue put away his Queene
32 for to haue lyen by my bodye !

You too may
meet with
Bucking-
ham's fate.

"helpe *that* he were put away,
for the royall blood destroyed wilbee ⁴ !
BUKINGAM, *that* duke of England,
36 was as great with King Richard as now are ye

"the crowne of England there tooke hee,—
forsooth, Lord, this is no lye,—
& crowned King Richard of England free,
40 *that* after behcaded him att Salsburye.

¹ yeares.—Harl.

² one.—Harl.

³ will I.—Harl.

⁴ destroy will hee.—Harl.

- “ helpe, father Stanley, I you pray !
 for on *that* traitor wroken wold I bee ;
 & helpe Erle Richmond, *that* Prince see ¹ gay,
 4 *that* is exiled ouer the sea !
- “ for & he were *King*, I shold be Queene ;
 I doe him loue, & neuer him see.
 thinke on Edward, my father, *that* late was *King*,
 8 vpon his deathe-bed where he did lye :
- “ of a litle child he put me to thee,
 for to gouerne and to guide ² ;
 into your keeping hee put mee,
 2 & left me a booke of prophecye ³ ;—
- “ I hane itt in keeping in this citye ;—
 he knew *that* yee might make me a *Queene*,
 father, if thy will itt be ;
 6 for *Richard* is no righteous Kinge,
- “ nor vpon no woman borne was hee ;
 the royall blood of all this land,
Richard my vnkle will destroye
 9 as he did the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
- “ Who⁴ was as great with *King Richard* as now are yee.
 for when he was duke of Gloster,
 he slew good King Henerye
 12 in the Tower of London as he lay there.

Help, too,

Richmond,
who is
exiled.I love him.
Think how
my father,
King
Edward, on
his death-
bed, left me

to your care,

as he knew
that you
could make
me Queen.Richard will
destroy all
the royal
blood.He slew
King Henry
in the
Tower.Harl. omits *see*.—F.

'or gye = guide.—Dyce.

see “ The most pleasant Song of
 Bessy,” edited from Mr. Bateman's
 by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy So-
 p. 4. King Edward speaks to his
 Bessy set in a window :

re is a book of Reason ; keep it well
 As you will have the love of me ;
 ither to any creature do it tell,
 Nor let no liveing lord it see,
 cept it be to the Lord Stanley,

The which I love full heartiley :
 All the matter to him show you may,
 For he and his thy help must be ;
 As soon as the truth to him is shown,
 Unto your words he will agree ;
 For their shall never son of my body
 be gotten
 That shall be crowned after me,
 But you shall be queen and wear the
 crown,
 So doth expresse the prophecye.”—F.
¹ which.—Harl.

Stanley,
your brother
Sir William

can bring
500 men,

“ Sir william Stanley, thy brother deere
in the hol[t]e ¹ where he doth lye,
he may make 500 fightinge men ²
68 by the marryage of his faire Ladye.³

your son
George

1000 men,

“ your sonne George, the Lord Strange,
in Latham where he doth lye,
he may make a 1000 ⁴ fighting men in fere,
72 & giue them wages for monthes three.

your son
Edward
300 men,

“ Edward stanley *that* is thy sonne,⁵
300 men may bring to thee.
thy sonne Iames, *that* young preist,
76 warden of Manchester was made latelye.

your nephew
Sir J.
Savage
1500 men,

“ Sir Iohn Sauage, thy sisters sonne,—
he is thy sisters sonne of blood soe nye—
hee may make 1500 fighting men,
80 & all his men white hoods to ⁶ giue ;

“ he gineth the pikes ⁷ on his banner bright ;
vpon a feild backed was neuer ⁸ hec. [page 46]

Sir G.
Talbott

Sir Gilbert Talbott, a man of might,
84 in Sheffeild castle where he doth lye,

1000 men (?)

“ Hele make a 1000^d men ⁹ of might,
& giue them wages ffor monthes three.

yourself
1000 men :

& thy selfe a 1000 Eagle fitt ¹⁰ to ffight,
88 *that* is a goodlye sight to sec ;

You and
yours can
bring
Richmond
back,
and then
he'll be
King, and I
Queen.”

“ for thou & thine withouten pine
may Bring Richemond ouer the sea ;
for & he were King, I should be Queene ;
92 ffather Stanley, remember bee !”

¹ holte.—Harl. holta, vid. St. 50, &c.,
passim.—P.

² ten thowsand fighting men in fere.
—Harl.

³ Harl. transposes lines 68 and 72.—F.

⁴ make fyve thowsand.—Harl.

⁵ came, qu.—P. sonne.—Harl.

⁶ doa.—Harl.

⁷ pickes.—Harl.

⁸ neuer backed was.—Harl.

⁹ He may make ten thowsand.—Harl.

¹⁰ ten thowsand egle feete.—Harl.
The Stanley badge was an eagle's fox
See vol. i. p. 223, note ¹⁴.—F.

- then answered the Earle againe ;
 these were the words he sayd to BESSYE :
 “ & King Richard doe know this thing,¹
 6 wee were vndone, both thou and I ;
- “ In a ffire you ² must brenn,
 my liffe & my lands are ³ lost from mee ;
 therfore these words be in vaine :
 0 leane & doe away, good BESSYE ! ”
- “ ffather stanley ! is there no grace ?
 noe Queene of England *that* I must bee ?
 then BESSYE stode studying ⁴ in *that* place
 4 with teares trickling ffrom her eyen :
- “ Now I know I must neuer be Queene !
 all this, man, is longe of ⁵ thee !
 but thinke on the dreadffull day
 8 when the great doame itt shalbe,
- “ when righteousnesse on the rainbowe shall sitt,
 & deeme ⁶ he shall both thee and mee,
 & all ffalshood away shall flitt
 2 when all truth shall by him bee !
- “ I care not whether I hange or drowne,
 soe *that* my soule saued may bee ;
 make good answer as thou may,
 6 ffor all this, man, is longe of ⁷ thee.”
- with *that* shee tooke her head grace ⁸ downe,
 & threw itt downe ⁹ vpon the ground,
 both ¹⁰ pearles & many a *precyous* stone
 0 *that* were better then a 1000 ¹¹ pound.

Lord Derby
answers,
that if
Richard
knew of this

he'd burn
her, and
kill him.

She must
begone.

“ Is there no
grace ?
Am I never
to be
Queen ?

Stanley !
Think on
the day of
doom,

when Christ
shall judge
you.

Care not for
death,
so that you
can answer
God ! ”

Bessye
dashes her
head-jewels
on the
ground,

hen.—Harl. ² thou.—Harl.
 and is.—Harl.
 tyding.—Harl.
 m.—Harl.
 And all denie.—Harl.
 m.—Harl. Cp. Cotgrave's "*À toy*
as tenu. Thou wert no hinderance . .
 s not long of thee.—F.

⁸ perhaps geare.—P. gere.—Harl.
 Yet “grace” may have been intended, as
 in the description of a peasant :
 “ Her bon grace was of wended straw.”
 —W.C.
⁹ did it throwe.—Harl.
¹⁰ with.—Harl.
¹¹ then fowertye.—Harl.

- her ffaxe ¹ *that* was as white as silke,
 shortly downe shee did itt rent;
 with her hands as white as any milke,
 tears her hair, 124 her ffaire ffaxe thus hath shee ² spilt³;
- wrings her hands,
 her hands together can shee wringe,
 & with teares shee wipes her eye;
 laments, and bids Lord Derby farewell. 128
 “welladay, BESSYE!” can shee sing,
 & parted with the Erle of darbye.
- He turns pale, 132
 “ffare-well, man! now am I gone!
 itt shall be long ere thou me see!”
 the Erle stood still as any stone,
 & all blarked ⁴ was his blee.
- weeps, says “Stay, Bessie!
 Here 136
 when he heard BESSYE make such mone,
 the teares fell downe from his eye,
 “abyde, BESSYE! wee part not soe soone!
 heere is none now ⁵ but thee and I;
- I fear overhearers,
 140
 “ffeild hath eyen, & wood hath eares,
 you cannott tell who standeth vs by;
 but wend forth, BESSYE, to thy Bower,
 & looke you doe as I bidd yee ⁶:
- but at 9 to-night, I’ll be in your bower 144
 “put away thy maydens bright,
that noe person doth vs sec ⁷;
 for att nine of the clocke within this night,
 in thy bower will I be with thee;

¹ faxe, hair, A.-S. *fear*, idem.—P.
² he.—Harl.
³ ? splent (cf. splinter).—Dyce.
⁴ blencked.—Harl. blanked—his blee,
 vide infra, Page 470 [of MS. l. 412 here]:

i. e. his Complexion turned pale.—P.
⁵ I wene here is noe moe.—Harl.
⁶ the.—Harl.
⁷ there with us bee.—Harl.

“then of this matter wee will talke ¹ more,
when there is no moe but you ² and I ;

and talk
more with
you.

A charcole [fire] ³ att my desire,

Have a
charcoal fire
that won't
smoke,

that no smoke come in our eye ; ⁴

“ Peeces ⁵ of wine many a one,

& diuers spices be therbye,

pen, Inke, paper, looke thou want none,

but haue all things ffull readye.”

and pen, ink
and paper
all ready.”

BESSYE made her busines, & forth is gone,

& tooke her leaue att the Erle of DARBYE,

& put away her maydens anon,

no man nor mayd ⁶ was therby ;

She goes
home,

sends away
her maids,

A charcole fire was ready bowne,—

there cane no smoke within his eye,—

pceces of wine many a one,

& diuers spices lay ⁷ therby,

gets ready
a charcoal
fire,

wine

and spices,

Pen, Inke, & paper, shee ⁸ wanted none,

& ⁹ hadd all things there ffull readye,

& sett her selfe vpon a stone

without ¹⁰ any companye.

[page 467] pen and
paper,

shee tooke a booke in her hande,

& ¹¹ did read of prophecye,

how shee shold bee Queene of ¹² England,

but many a guiltesse man first must dye ;

and reads
her book of
prophecy,

arpe.—Harl.

hou.—Harl.

ire, vide infra.—P.

With no chimney in the room, the
smoke would make their eyes

See Pref. to *Babees Book*, p. lxiv.

See ‘a peece of wine,’ p. 333,

l. 306 below, and l. 159 ; also *Babees
Book*, p. 325, l. 792.—F.

⁶ mayden was there nye.—Harl.

⁷ dyvers spices did lye.—Harl.

⁸ there.—Harl.

⁹ shee.—Harl.

¹⁰ withouten.—Harl.

¹¹ and there.—Harl.

¹² in.—Harl.

- till Lord
Derby comes
at 9 at
night.
- 172 & as shce read ffurther,¹ shce wept.
 with ² *that* came the Erle of Darbye;
 att nine of the clocke att ³ night
 to bessyes bower Cometh hee.
- She barr her
door,
- 176 shce barred the dore aboue and vnder,
 that no man shold come them nye⁴;
 shce sett him on [a] seate [soe]⁵ rich,
 & on another shce sett her by;
- and gives
him wine
and spice.
- It works,
- 180 shce gaue him wine, shce gaue him spice,
 sais,⁶ “blend in, ffather, & drinke to me.”
 the fire was hott, the spice itt bote,
 the wine itt wrought ⁷ wonderffullye.
- and he
promises
her what-
ever she
asks.
- 184 then kind ⁸ in heat, god wott,
 then weeped the noble⁹ Erle of Darbye:
 “aske now, BESSYE then,¹⁰ what thou wilt,
 & thy boone granted itt ¹¹ shalbee.”
- She wants
only her
Richmond.
- 188 “Nothing,” said BESSYE, “I wold hane,
 neither of gold nor yett of ffee,
 but ffaire Erle Richmond, soe god me sane,
 that hath lyen soe long beyond the sea.”
- Lord Derby
says he'd
grant her
request if he
had a clerk
he could
trust to
write for
him.
- 192 “Alas, Bessye! *that* ¹² noble Lord
 & thy boone, fforsooth, grant wold I thee;
 but there is no clarke *that* I dare ¹³ trust
 this night to write ffor thee and mee,

¹ faster.—Harl.² And with.—Harl.³ within the.—Harl.⁴ nee.—Harl.⁵ a seate soe.—Harl.⁶ Said.—Harl.⁷ wroughte.—Harl.⁸ full kynde.—Harl.⁹ waxed the oulde.—Harl.¹⁰ Harl. omits *then*.—F.¹¹ And nowe thy boune gran
Harl.¹² said that.—P. said that.—E¹³ doe.—Harl.

- “because our matter is soe hye,
 lest any man wold vs bewray.”
 BESSYE said, “ffather, itt shall not neede ;
 196 I am a clarke ffull good, I say.” Bessye says
she'll be
clerk,
- shee drew a paper vpon her knee,
 pen and Inke shee had full readye,
 hands white & ffingars long ;
 200 shee dressed her to write ¹ speedylye. and gets her
paper, &c.
ready.
- “ffather Stanley, now let me see,
 ffor euery word write shall I.”
 “BESSYE, make a letter to the Holt
 204 there ² my brother Sir William doth Lye ; Lord Derby
dictates a
letter to Sir
William
Stanley,
- “bidd him bring 7 sad yeomen,
 all in greene clothes lett them bee,
 & change his Inn in euery towne
 208 where before hee was wont to Lye ; telling him
to come to
him
- “& lett his fface be towards the benche,³
 lest any man shold him espye ;
 & by the 3^d. day of May by May 3.
 212 that he come and speake with mee.
- “Commend me to my sonne George,
 the Lord strange, where he doth lye,
 & bidd him bring 7 sadd yeomen ;
 216 all in greene clothes lett them bee, He dictates
another
letter to his
son George,
bidding him
also come
- “& lett himselfe be in the same suite,
 & change ⁴ his Inn in euery towne,
 & lett his backe be ffroo the benche,
 220 Lest any man shold him knowne ;

¹ wryte full.—Harl.² whereas.—Harl.³ ? meaning.—F.⁴ chaunging.—Harl.

by May 3.

" & by the 3^d day of May
bidd him come & speake with mee.

Another to
his son
Edward,

224

Commend me to Edward my sonne,
the warden ¹ & hee togetherr bee,

bidding him
to come by

" & bidd them bring 7 sadd yeomen,
& all in greene lett them bee,

changing their Inn in euery towne

228

where before ² they were wont to Lye ;

" lett their backes be ffrom the bench,
lest any man shold them see ;

May 3.

& by the 3^d day of May

232

bidd them come & speake with mee.

Another to
Sir J.
Savage and
Sir G.
Talbot,

Comend me to Sir Iohn Sauage

& Sir Gilbert Talbott in the north cuntrye,

& [let] either of them [bring] ³ 7 sad yeomen,

236

and all in greene lett them bee,

" Changing their Inn in euery towne
before where they were wont to bee ;

[page 4]

bidding
them to
come by
May 3.

& by the 3^d day of May

240

lett ⁴ them come & speake with me."

Lord Derby
seals the
letters,

BESSYE writeth, the Lord he sealeth ;

" ffather Stanley, what will yee more ? "

" alas ! " sayd *that* royall Lord,

244

" all our worke is ⁵ fforlore !

but then he
has no
messenger
that he can
trust.

" ffor there is noe messenger *that* ⁶ wee may trust
to bring the tydings to the north cuntrye,

⁷ lest any man shold vs betraye,

248

⁷ because our matter is soe hye."

¹ See line 76 above.—F.

² Before where.—Harl.

³ hyd them brynge eyther of them.
—Harl.

⁴ byd.—Harl.

⁵ whom.—Harl.

⁶ The Folio transposes these two li
Harl. has them as here printed.—F.

⁷ yt is.—H

“Humphrey Bretton,¹” said litle Bessye,
 “he hath beene true to my father & mee,
 hee shall haue the writting² in hand,
 252 & bring them into the North cuntrye.

Bessye says
 Humphrey
 Bretton
 will take
 the letters.

“goe to thy bedd, ffather, & sleepe,
 & I shall worke³ ffor thee & mee,
 to-Morrow by rising of the sunn
 256 Humphrey Bretton shall be with thee.”

shee brought the Lord to⁴ his bedd,
 all *that* night where he shold Lye;
 & BESSYE worketh⁵ all the night;
 260 there came no sleepe in her eye.

She takes
 Lord Derby
 to bed,

[Part II.]⁶

[How Humphrey Bretton, for the Princess Elizabeth's sake, carries the Letters
 of Lord Derby to his Adherents.]

In the morninge when the day can spring,
 vp riseth BESSYE in *that* stower,
 to Humphrey Bretton gone is shee⁷;
 264 but when shee came to Humphreys bower,

and at day-
 spring

goes to
 Humphrey

with a small voice called shee.
 Humphrey answered *that* Lady bright,
 & saith, “lady, who are yee
 268 *that* calleth on me ere⁸ itt be light?”

and calls
 him.

He asks who
 it is.

“I am King Edwards daughter,
 the countesse cleere, young BESSYE:
 in all the hast thou⁹ can,
 272 thou must come speake with the Erle of Darbye.”

“King
 Edward's
 daughter,
 Lady Cleere,
 come to
 Lord Derby.”

¹ Breerton.—Harl. & so throughout.

² writynges.—Harl.

³ wake.—Harl.

⁴ unto.—Harl.

⁵ waketh.—Harl.

⁶ The 2^d P^{te} Query.—P.

⁷ she ys.—Harl.

⁸ yer.—Harl. ⁹ that thou.—Harl.

Humphrey
goes with
her

Humphrey cast vpon [him] ¹ a gowne,
a paire of slippers on ² his ffeete.
for[th] of [his] Chamber ³ then he came,
276 & went ⁴ with *that* Lady sweet.

to Lord
Derby,

shee brought him to the bed side
where they Lord lay in bed to sleepe.
when they ⁵ Erle did Humphrey see,
280 full tenderlye can hee ⁶ weepe,

& said, "my loue, my trust, my liffe, my Land,
all this, Humphrey, doth Lye in thee!
thou may make, & thou may marr,
284 thou may vndoe BESSYE & mee!

who gives
him the 6
letters.

"take sixe letters in thy hand,⁷
& bring them into the north countrie;
they be written on they ⁸ backside,
288 where they letterrs deliuered shold ⁹ bee."

Bessye

he receiued the letterrs sixe;
into the west wend ¹⁰ wold hee.
then meeteth him *that* Ladye bright,
292 she said, "abide, Humphray, & speake with me

promises to
reward him
when she's
Queen,

"a poore reward I shall thee giue,
itt shall be but pounds three;
if I be Queene, & may line,
296 better rewarded shalt thou bee.

and tells
him to avoid
bad
company,

"A litle witt god hath sent mee:
when thou rydest into the west,
I pray thee take no companye
300 but such as shall be of the best,

¹ him.—Harl.

² upon.—Harl.

³ forth of his Chamb'—P. forthe of
his chamber.—Harl.

⁴ went forthe.—Harl.

⁵ the.—Harl.

⁶ then can.—Harl.

⁷ MS. hamd.—F. thyno hande
Harl.

⁸ the.—Harl.

⁹ levered shall.—Harl.

¹⁰ wynde.—Harl.

“sitt not too long drinking thy¹ wine,
lest in heat² thou be too merrrye;
such words you³ may cast out then,
to-morrow⁴ fforthought⁵ itt⁶ may bee.”

and not sit
too long
over his
wine.

Humphray of⁷ BESSYE receiued noble[s] nine⁸;
with a peece of wine shee cold him assay;
hee tooke leane of *that* Ladye sheene,
& straight to the holt he took h[i]s⁹ way.

She gives
him nine
nobles,
and a cup of
wine,

and he rides
off to

when Sir william stanley did him see,
he said to him with words free,
“Humphrey Brettom, what maketh thee¹⁰ heere,
that hither dost ryde soe hastilye?

Sir W.
Stanley,

“How [fareth]¹¹ *that* Lord, my brother deare,
That lately was made the Erle of darby, [page 469]
is he dead without letting,
or with King Richard his counsell¹² is hee?

who asks
after
Lord Derby.

“Or he be suspected without¹³ lett,
or taken into the tower so hye,
London gates shall tremble & quake
but my brother borrowed shall bee!

If he is put
in the Tower,
London
gates
shall tremble
for it.

“tell me, Humphrey, withouten lett,
that rydest hither¹⁴ soe hastilye.”
“breake *that* letter,”¹⁵ said Humphrey then;
“behold then, and you shall see.”¹⁶

Humphrey
hands him
the Karl's
letter.

the.—Harl.
harte.—Harl.
thou.—Harl.
the other morrowe.—Harl.
for thought.—P. repented of.—F.
Harl. omits *itt*.—F.
at.—Harl.
rec^d nobles nine.—P. nowbles.—
l.

⁹ the.—Harl.
¹⁰ thou.—Harl.
¹¹ fareth.—Harl. How doth that.—P.
¹² what consayte.—Harl.
¹³ withouten.—Harl.
¹⁴ hither rydeth.—Harl.
¹⁵ breake letter.—Harl.
¹⁶ Behoulde, sir, and yee may see.—
Harl.

Sir William
bites his
stick,

when the Knight Looked the Letter ¹ on,
he stood still in a studdinge :

answer to Humphrey gaue he none,

328 but still hee gnaw ² on his staffe end.

he plucket the letter in peeces three,
into the water he cold itt flinge ³ :

gives
Humphrey
100s.,

“haue heere, Humphrey,” said the Knight,

332 “I will giue thee a 100 shillinge ;

“thou shalt not tarry heere all night,
straight to Latham ryd shall yee.”

“alas,” sais Humphrey, “I may not ryde,

336 my horsse is tyred, as ye may see ;

“I came ffrom London in this tyde,
there came no sleepe within mine eye.”

tells him to
go to sleep,

“Lay thee downe, Humphrey,” he said, “& sleepe

340 well the space of houres three ;

and he'll lend
him a fresh
horse.

“a ffresh horsse I thee behett,
shall bring [thee] through the north countrye.”

Humphrey
rests two
houres,

⁴ Humphray slept but howers 2,

344 but on his Iourney well thought hee ;

a ffresh horsse was brought to him
to bring him through the west countrye.

he tooke his leane at the Knight,

rides to
Latham,

348 & straight to Latham rydeth hee,

and reaches
it at nine.

& att 9 of Clocke in ⁵ the night,
att Latham gates ⁶ knocketh hee.

The porter

the Porter ariseth ⁷ anon-right,

352 & answerd ⁸ Humphray with words ffrec,

¹ the latter looked.—Harl.

² gnere.—Harl. gnawed.—F.

³ slynge.—Harl.

⁴ The Folio wrongly transposes lines
343 & 347, 344 & 348. Harl. has them

right, as printed here.—F.

⁵ At nyne of the clocke within.—Harl.

⁶ yates.—Harl.

⁷ ryseth.—Harl.

⁸ answereth.—Harl.

“ In good ffaith, itt is tó Late
to call on me this time of the night.”

“ I pray the, porter, open the gate,
& lett me in anon-right ;

“ with the Lord strange I must speake,
from his ffather, the Erle of Darbye.”

the porter opened vp the gates,
& in came his horsse and hee.

lets him in,

the best wine *that* was therin,
to Humphrey Bretton fforth brought hee,
with torches burning in *that* tyde,
& other lights *that* he might see,

& brought him to ¹ the bed syde
wheras the Lord strange Lay.

the Lord he mused in *that* tyde,

and takes
him to Lord
Strange in
bed.

3 & sayd, “ Humphrey, what hast thou to say ?

“ how ffareth my ffather, *that* noble Lord ?
in all England he hath no peere.² ”

Humphrey tooke a letter in his hand,

1 & said, “ behold & yee may see.³ ”

Humphrey
gives him
his letter,

when they Lord strange looked the letter vpon,
the teares trickled downe his eye ;

he sayd, “ wee must vnder a cloude,⁴

3 for wee may ⁵ neuer trusted bee ;

wee may sigh ⁶ & make great moane ;

this world is not as itt shold bee.

lowne unto.—Harl.

no peere hath he (to rhyme with
follows).—Dyce.

here.—Harl.

⁴ clodde.—Harl.

⁵ muste.—Harl.

⁶ sike.—Harl.

- and he
promises
390 “comend me to my father deere,
his daylye blessing he wold ¹ giue me;
to keep his
appoint-
ment.
for & I line another yeere,
this appontment keepe will I.”
- Humphrey
rides on
to Man-
chester,
384 he receined gold of my Lord Strange,
& straight to Manchester rydeth hee;
And when hee came to Manchester,
Itt was prime of the day; [page 470]
- see Sir
Edward
Stanley and
his brother,
388 he was ware of the warden & Edward Stanley,
together their Mattins ffor to say.
- 392 then ² one brother said to the other,
“behold, brother, & you may see,
heere cometh Humphrey Bretton,
some hastye tydings ³ bringheth hee.”
- and gives
them their
letters.
They reioice.
396 he betooke them either a letter,⁴
& bidd them looke & behold;
& read they did these letterrs readylye,⁵
& vp they lope, & laught aloude,
- Buckingham
shall be
revenged,
400 And saith,⁶ “ffaire ffall our ffather *that* noble Lord!
to stirre and rise beginneth hee;
Buckinghams blood shall be roken,⁷
that was beheaded ⁸ att Salsburye.
- and Bessy's
404 “ffaire ffall the Countesse, the Kings daughter,
that good ⁹ Councell giue cold shee;
wee trust in god ffull ¹⁰ of might
to bring her Lord ouer the sea!
- love brought
over the sea.

¹ wolde.—Harl.² The.—Harl.⁶ said.—Harl.³ thythandes.—Harl.⁷ wroken.—Harl. revenged.—F.⁴ He tooke eyther a letter in their
handes.—Harl.⁸ headed.—Harl.⁵ readlye.—Harl.⁹ such.—Harl.¹⁰ see full.—Harl.

"haue heere, Humphray, of either 40^a ;
better rewarded shall thou bee."

he tooke the gold att their hand ;
408 to ¹ Sir Iohn Sauage rydeth hee,

Humphrey
goes then to
Sir John
Savage,

& hee tooke him a letter in ² hand,
bade ³ him "behold, read, and see."
& ⁴ when the *Knight* the Letter hadd,
412 all blanked ⁵ was his blee :

"womens witt is wonder to heare !
my vnckle is turned by your ⁶ Bessye !
& wether itt turne to weale or woe,⁷
416 att my vnckles biddinge will I bee.⁸

and he
swears to
back
his uncle.

"haue heere, Humphrey, 40^a :
better rewarded may thou bee !
to Sheffield Castle Looke thou ryde
420 in all the hast *that* may bee."

forth then rydeth *that* gentle *Knight* ;
Sir Gilbert Talbott ffindeth ⁹ hee ;
hee tooke him a letter in his hand,
424 & bidd him, "reade & yee may ¹⁰ see."

Sir Gilbert
Talbot's
letter is not
delivered,

when Sir Gilbert Talbott the *lettre* looked on,
a loude laughter laughed hee :
"ffaire ffall *that* Lord of hye ¹¹ renowne !
428 to rise and stirr ¹² beginneth hee !

and he vows

"ffaire ffall Bessye, *that* Countesse cleere,
that such counsell giueth trulye !
Comend me to my nephew deare,
432 the young Erle of Shrewsbyrye,

¹ and to.—Harl.

² in his.—Harl.

³ and bad.—Harl.

⁴ Harl. has no *g*.—F.

⁵ then all blencked.—Harl.

⁶ you.—Harl.

⁷ wayle.—Harl.

⁸ I will.—Harl.

⁹ then fyndeth.—Harl.

¹⁰ he mighte.—Harl.

¹¹ riche.—Harl.

¹² stirre and ryse nowc.—Harl.

that he'll
set Lord
Strange free,

“ bidd him neuer dread for no death,
In London Towre if hee bee;
I shall make London tremble & quake
436 but my nephew borrowed shalbee!

bring
Richmond
to England,

“ Comend me to *that* Countesse cleere,
King Edwards daughter, young Bessye;
tell her, I trust in god *that* hath no peere
440 to bring her lone ouer the sea.

“ Comend me to *that* Lord without ¹ dread
that latelye was made Erle ² of darbye;
& ³ euery haire of my head
444 for a man counted might bee,

and live and
die with
Lord Derby.

“ with *that* Lord withouten dread,
with him will I line and dye!
haue heere, Humphray, pounds three;
448 better rewarded may thou bee!

“ Straight to London looke thou ryde
in all the hast *that* may bee;
Comend mee to the Kings daughter,⁴ young Bes
452 King Edwards daughter forssooth is shee,

Humphrey
rides back to
London,

“ In all this Land shee hath no peere.”
he ⁵ taketh his leaue att the Knight,
& straight to London rydeth hee.
456 & when he came to London right

and finds
Lord Derby
with King
Richard.

⁶ Itt was but a litle before eueni[n]ge,
there was he ware, walking in a garden gree:
[of] both the Erle & Richard our Kinge.
460 when the Erle had Humphrey see[ne,⁷] [P]

¹ withouten.—Harl.

² the Earle.—Harl.

³ and.—Harl.

⁴ to the Cowntas.—Harl

⁵ thus he.—Harl.

⁶ The 3^d Parte. Query.—P.

⁷ seen.—P.

he gaue him a priuie twinke ¹ with his eye.

then Humphrey came before the King soe free,
& downe he ffalleth vpon his knee.

Derby
winks
at him,

4 “welcome, Humphray!” said the Erle of Darbye:

“where hast thou beene, Humphray?” said the Erle,
“ffor I haue mist thee weekes three.”

and asks
where he has
been.

8 “I haue beene in the west, my Lord,
where I was borne and bredd trulye,

“ffor to sport me & to play
amonge my ffreinds ffarr & nye.”

“Amusing
myself
among my
friends.”

“tell me, Humphrey,” said the Erle,

2 “how ffareth all ² that Countrie?

³ tell me, Humphray, I thee pray,
how ffareth King Richards Comunaltye?”

“How are
King
Richard's
commons
there?”

“of all Countrys, I dare well say,
5 they beene the fflower ⁴ of archerye,
ffor they will be trusty with their bowes,
for ⁵ they will fight & neuer flee.”

“They are
the flower
of archery,
will fight,
and never
flee.”

when King Richard heard Humphray soe say,
in his hart hee was ffull merrye;

Richard
is glad,

hee ⁶ with his Cappe that was soe deere
thanked him ⁷ ffull curteouslye,

& said, “ffather Stanley, thou art to mee neere,⁸
you are cheefe of your Comynaltye,

and promises

“halfe of England shalbe thine,
& equally devided betweene thee & mee;
I am thine, & thou art mine,
& for ⁹ 2 ffellowes will wee bee.

Lord Derby
half
England,

syncke.—Harl. the base of *twink*-
F.

1 in.—Harl.

he Folio wrongly puts lines 473-4
line 478. Their position is altered
on the authority of the Harleian
F.

⁴ cheefe.—Harl.

⁵ And.—Harl.

⁶ Harl. transfers *he* to the next line.
—F.

⁷ that lorde.—H.

⁸ neere: for *neere*, with half the *ne* left
out.—F.

⁹ soe.—Harl.

for no one is
like him.

“ I sweare by Marry, maid ¹ mild,
I know none such vnder the skye !
whilst I am ² King & weare the Crowne,
492 I will be chceffe of the poore ³ Comynaltye.

And he,
Richard, will
never tax
the com-
mons,

“ tax nay mise ⁴ I will make none,
in noe Cuntry ffarr nor neare ⁵ ;
ffor if by their goods I shold plucke them downe,
496 for me they will ffaight ⁶ ffull ffainteouslye.

who are his
dearest
treasures.

“ There is no riches to me soe rich
as is the pore Comynaltye.” ⁷
when they had ended all their speeche,
500 they tooke their leaue ffull gladlye,

The King
leaves them,

and they go
to Bessye's
bower.

& to his Bower the King is gone.
then the Erle and ⁸ Humphrey Bretton,
to Bessyes bower they ⁹ went anon,
504 & ffound Bessye there alone.

She kisses
Humphrey,

when Bessye did see Humphrey anon,
anon ¹⁰ shee kissed him times three,
saith, “ Humphray Bretton, welcome home !
508 how hast thou spedd in the west Cuntrye ? ”

Into a parler they went anon,
there was no more but hee & shee :

and prays
him to
tell her his
tidings,

“ Humphray, tell mee or hence I ¹¹ gone,
512 some tydings ¹² out of the west Cuntrye !

¹ mayden.—Harl.

² be.—Harl.

³ Harl. has no *poore*.—F.

⁴ Taske ne myse.—Harl. Tax ne levies qu.—P. For *mise*, expence, disbursement, money layed out, or the laying out of money. Cotgrave.—F.

⁵ nye.—Dyce.

⁶ fight. qu.—P. woulde fyghte.—Harl.

⁷ These sentiments may show who the Ballad-writer's audience were, and that he

looked to please them rather than engage their sympathy on Richmond's side. Had his words represented the King's real feelings, no doubt Richard would have kept his crown.—F.

⁸ MS. of.—F. and.—P. and.—Harl.

⁹ *there* has been altered into *they* in the MS.—F.

¹⁰ Harl. omits *Anon*.—F.

¹¹ I hence.—Harl.

¹² tythandes.—Harl.

“ If I shold send ffor yonder Prince
 to come ouer ffor the Loue of mee,
 and murthered amongst ¹ his ffoes to bee,
 5 alas, *that* were ffull great pittye !

so that she
 may not
 mislead her
 lover.

“ fforsooth, *that* sight I wold not see
 for all the gold in Christentye !
 tell me, Humphray, I thee pray,
 how hast thou done in the west countrye.”

vnto Bessye anon he told
 how hee had sped in the west countrye,
 what was the answers of them hee ² had,
 & what rewards hee had trulye :

Humphrey
 tells her

“ By the third day of May, Bessye,” he sayd,
 “ In London there will they bee ;
 thou shalt in England be a Queene,
 or else doubtlesse they will dye.”

that on
 May 3
 her friends
 will be in
 London,
 and she shall
 be Queen.

[Part III.]

How Lord Derby's friends come to London ; and how the Princess Elizabeth
 sends Humphrey Bretton to her lover, Richmond.]

thus they provided in ³ the winter time
 their councell to ⁴ keepe all three.
 the Erle wrought by prophecye,
 he wold not abyde in London trulye,⁵ [page 472]

Lord Derby

but in the suburbs without the Cittye
 an old Inn Chosen hath hee,
 & drew an Eagle⁶ vpon the entrye
 that the westerne men might know where to Lye.⁷

withdraws
 to an old Inn
 in the
 suburbs,

y.—Harl. ² he of them.—Harl.
 r.—Harl. ⁴ for to.—Harl.
 he Earle woulde not in London
 abyde,
 or whye—he wroughte by prophesye.
 rl.

⁵ The Eagle's foot was the Badge of
 the Stanleys. Percy in vol. i. p. 223,
 note ¹⁴.—F.

⁷ myghte yt see.—Harl. A curious
 Instance of ancient Hospitality.—P.

and thither
on May 3
come

Sir William
Stanley,

Humphrey stood in a hye tower,
& looked into the west Countreye;
Sir William Stanley & 7 in greene
540 came straight ryding¹ to the Citye.

when he was ware of the Eagle drawne,
he drew himselfe wonderous nye,
& bade his men goe into the towne,
544 & dranke² the wine and make merrie.

Lord
Strange,

Into the Inn where the Eagle did bee,
fforsooth shortlye is hee gone.
Humphray Looked into the west,
548 & saw the Lord strange & 7 come

ryding in greene into the Cittye.
when hee was ware of the Eagle³ drawen,
he drew himselfe wonderous nye,
552 & bade his men goe into the towne,

⁴ & spare no cost, & where they come
& ⁵ drinke the wine & make good cheere;
& hee himselfe drew ffull nye
556 into the Inn where his ffather Lay.

Sir Edward
Stanley, and
his brother,

Humphrey looked more into the west;
Six-teene⁶ in greene did hee see,
the warden & Sir Edward Stanley
560 came ryding both in companye.

¹ ryding streight into.—Harl.

² drynke.—Harl.

³ oulde eigne.—Harl.

⁴ This stanza is in the Harl. MS.

And drynke the wyne and make
good cheare,
and whereever they come, noe
coste to spare.

then to the inne where his father
laye,

he drewe hymselfe wonderous
neare.—F.

⁵ to.—F.

⁶ The form of the *x* changes here,
and in l. 582, &c. to the modern one.
—F.

there as the Eagle was drawen,
 the gentlemen drew itt nye,
 & bade their men goe into the towne,
 4 & drinke the wine & make merrie;

& went into the same Inn
 there where their ffather Lay.¹
 yett Humphray beholdeth into the west,
 3 & looked towards the North countrie;

he was ware of Sir Iohn sauage & Sir Gylbert
 Talbott
 came ryding both in companye.
 when they where ware of the Eagle drawen,
 2 then they drew themselues ffull² nye,

Sir John
Savage, and
Sir Gilbert
Talbot.

& bade their men goe into the towne,
 & drinke the wine & make merry;
 & yode³ themselues into the inne⁴
 ; where the Erle and Bessye Lay.⁵

when all the Lords together mett,
 among them all was litle Bessye;
 with goodlye words shee them grett,⁶
 & said, "Lords, will yee doe ffor mee?"

Bessye
welcomes
them all.

"what, will yee releene yonder Prince
 that is exiled beyond the sea?"

the Erle of Darbye came fforth then;
 these be⁷ they words he said to Bessye:

Lord Derby
says he'll

here the earle their father lee.—

¹ lee.—Harl. *Fortè rythmi gratid*,
Where lay the Earl & L^{dy} Bessye.—P.

underous.—Harl.

⁶ i. e. greeted.—P. can them greete.

ode, i. e. went.—P. yende.—Harl.

—Harl.

[S. inme.—F.

⁷ were.—Harl.

- give her 40/
and 20,000
men. 588 “ffourty Pound will I send,
Bessye, ffor the loue of thee;
& 20000 Eagle ffeette,¹
a queene of England to make thee.”
- Sir William
Stanley 592 Sir William stanley came fforth then;
these were the words hee sayd to BESSYE:
“remember, Bessye, another time,²
who doth the best now ffor thee.
- 10,000 men. “10000 Cotes *that* beene red,
in an howers warning ready shalbec.
She shall be
Queen, or
he will die. 596 In England thou shall be a queene,
or else doubtelesse I will dye.”
- Sir John
Savage
will give
1000
marks. 600 Sir Iohn Sauage came fforth then;
these were the words he said to Bessye:
“1000 marke³ ffor thy sake
I will send thy loue beyond the sea.”
- Lord
Strange 604 the Lord strange Came fforth then; [page
these were the words he said to Bessye:
“a litle mony & ffew men
will bring thy loue ouer the sea;
- advises that
they keep
their money
at home. 608 “Lett vs keepe our gold att home
for to wage our companye.
if wee itt send ouer the sea,⁴
wee put our gold in Ieopardye.”
- Edward
Stanley
says 612 Edward Stanley came forth then;
these were the words he sayd to Bessye:
“remember, BESSYE, another time,
he *that* doth now⁵ best ffor thee;

¹ ? MS. ffeelte.—F. feete.—Harl.
perhaps *feete*.—P. Lord Derby's own
Badge.—F.

² MS. tume.—F.

³ ten thousand markes.—Harl.

⁴ foame.—Harl.

⁵ nowe dothe.—Harl.

“ ffor there is no ¹ power *that* I haue,
 nor no gold to giue thee;
 vnder ² my ffathers banner will I bee ³
 616 either ffor to liue or dye.”

he has
 neither
 men nor
 money,
 but he'll
 fight for
 Bessye.

BESSYE came fforth before the Lords all,
 & vpon her knees then ffalleth shee;
 “ 10000 pound I will send
 620 to my loue ouer ⁴ the sea.

She thanks
 them all.

She'll send
 Richmond
 10,000l.

“ who shall be our messenger ⁵
 to bring the ⁶ gold ouer the sea?
 Humphrey Bretton,” said BESSYE ⁷;
 624 “ I know none soe good as hee.”

by
 Humphrey
 Bretton.

“ alas!” sayd Humphrey, “ I dare not take in hand
 to carry the gold ouer the sea;
 they Galley shipps beene ⁸ soe stronge,
 628 they will me neigh wonderous nighe,

He tries to
 excuse
 himself
 from taking
 it,

“ they will me robb, they will me drowne,
 they will take they ⁹ gold ffrom mee.”
 “ hold thy peace, Humphrey,” sayd litle BESSYE,
 632 “ thou shalt itt carry without ¹⁰ leopardye;

but she tells
 him to be
 quiet; he
 shall take

“ thou shalt haue no baskett nor no male;
 no buchett ¹¹ nor sacke-cloth ¹² shall goe with thee;
 three Mules *that* be stiffe & stronge,
 636 loded with gold shall they bee;
 with saddles side ¹³ skirted, I doe thee tell,
 wherin the gold sowed ¹⁴ shalbe.

in the middle-
 flaps of
 three mules.

¹ nowe noe.—Harl.

² but under.—Harl.

³ fyghte.—Harl.

⁴ even to my love beyonde.—Harl.

⁵ messenger then.—Harl.

⁶ our.—Harl.

⁷ litill Bessie.—Harl.

⁸ the be.—Harl.

⁹ the.—Harl.

¹⁰ out of.—Harl.

¹¹ Budget.—P. bothed.—Halliwell.
 for boched (t. i. budget).—Harl.

¹² clothe sacke.—Harl.

¹³ wide, or long.—F.

¹⁴ sewed.—Harl.

“ if any man sayes, ‘ who ¹ is the shipp
 640 *that sayleth fforth vpon the sea ?*’
 Say itt is the Lord Liles ;
 in England & ffrance welbeloued is hee.”

Lord Darby then came fforthe the Erle of Darbye;
 644 these were the words he sayd to BESSYE;
 says he he said : “ BESSYE, thou art to blame
 to poynt any shipp vpon the sea !

has a ship
 in which
 Humphrey
 shall go :
 no alien will
 648 “ I haue a good shipp of my owne
 shall carry *Humphrey* & my mules three ;
 an Eagle shalbe drawen vpon the top mast,²
that the out allyants ³ may itt see.

touch the
 Eagle.
 652 “ there is no ffreake in all ffrance
*that shipp that dare come nye.*⁴
 if any man aske whose is the shipp,
 say ‘ itt is the Erle ⁵ of Darbyes.’ ”

Humphrey
 sails from
 Hippon with
 the money,
 656 *Humphrey* tooke the Mules three ;
 into the west wind taketh hee ;
 att Hippon ⁶ withouten doubt
 there shipping taketh hee ;
 with a ffaire ⁷ wind & a Coole
 660 thus he sayleth vpon the sea

¹ whoes.—Harl.

² maste toppe.—Harl.

³ out-alliens.—P. the Italyants.—
 Harl.

⁴ that the eigne darre once come see.
 —Harl.

⁵ Earles.—Harl.

⁶ Hyrpon.—Harl.

⁷ softe.—Harl.

[Part IV.]

¶ Humphrey Bretton takes money from the Princess Elizabeth to Richmond ;
and who are on Richmond's side.]

arte { To BIGERAM ¹ abbey, where the English Prince
was.
the porter was an Englishman,
well he knew Humphrey Breiton,
664 & ffast to him can he ² gone.

and reaches
Bigeram
Abbey,
where
Richmond is.

Humphrey knocked att the gate prinilye,
& these words he spake surelye,

He knocks
at the gate ;

“ I pray thee, Porter, open the gate

& receiue me & my ³ mules three,

I shall thee giue withouten lett

[page 474]

ready ⁴ gold to thy meede. ⁵ ”

“ I will none of thy gold,” the Porter said,

the porter

“ nor yett, Humphrey, none of thy ffee ;

but I will open the gates wyde,

& receiue thy mules and thee, ⁶

“ ffor a Cheshire man borne am I,

is a Cheshire
man,

ffrom the Malpas ⁷ but miles three.”

the porter opened the gates soone,

& receined him & the Mules three ;

and lets him
in,

the best wine readilye ⁸ then

to Humphrey Bretton giueth hee.

“ alas ! ” sayd Humphrey, “ how shall I doe ?

for I am stead ⁹ in a strange cuntrye ;

bigeram.—Harl.

an he.—P. Read ‘ gone he can.’—

nd.—Harl.

ed.—Harl.

¹ Read ‘ fee.’—Dyce.

² the and thy mules three.—Harl.

³ A town in Cheshire.—F.

⁴ radlye.—Harl.

⁵ stad.—Harl.

- and shows
him
 684 “ the Prince of England ¹ I do not know ;
 before I did him neuer see.”
 “ I shall thee teach,” said the Porter then,
 “ the Prince of England to know trulye.
- Richmond
shooting.
 688 “ loe, where he shooteth att the butta,
 & with him are Lords three ;
 he weareth a gowne of veluett blacke,
 & itt is coted aboue his knee ;
 with long visage & pale ;
 692 therby the Prince know may yee ;
- He may
know the
Earl by his
long pale
face,
 and a wart
above his
chin.
 696 “ a priuye wart, withouten lett,
 ² a litle aboue the chin ;
 his face h[i]s white, the wart is red,
 therby you ³ may him ken.”
- Humphrey
 goes to
Richmond,
 700 now ffrom the Porter is he gone ;
 with him hee tooke the Mules ³ :
 to Erle Richmand he went anon
 where the other Lords bee.⁴
- and gives
him Bessye's
letter,
her money,
 704 when ⁵ he came before the Prince,
 lowlye hee kneeled vpon his knee ;
 he deliuered ⁶ the lettre that Bessye sent,
 & soe he did the mules three,
- and her
ring.
 708 [&] a rich ring with a stone.
 there the prince glad was hee ;
 he tooke the ring att Humphrey then,
 & kissed itt times 3.
- Richmond
kisses the
ring,

¹ There is a tag at the end of this word
in the MS. like an s.—F.

² he hathe.—Harl.

³ full well yee.—Harl.

⁴ dyd bee.—Harl.

⁵ And when.—Harl.

⁶ And delivered hym.—Harl.

Humphrey kneeled still as any stone,
assuredlye as I tell to thee¹;

Humphrey of the Prince word gatt none,
therefore² in his hart hee was not merrye.

but does not
speak to
Humphrey,

Humphrey standeth vpp then anon ;
to the prince these words said hee,
“ why standeth³ thou soe still in this stead,
& no answer does⁴ giue mee ?

who there-
upon
gets up,

“ I am come ffrom the stanleys bold,
King of England to make thee,
& a faire Lady to thy fferre,⁵
there is none such in Christentye ;

tells him he
comes from
the Stanleys
to make him
King and
give him a
Queen.

“ shee is Countesse,⁶ a Kings daughter,
the name of her is⁷ BESSYE,
a louelye Lady to looke vpon,
& well shee can worke by profecye.

“ I may be called a lewd⁸ messenger,
for answer of thee I can gett none ;
I may sayle hence with a heauy heart ;
what shall I say when I come home⁹ ? ”

What
answer is he
to give
them ?

the prince tooke the Lord Lisle,
& the Erle of Oxford was him by¹⁰ ;
they Lord fferres wold him not beguile ;
to¹¹ counsell thé goeth all 3.

Richmond
consults his
friends,

when they had their counsell tane,
to *Humphrey* Bretton turneth hee,
“ answer, *Humphrey*, I can giue none
for¹² the space of weekes 3.

and says
he can give
no answer
for three
weeks.

¹ tell thee.—Harl.

² i. e. on that account.—P.

³ standest.—Harl.

⁴ thou doest.—Harl.

⁵ fere.—P.

⁶ a cowntas.—Harl.

⁷ it is.—Harl.

⁸ lowte.—Harl.

⁹ howme.—Harl.

¹⁰ nee.—Harl.

¹¹ to a.—Harl.

¹² not for.—Harl.

- " when 3 weekes are come & gone,
 Then an answer I will ¹ giue thee." [page 475]
 the mules into a stable are tane;
 He rips up
 the mules'
 saddles, 740 the saddle skirtts then rippeth hee;

 therin he ffindeth gold great plentye
 for to wage a companye.²
 he caused the houshold to make him cheare;
 takes out the
 money, 744 " in ³ my stead lett him bee."

 Erly in the morning, as soone as itt was day,⁴
 with him he tooke the Lords three,
 & straight to paris he tooke the way,
 and goes to
 Paris
 to buy arms. 748 there armes to make readye.⁵

 to the King of ffrance wendeth hee,⁶
 of men and mony he doth him pray,
⁷ that he wold please to Lend him shippa,
 He asks the
 King of
 France for
 help
 and ships. 752 & ffor to bring him ouer the sea : ⁷

 " the Stanleys stout ffor me haue sent,
 King of England ffor to make mee,
 & if euer I weare the crowne,
 756 well quitt the King of ffrance shalbe."

 then answereth the King of ffrance,
 & shortlye answereth,⁸ " by St. Iohn,
 The King
 refuses
 them. 760 ⁹ no shippes to bring him ouer the seas,
 men nor money bringeth he none ! " ⁹

..

¹ shall.—Harl.² Only half the *æ* in the MS.—F.³ And saith in.—Harl.⁴ Yerlye on the other mornyng As-
sonne as yt was breake of daye.—Harl.⁵ A herotte of armes they readye
made.—Harl.⁶ then wyndeth.—Harl.⁷⁻⁷ And shippes to brynge hym over
the seae.—Harl.⁸ sweareth shortlye.—Harl.⁹⁻⁹ men nor money getteth he none.
nor shippes to brynge hym over the
foame.—Harl.

- thus the Prince his answer hath tane.
 both the Prince & Lords gay ¹
 to BIGGERAM abbey rydeth hee,
 14 wheras ² Humphrey Bretton Lay. Richmond
 rides back
 to
- “haue heere Humphrey a 100 ³ markes ;
 better rewarded shalt thou bee ;
 comend me to Bessye, *that* Countesse cleere,—
 18 & yett I did neuer her see,— gives him
 100 marks,
 and bids him
 tell Bessye
- “I trust in god shee shall be my Queene,
 for her I will trauell the sea.
 comend me to my ffather stanley,—
 22 my owne mother marryed hath hee,— he will come
 to her ;
- “bring him here a loue lettre,
 & another to litle Bessye ;
 tell her I trust in the Lord of might
 26 *that* my Queene shee shalbee.
- “Comend me to Sir william stanley,
that noble Knight in the west cuntrye ;
 tell him, about Micchallmasse
 30 I trust in god in England to bee. tell Sir
 William
 Stanley
 that about
 Michaelmas
 he will laud
- “att Mylford hauen I will come in,
 with all the power *that* I can bringe ; ⁴
 the ffirst towne *that* I may win ⁵
 34 shalbe the towne of shrewsburye. at Milford
 Haven,
 and take
 Shrewsbury.
- “pray Sir william, *that* noble Knight,
that night *that* hee ⁶ wold looke on mee.
 comend me to Sir Gilbert Talbott *that* is soe wight ;
 38 he lyeth still in the north cuntrye.”

and the English Lordes gaye.—Harl.
 there as.—Harl.
 thousand.—Harl.

⁴ powers I brynge with me.—Harl.
⁵ myn.—Harl.
⁶ nyghte he.—Harl.

Humphrey
will none of
Richmond's
gold :
he is his.

“ I will none of thy gold, Sir Prince,
nor yett none ¹ of thy ffee ;
if enery haire of my head were a man,
792 with you, Sir Prince, *that* they shold ² bee.”

Humphrey

returns to
Lord Derby,

thus *Humphrey* his leaue hath tane,
& fforth hee sayleth vpon the seas ;
straight to London can he ryde,
796 there as the Erle and Bessye Lyes.

who then
goes
westward,

he tooke them either a *lettre* in hand,
& bade them reade ³ and see.
the Erle tooke leaue of *Richard* the King,
800 & into the west rydeth hee.

leaving
Bessye at
Leicester.

& leaueth Bessye att Leicecster,
& bade her lye there in ⁴ priuitye :
“ ffor if *King Richard* knew thee there,
804 in a ffyer brent must thou bee.”

He sends
Lord
Strange to
King
Richard.

straight to Latham is he gone,
Where the Lord strange he did ⁵ Lye, [page 476]
& sent the Lord strange to London
808 to keepe *King Richard* ⁶ companye.

On
Richmond's
side are
Sir William
Stanley,
with 10,000
men ;

then to ⁷ Sir william stanley, with ⁷ 10000 cotes
in an howers warning readye to bee :
they were all as red as ⁸ blood,
812 there they harts head ⁹ is sett full hye.

¹ I wyll non.—Harl.

² the, sir prynce, shoulde they.—Harl.

³ looke, reade.—Harl.

⁴ lye in.—Harl.

⁵ Strange dyd.—Harl.

⁶ keepe Richard.—Harl.

⁷ No then to, or with, in Harl.—F.

⁸ were read as any.—Harl.

⁹ The Stanley arms (Lancashire and Earl of Derby) are, argent, on a bend azure, *three bucks' heads cabossed or.* Berry's *Encyc. Herald.* The red cotes must have been worn by the Stanley followers.—F.

Sir Gilbert Talbott, 10000 doggs¹
 in an howers warning readye to be.
 Sir Iohn Saunge, 1500 white hoods,²
 for they will fight & neuer flee.

Sir Gilbert
 Talbot, with
 10,000 ;

Sir John
 Savage, with
 1500 ;

Sir Edward Stanley, 300 men ;
 there were no better in Christentye.
 Rice³ apthomas, a Knight of wales,
 800⁴ spere-men brought hee.

Sir Edward
 Stanley, with
 500 ;

Rice
 ap Thomas,
 with 800.

[Part V.]

[How Richmond lands in England, and marches to Bosworth.]

Sir William stanley, att the holt hee lyes,
 & looked ouer his head soe hye ;
 “ which way standeth the wind ? ”⁵ he sayes ;
 “ if there be⁶ any man can tell mee.”

Sir William
 Stanley says

to { “ The wind itt standeth south west,”
 soe⁷ sayd a Knight *that* stood him⁸ by.
 “ this night, yonder royall prince,
 into England entreth hee.”
 he called *that*⁹ gentleman *that* stood him by,
 his name was Rowland Warburton,
 he bade him goe to Shrewsburye *that* night,
 & bade them lett *that* prince in come.

Richmond
 lands in
 England to-
 night.

He sends
 Warburton
 to
 Shrewsbury,
 to order
 Richmond
 to be
 admitted.

ges.—Harl. A talbot is a kind
 tiff. Different branches of the
 family have a talbot for their
 : 3 bounds for their arms.—F.
 : Savage arms are lions. The
 oods must have been worn by the
 a.—F.
 Ryse ap.—Harl.

¹ eighte thousand.—Harl.
² where standeth the wynde then. -
 Harl.
³ is there.—Harl.
⁴ see.—Harl.
⁵ *hiss* in the MS.—F.
⁶ a.—Harl.

by *that*¹ *Rowland* came to Shrewsburye
 the portcullis was letten downe ;
 the called the Prince in ffull great scorne,
 836 & said “ in England he shold weare no crowne.”

Warburton
 throws the
 orders into
 the town,

Rowland bethought him of a wile,
 & tyed the writtings to a stone ;
 he threw the writtings ouer the wall,
 840 & bade the baliffes looke them vpon.

and the
 gates are
 thrown
 open.

then they opened the gates wyde,²
 & mett the Prince with processyon³ ;
 he wold not abyde in shrewsburye *that* night,
 Richard 844 for *King Richard* heard of his cominge,

summons his
 Lords,
 Percy, with

& called his Lords of great renowne.⁴
 Lord⁵ *Pearcy* came to him⁶ then,
 & on his knees he kneeled him downe

30,000 men ;

848 ⁷ & sayd, “ my leege, I haue 30000 fighting me

Norfolk,

the Duke of Norffolke came to the *King*,
 & downe he kneeleth on⁸ his knee ;

Surrey,

the Erle of Surrey came with him,
 852 they were both in companye.

Bishop of
 Durham,
 Sir William
 Bawmer,
 Scroope and
 Kent,

the Bishopp of Durham was not away,
 Sir william Bawmer stood him by,
 the Lord scroope⁹ & the Erle of Kent
 856 they were both¹⁰ in companye :

with 20,000
 men each ;

¹¹ “ & wee haue either 20000 men

and Sir
 William
 Harrington.

¹¹ ffor to keepe the crowne with thee.”
 the good Sir william Harrington
 860 said they¹² wold fight & neuer flee.

¹ then that.—Harl.

² on everie syde.—Harl.

³ processioning. *Sic legerim rythmi gratia.*—P. procession.—Harl.

⁴ of renowne.—Harl.

⁵ the Lorde.—Harl.

⁶ *scil.* to King Richard.—P.

⁷ saithe.—Harl.

⁸ upon.—Harl.

⁹ Scroope.—Harl.

¹⁰ all—¹¹ Harl. puts these lines before 853, and lines 855, 856 after them, before line 853.—F.

¹² he.—Harl.

King Richard made a messenger,
 & send into the west cuntrye,
 “ bidd the Erle of Derbye make him readye
 & bring 20000 men vnto mee,

The King
 sends to

Lord Derby,
 he must
 bring 20,000
 men,

“ or the Lord stranges ¹ head I shall him send ;
 for doubtlesse hee ² shall dye.
 without hee come to me soone,³
 his owne sonne hee shall neuer see.”

or Lord
 Strange
 shall die.

then another Herald can appeare :

“ to Sir william stanley *that* noble Knight,
 bidd him bring 10000 men,
 or to ⁴ death he shalbe dight.”

Sir William
 Stanley
 must bring
 10,000, or
 die.

then answered *that* doughtye Knight,
 & answered the herald ⁵ without lettinge :
 [“ Say, on Bosworthe feilde I wyll hym meete ⁶]
 On munday earlye in the morninge. [page 477]

Sir William

“ such a breakeffast I him hett ⁷
 as neuer subiect did to ⁸ Kinge ! ”
 the messenger is home gone
 to tell King Richard this tydand.⁹

defies the
 King.

Richard

the King ¹⁰ together his hands can ding,
 & say[d], “ the Lord Strange ¹¹ shall dye ! ”
 hee bade, “ put him into ¹² the tower,
 ffor ¹³ I will him neuer see.”

orders Lord
 Strange
 to the Tower.

Strange.—Harl.

owe that he.—Harl.

ull sonne.—Harl.

o the.—Harl.

pake to the heryotte.—Harl.

MS. pared away ; line supplied from

—F.

ett, i. e. promise.—P.

⁸ did knyghte to noe.—Harl.

⁹ tydinge, *sic legerim Rythmi gratia*.

—P. tythinge.—Harl.

¹⁰ Then Richard.—Harl.

¹¹ MS. Stanley ; but Strange, l. 961, &c.

—F. Strange.—Harl.

¹² had putt hym in.—Harl.

¹³ for sure.—Harl.

now leaue wee Richard & his Lords
that were prest all ¹ with pryde,
 & talke wee of the stanleys bold ²
 888 *that* brought in the Prince of ³ the other side.

Richmond

Now is Richmond to stafford come,
 & Sir william Stanley to litle stone.
 the Prince had leuer then any gold
 892 Sir william Stanley to looke vppon.

sends to Sir
 William
 Stanley at
 Stone.

a messenger was readye made,
that night to stone rydeth hee ;
 Sir william rydeth to stafford towne,
 896 with him a small companye.

They meet
 at Stafford,

Richmond
 kisses him,

when the *Knight* to stafford came,
that Richmond might him see,
 he tooke him in his armes then,
 900 & kissed him times three :

and Stanley
 assures
 Richmond

“ the welfare of thy body ⁴ comforteth me more
 then all the gold in christentye ! ”
 then answered *that* royall *Knight* ;
 904 to the Prince thus speaketh hee :

he'll make
 him King or
 die,

and Lady
 Bessye shall
 be his wife.

⁵ “ in England thou shalt weare the crowne,
 or else doubtlesse I will dye.
 a faire Lady thou shalt ffind to thy ffere,
 908 as any ⁶ is in christentye,
 a Kings daughter, a countesse clere ;
 yea, shee is both wise & wittye.

¹ all full.—Harl.

² blood.—Harl.

³ broughte the prynce on.—Harl.

⁴ MS. my.—F. thy.—Harl. thy
 body, sic *legerim*.—P.

⁵ Harl. inserts here :

Remember, man, bothe daye and nyght
 whoe nowe doeth the moste for th
 —F.

⁶ is any.—Harl.

“I must goe to stone, my soueraigine,
 2 ffor to comfort my men this night.”
 the Prince tooke him by the hand,
 & sayd, “ffarwell, gentle *Knight!*”¹

now is word comen to Sir *william stanley*
 5 Early on the sunday² morninge,
 that the Erle of Darby, his brother deere,
 had ginen battell to *Richard* the Kinge.

Sir William
 Stanley
 hears that

Lord Derby
 has fought
 Richard.

“that wold I not,” said Sir *william*,
 10 “for all the gold in christentye,
 except I were with him there,
 att the Battell ffor to bee.”³

then straight to Lichefeild can he ryde
 15 in all the hast *that* might bee.
 & when they came to the towne,
 they all cryed “*King HENERY!*”

He hastens
 to Lichfield,

then straight to Bosworth wold he ryde
 20 in all the hast *that* might bee.
 when they⁴ came to Bosworth ffeild,
 there they⁵ mett with a royall companye.⁶

and then
 Bosworth;

where are,

A line is drawn here by Percy, as if
 mark the beginning of Part VI.—F.
 upon Sundaye in the.—Harl.

¹ at that battell myselfe.—Harl.

⁴ and when he.—Harl.

⁵ he.—Harl.

⁶ armye.—Harl.

[Part VL]

[How Richmond fights and wins the Battle of Bosworth Field, and marries the Princess Elizabeth, Lady Bessy.

- Lord Derby,
932
Sir J. Savage,
6^d Parte { The Erle of Darbye he was there,
& 20000 stooode him by;
Sir John Savage, his sisters sone,
he was his nephew of blood soe nye,
he had 1500 ffighting men ;
936 there was no better in christentye.
- Sir W. Stanley,
and Rice ap Thomas.
940 Sir william stanley, *that* noble Knight,
10000 red Cotes had ¹ hee.
Sir Rice ap Thomas, he was there
with a 1000 ² speres mightye of tree.
- Richmond asks Lord Derby to let him
lead the van. 944 Erle Richmond came to the Erle of Darbye,
& downe he kneeleth vpon his knee ;
he sayd,³ “ ffather stanley, I you ⁴ pray,
the vawward you will ⁵ giue to me ;
- Lord Derby 948 “ for I come for my right ;
ffull ffaine waged wold I bee.”
“ stand vp,” hee sayd, “ my sonne deere,
thou hast thy mothers blessing by mee ;
- consents, and puts Sir W. Stanley with him. 952 “ the vanward, sonne, I will thee giue ;
ffor why, by me thou wilt [ordered be⁶],
Sir William Stanley, my brother deere, [page 471]
in *that* battell he shalbee ;

¹ that day had.—Harl. On the ‘red cotes,’ see l. 809.—F.

² with ten thowsand.—Harl.

³ There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS. like an *s*.—F.

⁴ the.—Harl.

⁵ voward thou woulde.—Harl.

⁶ MS. pared away.—F. ordered be.—Harl.

Sir Iohn Sauage, *that* hath no peere,
 hee shall be a winge to thee ;
 Sir Rice ap Thomas shall breake the wray,
 ; ffor he will ffight & neuer flee ;
 & I my selfe will houer ¹ on this hill,
that ffaire battell ffor to see."

Savage is to
 lead one
 wing,
 and Rice ap
 Thomas
 is to break
 King
 Richard's
 line.

King Richard [houed ²] on the mountaines,
 & was ware of the banner of the Lord ³ stanley.
 he said, " ffeitch hither the Lord strange to me,
 ffor doubtlesse hee shall dye this day."

Richard sees
 the Stanley
 banner,

" to the death, Lord, make thee bowne !
 ; ffor by Mary, *that* mild mayde,⁴
 thou shalt dye ffor thy vnckles sake !
 his name is william stanleye."

and bids
 Lord
 Strange
 prepare to
 die.

" if I shold dye," sayd the Lord Strange,
 ; " as god fforbidd itt soe shold bee !
 alas ffor my Lady att home,
 itt shold be long ere shee mee see !

Lord
 Strange

laments for
 his wife.

" but wee shall meete att domesday,
 2 when the great dome itt shalbee."
 he called a gentleman of Lancashire,
 his name was Latham trulye,

& [a] ring ⁵ beside his ffingar he tooke,
 ; & cast itt to the ⁶ gentleman,
 & bade him " bring itt to Lancashire,
 to my Ladye *that* is att home;

He sends her
 his ring,

ove.—Harl.
 oved.—Harl. looked mount² high.
 Pag. 441 [of MS.], St. 63. N.B.
 of the follow³ Stanzas are nearly
 me with those in Pag. 441 [of MS.]

1. 497–548 of *Bosworth Feilde*, p. 253–5.
 above] q. vide.—P.
² bould.—Harl.
⁴ maye.—Dyce.
⁵ a rynge.—Harl. ⁶ that.—Harl.

- and tells her,
 if his uncle
 loses,
 to take his
 son over the
 sea,
 that after-
 wards
 he may
 revenge
 his father's
 death.
- 980 " att her table shee may sitt ;
 ere shee see her Lord, itt may be Longe.
 I haue no ffoot to scutt or ¹ flytt,
 I must be Martyred ² with tyrant stronge.
- 984 " if itt ffortune my vnckle to lose the feild—
 as god defend itt shold soe bee !—
 pray her to take my eldest sonne
 & exile him ouer the sea ;
- 988 " he may come in another time ;
 by feild, ffrith,³ tower or towne,
 wreake hee may his ffathers death
 vpon King Richard ⁴ that weares the crowne."
- Sir William
 Harrington
 asks Richard
 to wait till
 the other
 Stanleys
 are taken,
 so that all
 may be
 killed
 together.
- 992 a Knight to the King did appeare,
 good ⁵ Sir william Harrington ;
 saies, " lett him haue his liffe a while
 till wee ⁶ haue the ffather, the vnckle, & the sonne
- 996 " wee shall haue them soone on the feild,
 the ffather, the vnckle, the sonne,⁷ all 3 ;
 then may you deeme them with your mouth,
 what Kind of death *that* they shall dye."
- 1000 but a blocke on the ground was cast,
 thervpon the Lords head was Layde ;
 an axe ⁸ ouer his head can stand,
 & out of passyon ⁹ itt was brayd.¹⁰
- Richard
 refuses,
- 1004 he saith, " there is no other boote
 but *that* the ¹¹ Lord needs must dye."
 Harrington heard itt, & ¹² was ffull woe
 when itt wold no better bee :

¹ feete to schunte nor.—Harl. *scutt* is the base of *scuttle*, move bustlingly.—F.

² murdered.—Harl.

³ frygh.—Harl.

⁴ on Richard of England.—Harl.

⁵ the gude.—Harl.

⁶ ye.—Harl.

⁷ the sonn and the uncle.—Harl.

⁸ a sawe.—Harl.

⁹ fashion.—Harl.

¹⁰ ? flourished about.—F.

¹¹ thou.—Harl.

¹² harte yt.—Harl.

he saith, "our ray breaketh on euery sydc ;
 1008 wee put our ffolke ¹ in ieopardye."
 then they tooke vp the Lord on line ;
 King Richard did him neuer see.

but his
 line is
 broken,

and Richard
 goes to fight.

then he ² blew vp bewgles of brasse,
 1012 the shott ³ of guns were soe ffree
 that [made] many wiues cry ⁴ alas,
 & many children ⁵ ffatherlesse.

Rice ⁶ ap Thomas with the blacke gowne,⁷
 1016 shortlye he brake ⁸ the ray :
 with 30000 ffighting men
 the Lord Percy went his way.

Percy and
 30,000 men
 leave him.

the Duke of Norfolke would haue fled ;
 1020 with 20000 in ⁹ his companye
 he went vp to ¹⁰ a wind-mill,
 & stood vpon a hill soe hye,

Norfolk

there he mett Sir Iohn Savage, a valyant ¹¹ Knight ;
 1024 with him a worthy companye :
 to the death the duke was dight,
 & his sonne, prisoner taken was hee.

is slain by
 Sir John
 Savage,

and his son
 taken.

then they ¹² Lord dakers began to flee,
 1028 soe did many ¹³ others more.¹⁴
 when king Richard that sight did see,
 [Then his heart ¹⁵ was ffull w]oe : ¹⁶

Lord Dacres
 and others
 flee.

¹ feilde.—Harl.

² they.—Harl.

³ schottes.—Harl.

⁴ made many wyves to.—Harl.

⁵ mony a childe.—Harl.

⁶ Sir Ryse.—Harl.

⁷ crowe.—Harl. ? his badge.—F.

⁸ made haste to breake.—Harl.

⁹ of.—Harl.

¹⁰ unto.—Harl.

¹¹ royall.—Harl.

¹² the.—Harl.

¹³ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

¹⁴ moe.—P. other moe.—Harl.

¹⁵ in his harte he.—Harl.

¹⁶ Copied in by Percy. The line is
 nearly pared away in the MS.—F.

Richard
prays them
to stay
and die with
him.

1032

" I pray you, my men, be not away,
ffor like a man ffree ¹ will I dye !
ffor I had leuer dye this day,
the[n] ² with the stanleys taken bee ! "

Harrington
says they

1036

a Knight to King Richard can say,³
good ⁴ Sir william of harrington,
he saith, " wee are like all heere
to the death soone to be done ;—

can't resist
the Stanleys,

1040

" there may no man their strokes abyde,
the stanleys dints they beene soe stronge ;—
yee may come in another time ;
therfore methinke yee tarry too longe ;

Richard had
better flee.

1044

" your horsse is ready att your hand,
another day you may your ⁵ worshipp win,
²² & to raigne with royaltie,
& weare your ⁶ crowne & be our King."

But Richard
swears he'll
die King
of England.

1048

" giue ⁷ me my battell axe in my hand,
& sett my crowne on ⁸ my head so hye !
ffor by him *that* made both sunn & moone,
King of England this day I will ⁹ dye ! "

His crown
is hewed off
him,

1052

besides ¹⁰ his head thé hewed the crowne,
& dange on him as they were wood ;
thé stroke his Basnett to his head
vntill his braines came out with blood.

and his
helmet
dashed into
his head,

and he is
carried to
Leicester.

1056

thé carryed him naked vnto ¹¹ Leicester,
& buckeled his haire vnder his chin.

Bessye

Bessye mett him with ¹² merry cheere ;
these were they words shee sayd to him :

¹ here.—Harl.

² then.—Harl.

³ Vid. Pag. 442, St. 74 & sequentes
[of MS.; p. 256, l. 585 here].—P.

⁴ yt was gude.—Harl.

⁵ yee maye.—Harl.

⁶ the.—Harl.

⁷ He said, give.—Harl.

⁸ Sett the crowne of England upon
—Harl.

⁹ will I.—Harl.

¹⁰ Besyde.—Harl.

¹¹ into.—Harl.

¹² with a.—Harl.

“ how likest thou they slaying of my brethren
twaine ? ” ¹

taunts his
corpse,

1060 shee spake these words to him alowde ² :

“ now are wee wroken vpon thee heere !
welcome, gentle vnckle, home ! ”

welcomes
Lord Derby.

great solace itt was to see,

1064 I tell you, *masters*, without lett,
when they red rose of Mickle price
& our BESSYE ³ were mett.

The Red
Rose and
White meet,

a Bishopp them marryed with a ringe,

1068 they ⁴ 2 bloods of hye renowne.

and are
married.

BESSYE sayd, “ now may wee sing,
wee tow bloods are made all one.”

the Erle of Darbye he was there,

1072 & Sir william Stanley a man of might ;
vpon their heads they sett the crowne
in presence of many a worthy wight.

Lord Derby
and Sir
William
Stanley
crown them.

then came hee ⁵ vnder a cloud,

1076 *that* sometime in England was ffull high ⁶ ;
the hart began to cast his head ;
after, noe man might itt see.

but god *that* is both bright & sheene,

1080 & borne was of [a ⁷] mayden ffree,
saue & keepe our comelye King ⁸
& ⁹ the poore cominaltye !

God save

our King
and the
Commons !

ffinis.

¹ the sleaying of my brethren dere.—
Harl.

² alon.—Harl.

³ yonge Bessie togeder.—Harl.

⁴ the.—Harl.

⁵ Sir William Stanley. See l. 812.—F.

⁶ MS. hight. Read *high*, pronounced
hee.—Dyce.

⁷ a.—Harl.

⁸ queene.—Harl.

⁹ and also.—Harl.

Are women faire.¹

“A VERY imperfect copy of this song,” notes Percy, “is in Pepys’ *Merriments*, vol. ii. p. 330.”

It is a handful of woman-abusing commonplaces, true enough perhaps of such specimens of the sex as the writer of them was likely to see or appreciate.

Women are
fair, and
sweet to
those that
love them ;

“ARE women faire ? ” I ! wonderous faire to see too.
“are women sweete ? ” yea, passing [sweete²] they
be too ;
most faire & sweete to them *that* only loue them ;
4 chast & discreet to all saue those *that* prone them.

not wise,

but so witty,
they beguile
you ;

“Are women wise ? ” not wise ; but they be wittye.
“are women wittye ? ” yea, the more the pittye ;
they are soe wittye, & in witt soe whylye,³
8 *that* be you neare soe wise, they will beguile ye.

not fools,
but fond,

“are women ffooles ? ” not ffooles, but ffondlings
many.

and never
stable ;

“can women ffound⁴ be ffathfull vnto any ? ”
when snow-white swans doe turne to colour sable,
12 then women ffond⁵ will both be firme & stable.

not devils,

but very
like them ;
needful
evils.

“Are women *Saints* ? ” no saints, nor yett no diuells.
“are women good ? ” not good, but needfull euills ;
soe Angell-like, *that* diuells I doe not doubt them ;
16 soe needfull euills, *that* few can liue with-out them.

¹ a satire on Women. A very imperfect Copy of this Song is in Pepys *Merrim^{ts}*, vol. 2, p. 330.—P.

² sweet.—P.

³ wilye.—P.

⁴ Three strokes only for *was* in the MS.—F.

⁵ found.—F.

“Are women proud?” I! passing proud, & praise¹ them. Proud they are,

“are women kind?” I! wonderous kind, &² please them, and kind when they like to be;

or soe imperious,³ no man can endure them,

20 or soe kind-harted, any may procure them. ffinis. often too kind.

¹ *praisinge* was first written in the hand.—F. ² an't, if it.—F.
MS., but the *inge* has been crossed out, ³ MS. imperious.—F.
and an *e* written above it by a later

[“*I Dreamed my Loue*,” printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 102,
follows here in the MS. page 480.]

A : Cauilere.¹

THE author of *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in his edition of the Book of St. Alban's in 1496, sets himself to "dyscryue foure good disportes and honest games, that is to wyte, huntynge, hawkyng, fyshynge and foulynge," in order to find out the best; which is the most fit mean and cause to "enduce man into a mery spyryte," that brings a man "fayr aege and longe life;" for "Salamon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is, a fayre aege and a longe." Our Fisher with an Angle proceeds with the description of the four sports as follows:

. . huntynge, as to myn entent, is to laboryous, for the hunter must alwaye renne and folowe his houndes: traueyllynge and swetyng full sore. He blowyth till his lyppes blyster. And whan he wenyth it be an hare, full oft it is an hegge hogge. Thus he chasyth, and wote not what. He comyth home at eyn, rayn-beten, pryckyd, and his clothes torne, wete-shode, all myry, Some hounde lost, some surbat.² Suche greues and many other hapyth vnto the hunter, whyche, for dyspleysaunce of them y^t loue it, I dare not reporte. Thus truly me semyth that this is not the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte and game of hawkyng is laboryous and noyouse also, as me semyth. For often the fawkener leseth his hawkes as the hunter his houndes. Thenne is his game and his dysporte goon. Full often cryeth he and whystelyth tyll that he be ryght euyll a-thurste. His hawke taketh a bowe, and lyst not ones on hym rewarde.³ whan he wold haue her for to flee: thenne woll she bathe. with mysfedyng she shall haue the Fronse⁴: the Rye: the Cray: and many

¹ A Curious Old Song in praise of Falconry.—P.

² . . *surbated* or riven of their skin. Topsell, p. 689, in Halliwell.—F.

³ look.

⁴ The Fronse is a sore in a hawk's

mouth. See "Medicyne for the Frounce" in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 294, 297. The Rye is a sore in the nostrils, *ib.* i. 294; the Cray a disease of the 'fondement,' *ib.* i. 295. (*The Booke of Hawkyng, after Prince Edward, Kyng of Englande.*)—F.

syknesses that brynge them to the Sowse.¹ Thus by prouff this
 at the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte
 game of fowlynge me semyth moost symple. For in the wynter
 on the fowler spedyth not but in the moost hardest and coldest
 er: whyche is greuous. For whan he wolde goo to his gynnes
 naye not for colde. Many a gynne and many a snare he makyth.
 soryly dooth he fare. At morn tyde in the dewe he is weete
 le unto his taylle. Many other suche I cowde tell: but drede of
 re² makith me for to leue. Thus me semyth that huntynge and
 kyng and also fowlynge ben so laborous and greuous that none
 heym maye perfourme nor bi very meane that enduce a man to a
 y spyryte: whyche is cause of his long lyfe acordynge unto y^e
 l parable of Salamon: ¶ Dowteles thenne folowyth it that it must
 as be the dysporte of fysshynge with an angle. For all other
 ere of fysshynge is also laborous and greuous: often makynge
 es full wete and colde, whyche many tymes hath be seen cause of
 e Infirmytees. But the angler maye haue no colde, nor no dysease
 angre, but yf he be causer hymself. For he maye not lese at the
 st but a lyne or an hoke: of whyche he may haue store plentee
 is owne makynge, as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. So
 ne his losse is not greuous. and other greyffes may he not haue,
 nge but yf ony fische breke away after that he is take on the hoke,
 les that he catche nought: whyche ben not greuous. For yf he
 le of one he maye not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as this
 tyse techyth, but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte
 leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease: a swete ayre
 he swete sauoure of the meede floures: that makyth hym hungry.
 hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge
 nes: heerons: duckes: cotes, and many other foules wyth theyr
 les; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys: the
 tes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters, fawkeners, and
 ers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe: surely thenne is
 e noo man merier than he is in his spyryte. ¶ Also who soo woll
 the game of anglynge: he must ryse erly, whiche thyng is prouffyt-
 to man in this wyse, That is to wyte: moost to the heele of his
 e. For it shall cause hym to be holy. and to the heele of his
 y, For it shall cause him to be hole. Also to the encrease of his

¹ death. 'Dead as a fowl at *souse*,'
 at the stroke of another bird de-
 ling violently on it. So explained
 Dr. Dyce (*Beaumont & Fletcher*, vii.

278). 'To leape or seaze greedily upon,
 to *souze* doune as a hauke.' Florio, p. 48,
 ed. 1611. Halliwell.—F.

² Fr. *malgré*, illwill.—F.

goodys. For it shall make hym ryche. As the olde englysshe proverbe sayth in this wyse. ¶ who soo woll ryse erly shall be holy helthy and zely.¹ ¶ Thus have I prouyd in myn entent that the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enducith a man in to a mery spyryte: Whyche, after the sayde parable of Salomon and the sayd doctryne of phisyk, makyth a flouryng auge and a longe. And therefore to al you that ben vertuons: gentyll: and free borne, I wryte and make this symple treatyse folowyng: by whyche ye may haue the full crafte of anglynge to dysport you at your luste: to the entent that your auge maye the more floure and the more lenger to endure.

Now this is all very well for a quiet man with no devil in him; but Crecy and Agincourt were not fought and won by men of this type; Nelson and Napier could hardly have been content to be fools at one end of a rod, with worms at the other. Nor could our Cauileere have accepted the reason of "Perkyn þe plouȝmon" why knights should hawk:

fecche þe hom Faucuns · þe Foules to quelle,
For þei comen in-to my croft · And Croppen my Whete.
(William's *Vision of Piers Plowman*, Pass. vii. p. 76, l. 34-5, ed. Skeat.)

There are many men whom, more or less, Tennyson's "Sailor-boy" represents, even in their sports:

My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters clamour "stay for shame!"
My father raves of death and wreck:
They are all to blame; they are all to blame.
God help me! Save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.

The electric force within them must out; the excitement that the chance of danger in the chase gives is necessary for them, is the condition of health for body and mind, which if cooped up in city and court would both become diseased; the devil would rise. But the sportsman cares not to look at this negative side of the

¹ A.-Sax. *sælig*, happy, lucky, blessed, prosperous. Bosworth.—F.

question : he knows that he loves his sport; its toils are his pleasures, its danger his business to beat ; his horse, his dog—in old time, his hawk—is his friend. What matters the chance of a fall, when you feel your horse going under you, and hear the hoofs of the field about you? Sit close, and *take your chance*, whatever it be.

Our ballad is by a man of the right breed. It has the true lilt in it; carries us back to bright old days, and makes us wish that all our workers could have something more of healthy outdoor life. Of the poem itself we know no other copy.—F.

<p>SOME : in their traine, & some in their gaine, doe sett their whole delight ; they[r] time ¹ some doe passe with a comb & a glasse, 4 to be loued in their mistresse sight ; Some loue the chace, & some loue the race of the hare & of the ffearffull deere ; but the branest delight is the ffawcon in her ffligh[t], 8 when shee stoopes with a cauleere.</p>	<p>Some delight in gain, others in adorning themselves, others in hunting the hare ; but the falcon's flight beat all.</p>
<p>ffor shee will moue iust like a done ; when once her game shee doth ffind, shee clipps itt amaine, shee strikes itt a plane, 12 but seemes ² to outstripp the wind. shee fflyeth att once her marke Iumpe ³ vpon, & mounteth the we[l]kin ⁴ cleere ; then right shee stoopes, when the ffalkner hee whoopes, 16 triumphing in her cauleere.</p>	<p>She flies at her game like the wind ; she soars aloft,</p>

¹ their time.—P.

² MS. seenes.—F.

³ Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to
draw the Moor apart,

And bring him *iump*e, when he may
Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—*Othello*, Actus Se-
cundus, Scena Secunda.—F.

⁴ welkin.—P.

- In a moments space shee will better place ¹
 as though shee did disdaine to carrye ²;
 the earth is soe ³ neere, shee mounteth the sphere,
 and makes the clouds her quarry. 20 & maketh the clouds her quarrey,⁴
 till the ffawkner quite now hath Lost her sight,
 & her bells no longer can heare ;
 then listening ⁵ to a starr, he espyes her affarr,
 She stoops, 24 come stooping with a cauleere.
- and her master rushes through
 thorn and wood to meet her
 with a ringing cheer.
 Then comes he in, through thicke, through thin,
 as nothing can his passage stay ;
 his paines doth him please, his pleasure doth him ease,
 28 through studds,⁶ through woods, is his way.
 he fforceth not ⁷ to sweat, though breathles with heat,
 but with a resounding Cheare
 he reacheth fforth his throte. & whoopeth fforth his
 note,
 32 triumphing in her cauleere.
- He's free from care,
 He is ffree ffrom court & Cittyes resort,
 & thus his houres doth imploye ;
 the brooke & the ffeild him pleasure doth yeeld ;
 36 theres nothing interrupts his ioye.
 his paines doth him please when he sleepeth att ease ;
 but this ffawcon, when day doth appeare,
 her bells are his Chimes when he riseth betimes
 40 triumphing in her Cauleere.

ffinis.

¹ pace, or her place.—P.² tarry.—P.³ too.—P.⁴ ? MS. qurwey.—F.⁵ lessen^s, or less^d query.—P.⁶ Lin. 4. perhaps *stubs*, i.e. shortstumps of cut underwood, tho' *studds* signify Posts. See Pag. 407, St. 7 [of MS.]—P.⁷ doesn't mind : cp. 'no force,' it's no matter, of no consequence.—F.

A Prophecy.

THE hero of this strange piece is obviously James I. The earlier verses are, no doubt, prophecies founded on fact—prophecies uttered after the event—as indeed is not unfrequently the case with prophecies, they being but chapters of history with the tenses altered and the language darkened. After verse sixteen our author either turns satirical, or perchance indulges in a wild dream born of his ardent Protestantism and his study of the book of Joel. We prefer the latter supposition, and conjecture that the poem was written about the time of the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. The writer sympathised with the cause of the Elector Palatine. The general excitement in this country in the King's behalf was unbounded. "The Protestants of England," says Mr. Knight, "were roused to an enthusiasm which had been repressed for years. Volunteers were ready to go forth full of zeal for the support of the Elector. James was professing an ardent desire to Protestant deputies to assist his son-in-law, and at the same time vowing to the Spanish ambassador that the alliance with his Catholic master, which was to be cemented by the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta, was the great desire of his heart. At length the Catholic powers entered the Palatinate; and the cry to arm was so loud amongst the English and Scotch that James reluctantly marshalled a force of four thousand volunteers, not to support his son-in-law upon the throne of Bohemia, but to assist in defending his hereditary dominions." At this crisis, we should suggest, the following piece was composed. The Prophet, rejoicing that the darling wish and hope of his Protestant heart is about to be realised, recognises the King who has sent forth the expedition him who, after grand

successes achieved in the Occident, is to fight that great final battle in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The news that reached England towards the end of the year 1620 must have sadly disappointed the poor visionary. This once hopeful monarch proved but a traitor to the Good Cause. Perhaps he was the one who was to be vanquished—not to vanquish—at Armageddon.

A prince from the North shall come,		A : Prince out of the north shall come,	[page 481]
called J. S.,	4	King borne, named babe; his brest vpon, a Lyon rampant strong to see, and I I S ¹ Icolippedd hee :	
find good fortune,		borne in a country rude & stonye, ² yett hee couragious, wise, & holy; att best of strenght, his ffortunes best	
and couch as a lion.	8	he shall receiue, & therin rest, coach as a Lyon in the den, & lye in peace soe long till men shall wonder, & all christendome	
He calls a parliament, and at once breaks it up. Then, roused by foreign foes, he draws his sword	12	thinke the time long, both all and some. Att Last he calls a Parlaiment, & breakes itt straight in discontent ; ³ & shortly then shall roused bee	
	16	by enemyes beyond the sea. but when in wrath he drawes his sword, ⁴ woe <i>that</i> the sleeping Lyon stured ! ffor ere he sheath the same againe,	
and punishes them.	20	he puts his foes to mickle paine.	

¹ James Stuart. The *l* before J. S. may be a *c* : the two letters are often exactly alike.—F.

² Scotland.—F.

³ James's second Parliament, which met April 5, 1614, and was dismissed angrily, without passing a single act,

because it declined to grant supplies till the illegal impositions and other grievances were redressed.—F.

⁴ ? referring to the 4000 volunteers whom he sent to defend the Palatinate in 1620.—F.

- & vallyant actes he shall then doe,
 great Alexanders ffame outgoe :
 he passeth seas, & ffame doth winn,
 24 & many princes ioyne with him,
 & chuse him ffor their gouernor,
 & crowne him westerne Emperour ;¹
 after a while he shal be-girt
 28 *that* cittye ancyent and great
 which vpon 7 hills scituate,
 till hee her all haue ruinate.
 then shall a ffoe ffrom east appeare,
 32 the brinckes of one great riuer neere ;
 this Lyon rampant him shall meete ;
 & iff on this side hee shall ffight,
 the day is Lost : but hee shall crosse
 36 this riuer great, & being past,
 shall in the strenght of his great god,
 into his ffoes discouraging rode,
 causing him thence take his fflight,
 40 of Easterne Kings succour to seekee ;
 during *which* time he is in owne²
 of East & west crowned Emperowne.
 then shall the ffoe in ffury burne,
 44 & ffrom the East in hast returne—
 with aid of Kings & princes great—
 to the valley of Iehosaphatt :
 then shall hee meete the Lyon stronge,
 48 who in a battell ffeirce & longe
 shall ffoyle his ffoe. then cruell death
 shall take away his aged breath. *ffinis.*

outdoing
Alexander's
fame,

and being
crowned
Western
Emperor.
Then he
shall besiege
Rome,

meet his
eastern foe,

and rout
him.

But the
foe shall
return,
reinforced,

and be
routed
again, in the
valley of
Jehosha-
phat.
Then the
Emperor
shall die.

mes I. was proclaimed by the new
[" King of Great Britain, France,
eland," on Oct. 24, 1604 ; but on

his medals he assumed the title of
Imperator.—F.
² ? one.—F.

Maudlin.¹

THIS ballad occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection* (reprinted in Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 104, and from it in Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*), and in the *Collection of Old Ballads*.

"This narrative-ballad," says Mr. Collier, "which is full of graceful but unadorned simplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (Act III. sc. 3), [see Introduction to the *Rose of Englande*] by the name of Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter. Two early editions of it are known; one, without printer's name (clearly much older than the other), is that which we have used; we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last reprinted in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernised and corrupted."

[The first Fitt.]

Maudlin, a
Bristol
merchant's
daughter,

is loved by a
neighbour-
youth,

but her
friends

BEHOLD : the touchstone of true loue,
Maudlin, the Merchants daughter of Bristow ² towne,
whose firme affection nought ³ cold mone !
4 this ⁴ ffanor beares the louely browne.
a gallant youth was dwelling by,
which long time ⁵ had borne this Lady great good
will ;
shee loued him most ffaithffully,
8 but all her ffreinds withstoode itt still.

¹ In *the* printed Collection of Old Ballads, 12^{mo}, vol. 3. p. 201. N. 37.—P. In two Fitts.—F.

² Bristol.—O.B. ³ nothing.—O.B.
⁴ Her.—O.B.
⁵ O.B. omits *time*.—F.

- the young man now perceiuing well
 he cold not gett nor winn ¹ the fauor of her freinds,
 the fforce of sorrow to expell,
 12 to ² vew strange cuntryes hee intends ;
 & now to take his last ffarwell
 of his true loue & ³ constant Maudlin,
 with sweet musicke,⁴ *that* did excell,
 16 he playes vnder her windowe then :
 “ farwell,” quoth he, “ my owne true Loue !
 “ ffarwell,” quoth he, “ the cheeffest tres[ure of my
 Heart] ⁵
 Throughe ffortunes ⁶ spite, *that* ffalse did prone, [page 482]
 20 I am inforcet ffrom thee to parte
 into the Land of Italye⁷ ;
 there will I waite & weary out my dayes ⁸ in woe.
 seing my true loue is kept ffrom mee,
 24 I hold my life a mortall foe.
 therefore, ffaire Bristow towne, now adew ! ⁹
 for Padua shalbe my habitation now
 although my loue doth Lodge ¹⁰ in thee,
 28 to welcome [whom] ¹¹ alone my heart I vow.”
 with trickling ¹² teares this did hee singe ;
 with ¹³ sighes & sobbs discendinge from his hart full
 sor[e],
 he said, when hee his hands did wringe,
 32 “ ffarwell, sweet loue, ffor euer-more ! ”
 ffaire Maudline from a window hye
 beholding ¹⁴ her true loue with Musicke where he
 sto[ode],
- oppose the match.
 So he resolves to go and see strange countries,
 and serenades his love before going.
 In Italy he'll spend his days in woe,
 and forsake Bristol for Padua.
 He sighs and sobs
 and wrings his hands, and bids his love fare-well.

¹ *winn* in the MS. O.B. omits *nor winn*.—F.

² And.—O.B.

³ his fair and.—O.B.

⁴ Musick sweet.—O.B.

⁵ MS. pared away: *the . . heart* read by the help of, or supplied from Old Ballads, which omits *quoth he*.—F.

⁶ ? MS. pared away.—F.

⁷ fair Italy.—O.B.

⁸ Life.—O.B.

⁹ Fair *Bristol* Town therefore adieu.—O.B.

¹⁰ rest.—O.B.

¹¹ whom.—O.B.

¹² tickling.—O.B.

¹³ O.B. omits *with*.—F.

¹⁴ See.—O.B.

She dares not
answer him,

but weeps
all night,

and vows
she'll give
up her
family
and follow
her love.

She gets up

and finds a
master
seaman

waiting to
see her
father.

She takes

him into
a parlour,

- but not a word shee durst¹ replye,
36 ffearing her parents angry moode.
in teares shee spends this² woefull night,
wishing her³ (though naked) with her faithfull
 ffrein[d].
shee blames her ffriends & ffortunes spight
40 that wrought their⁴ Loue such Luckless end;
 & in her hart shee made a vowe,
 cleane to fforsake her country & her kinsfolkes⁵ all,
 & ffor to ffollow her true loue
44 to bide what⁶ chance *that* might befall.
the night is gone & the day is come,
 & in the morning verry early shee did rise;
shee getts her downe to the⁷ Lower roome,
48 where sundry seamen shee espyes,
A gallant Master amongst them all,—
 the master of a gallant⁸ shipp was hee,—
 which there stood⁹ waiting in the hall
52 to speake with her ffather, if itt might bee.
shee kindly takes him by the hand;
 “good Sir,” she said,¹⁰ “wold yee speake with any
 heere?”
quoth hee, “ffaire mayd, therfore I¹¹ stand.”
56 “then, gentle Sir, I pray you come¹² neere
 Into a pleasant parlour by.”
 with¹³ hand in hand shee brings the seaman all alone;
sighing to him most pyteouslye,
60 shee thus to him did make her moane;

¹ did.—O.B.

² spent that.—O.B.

³ herself.—O.B. The ‘naked’ alludes to the early custom of sleeping naked, occasionally mentioned in romances. The authority of early illuminated MSS. is also cited for it; but as kings and queens in bed are almost always drawn with their crowns on, and lying flat on their backs, one does not feel compelled to accept the illuminators’ authority for the

nakedness any more than the crowns.—F.

⁴ her.—O.B.

⁵ ? MS. kinffolkes.—F. To forsake her Country and Kindred.—O.B.

⁶ abide all.—O.B. ⁷ into a.—O.B.

⁸ a great and goodly.—O.B.

⁹ Who there was.—O.B.

¹⁰ said she.—O.B.

¹¹ and therefore I do.—O.B.

¹² I pray draw.—O.B.

¹³ O.B. omits *with*.—F.

- shee falls vpon her tender ¹ knee,
 “good Sir,” shee said, “now pittie yee a womans
 case,²
 & prone a ffaithfull freind to mee,
 64 *that* I to you my greeffe may show ! ”
 “sith you repose your trust,” hee sayd,
 “to me *that* am vnknowne,³ & eke a stranger heere,
 be you assured, proper ⁴ maid,
 68 most ffaithfull still I will appeare.”
 “I haue a brother,” then quoth shee,
 “whom as my liffe I ⁵ ffauor tenderlye.
 In Padua, alas ! is hee ;
 72 ffull sicke, god wott, & like to dye ;
 & ⁶ ffaine I wold my brother see,
 but *that* my father will not yeeld to let me goe.
 therfore, good Sir, bee good ⁷ to mee,
 76 & vnto me this ffauor show.
 some shippboyes garments bring to me,
that I disguised may goe away ffrom hence ⁸ vn-
 knowne,
 & vnto sea Ile goe with thee
 80 if thus much ffreindshipp may ⁹ be showne.”
 “ffaire mayd,” quoth hee, “take heere my hand ;
 I will ffulfill eche thing *that* you now doe ¹⁰ desire,
 & sett ¹¹ you saffe in *that* same Land,
 84 & in *that* place where ¹² you require ! ”
 shee gaue him ¹³ then a tender kisse,
 & saith, “your servant, gallant Master, will I bee,¹⁴
 & prone your ffaith-full freind ffor this.
 88 sweet Master, fforgett ¹⁵ not mee ! ”
- falls on her
knees to
him,
prays him
to hear her
troubles,
and then
tells him
that her
brother is
dying in
Padua,
and her
father won't
let her go to
him.
“ Bring
me some
shipboy's
clothes,
and let me
go with
you.”
The seaman
promises to
do all she
wants.
She kisses
him and says
she'll be his
friend.

¹ bended.—O.B.
² (said she) pity a Woman's Woe.—
 O.B.
³ In me unknown.—O.B.
⁴ most beauteous.—O.B.
⁵ I love and.—O.B.
⁶ Full.—O.B.
⁷ kind.—O.B.
⁸ O.B. omits *away from hence*.—F.

⁹ Favour might.—O.B.
¹⁰ O.B. omits *now doe*.—F.
¹¹ see.—O.B.
¹² the Place that.—O.B.
¹³ to him.—O.B.
¹⁴ said, Your Servant, Master, I will
 be.—O.B.
¹⁵ then forget.—O.B.

- this done, as they had both decreede,¹
 soone after, earlye before the ² breake of day,
 he brings her garments then with speed,
 92 wherin shee doth her-selfe ³ array.
 & ere her ffather did arise,
 shee meetes her *Master* walkeing ⁴ in the hall;
 shee did attend on him likewise
 96 euen vntill ⁵ her ffather did him call.
 but ere ⁶ the *Marchant* made an end
 Of all the matter to the *Master* he cold saye,⁷
 his wiffe came weeping in with speed,
 100 saying, "our daughter is gone away!"
 the marchant, much ⁸ amazed in minde,
 "yonder vile wretch inticed away my child ⁹!"
 but well I ¹⁰ wott I shall him ffind
 104 att Padua or in Italye."¹¹
 with *that* bespake the *Master* braue:
 "worshippfull *Master*,¹² thither goes this pretty
 youth,¹³
 & any thing *that* you wold haue,¹⁴
 108 he will perfforme itt,¹⁵ & write the truth."
 "sweete youth," quoth shee,¹⁶ "if itt be soe,
 beare me a lettre to the English Marchants¹⁷ there,
 & gold on thee I will bestowe;
 112 my daughters welfare I doe ffeare."
 her mother takes ¹⁸ her by the hand:
 "faire youth," quoth shee, "if ¹⁹ thou dost my
 daughter see,
 leitt me therof soone ²⁰ vnderstand,
 116 & there is 20 crownes ffor thee."

¹ agreed.—O.B.
² after that by.—O.B.
³ Therein herself she did.—O.B.
⁴ as he walked.—O.B.
⁵ Until.—O.B.
⁶ But here.—O.B.
⁷ Of those his weighty Matters all
 that Day.—O.B.
⁸ then.—O.B.
⁹ intic'd my Child away.—O.B.

¹⁰ I well.—O.B.
¹¹ In *Italy* at *Padua*.—O.B.
¹² Merchant.—O.B.
¹³ this Youth.—O.B.
¹⁴ crave.—O.B.
¹⁵ perform.—O.B.
¹⁶ he.—O.B.
¹⁷ the *English*.—O.B. ¹⁸ took.—O.B.
¹⁹ Youth, if e'er.—O.B.
²⁰ soon thereof.—O.B.

thus, through the daughters strange disguise,
the mother knew not when shee spake vnto her
child;
& ¹ after her *master* straight shee hyes, and Maudlin
120 taking her leaue with countenance myld.
thus to the sea ffaire ² Maudlin is gone goes to sea
with her gentle *master*. god send them a merry with her
wind! master.
where ³ wee a while must leaue them alone,⁴
124 till you the second fitt ⁵ doe ffind.

[The Second Fitt.]

2^d parte { “ welcome, sweet Maudlin, ffrom the sea Maudlin and
where bitter stormes & tempests doe rise ⁶ ! her master
the pleasant bankes of Italye land in
128 wee ⁷ may behold with morttall eyes.” Italy.

“ thankes, gentle *master*,” then quoth ⁸ shee, She thanks
“ ⁹ a ffaithffull ffreind in all sorrowes hast thou ¹⁰ him for his
beene ! kindness,

if ffortune once doe smile on mee,
132 my thankffull hart shall then ¹¹ be seene.

blest be the hand *that* ffeeds my loue,
blest be the place wheras his person ¹² doth abyde !
nor ¹³ tryall will I sticke to proue and says
136 wherby my good will ¹⁴ may be tryde. she'll

now will I walke with ioyffull hart walk about
to vew the towne wheras my darling ¹⁵ doth remaine, till she finde
& seeke him out in euery part

140 vntill I doe his sight attaine.” ¹⁶ her love.

¹ Then.—O.B.
² sweet.—O.B.
³ ? MS. when. The *re* (or *re*) is
blotted out in the MS.—F. Where.—
O.B.
⁴ all alone.—O.B.
⁵ Part.—O.B.
⁶ arise.—O.B.
⁷ You.—O.B.

⁸ said.—O.B.

⁹ There is a tag like an *s* at the end of
this word.—F.
¹⁰ in Sorrow thou hast.—O.B.
¹¹ My gratitude shall soon.—O.B.
¹² wherein he.—O.B.
¹³ No.—O.B.
¹⁴ true Love.—O.B.
¹⁵ wherein he.—O.B.
¹⁶ Until his Sight I do obtain.—O.B.

The Master
says he'll

"& I," quoth hee, "will not fforsake
Sweete Mandlin in her sorrowes vp & downe;

see her safe
to Padua.

144 & bring thee saffe to Padua towne."

At last she
arrives
there,

& after many weary stepps
In Padua thé arrived saffely ¹ att the Last:
for verry ioy her harte itt leapes,

148 shee thinkes not on her perills ² past.

and finds
her lover
condemned
to death
unless he'll
turn Papist.

condemned hee was to dye, alas,
except he wold ffrom his religion turne;
but rather then hee wold goe to ³ masse,
152 in ffiery fflames he vowed to burne.

Mandlin
walls,

now doth Maudlin weepe and waile,
her ioy changed to weeping, ⁴ sorrow, greeffe &
care;

but nothing can ⁵ her plaints preuaile,

156 ffor death alone must be his share.

walks under
the prison
walls,

shee walked vnder the prison walls
where her true lounedoth lye & languish ⁶ in distresse;
most ⁷ woefullye for ffood hee calls

160 when hungar did his hart oppresse;

and hears
her lover
bid farewell
to England,

he sighes, & sobbs, & makes great moane;

"farwell," he said, "sweete England, now ⁸ for eu-
ermore!

friends,

& all my ffreinds that haue me knowne

164 In Bristow towne with health ⁹ and store!

but most of all, ffarwell," quoth hee,

and love.

"my owne true loue, ¹⁰ sweet Maudlin, whom I left
behind!

for neuer more I shall see thee. ¹¹

168 woe to thy ffather Most vnkind!

¹ O.B. omits *saffely*.—F.

² Sorrows.—O.B.

³ would to.—O.B.

⁴ O.B. omits *weeping*.—F.

⁵ For nothing could.—O.B.

⁶ Love did languish.—O.B.

⁷ Then.—O.B.

⁸ Farewel, Sweet-heart, he cry'd.—
O.B.

⁹ Wealth.—O.B.

¹⁰ O.B. omits *true loue*.—F.

¹¹ thou wilt me see.—O.B.

how well were I if thou were ¹ here,
with thy faire hands to close vp both these² wretched
eyes !

my torments easye wold appeare ;

2 My soule with ioy shall ³ scale the skyes." [page 484]

when Maudlin hard her louers moane,

her eyes with teares, her hart with sorrow, feild.⁴

to speake with him noe meanes was knowne,⁵

6 such greenous doome on him did passe.⁶

then cast shee of ⁷ her Ladds attyre ;

a maydens weede vpon her backe shee⁸ seemlye sett ;

to ⁹ the iudges house shee did enquire,

0 & there shee did a service gett.

shee did her duty there soe well,

& eke soe prudently shee did her-selfe ¹⁰ behaue,

with her in Loue her Master ffell,

4 his servants ffavor he doth craue :

"Maudlin," quoth hee, "my harts delight,

to whome my hart in affectyon is tyed,¹¹

breed not my death through thy despite !

8 a ffaithfull ffreind I wilbe ¹² tryed ;

grant me thy loue, faire mayd," quoth hee,

"& att my hands ¹³ desire what tho[u] canst d[e]-
uise,¹⁴

& I will grant itt vnto thee,

2 wherby thy creditt may arrise."

"I haue [a] ¹⁵ brother, Sir," shee sayd,

"ffor his religion is now ¹⁶ condempned to dye ;

in Lothesome prison is he ¹⁷ Laid,

6 opprest with care ¹⁸ and misery.

Maudlin
sorrows,

but cannot
speak to her
lover.

She dresses
again as a
girl,
takes service
in the
judge's
house,

and he falls
in love with
her,

and promises
her what-
ever she asks
him.

She asks for
the life of
her brother,
in prison for
his belief.

¹ I were if thou wert.—O.B.

² close my.—O.B.

³ would.—O.B.

⁴ Heart soon filled was.—O.B.

⁵ found.—O.B.

⁶ did on him pass.—O.B.

⁷ she put off.—O.B.

⁸ Her Maiden-weeds upon her.—O.B.

⁹ At.—O.B.

¹⁰ so well herself she did.—O.B.

¹¹ my Soul is so inclin'd.—O.B.

¹² thou shalt me.—O.B.

¹³ And then.—O.B.

¹⁴ ? MS. diuise.—F.

¹⁵ The *a* is written above the line in a
later hand.—F.

¹⁶ O.B. omits *now*.—F.

¹⁷ he is.—O.B.

¹⁸ Grief.—O.B.

- grant you ¹ my brothers [life],” ² shee sayd,
 “to you my liffe ³ & liking I will giue.”
 “He must
 recant or
 die!” 200 “that may not be,” quoth hee, “faire mayd;
 “except he turne, he cannott line.”
 “Then let
 an English
 friar I
 know be
 sent to
 him.” 204 “an English ffryer there is,” shee said,
 “of learning great, & of a passing pure ⁴ liffe;
 lett him to my brother be sent,
 & hee will soone ffinish ⁵ the striffe.”
 The judge
 agrees.
 Maudlin
 dresses up
 the seaman
 as a friar,
 and sends
 him with a
 letter to her
 lover. 208 her *Master* granting ⁶ her request,
 the Marriner in ffryers weed ⁷ shee did array,
 & to her loue *that* lay distrest
 shee doth a letter straight ⁸ conuay.
 when he had read those gentle lines,
 his heany hart was rauished with ⁹ ioye;
 where now shee was, ¹⁰ ffull well hee knew.
 212 the ffryer Likewise was not coye,
 but did declare to him att large
 the enterprise his loue had taken in hand.
 Her lover
 charges her 216 the young man did the ffryer charge
 his loue shold straight depart the Land;
 to leave
 Italy, as
 death awaits
 her there. “here is no place for her,” hee sayd,
 “but death & danger of her harmless ¹¹ liffe;
 & testing death, ¹² I was betrayd,
 220 but ¹³ ffearfull fflames must end our striffe,
 for ere I will my faith deny,
 & sweare to ¹⁴ ffollow my selfe damned ANTI-
 CHRIST, ¹⁵
 I will ¹⁶ yeeld my body for to dye,
 224 & ¹⁷ line in heauen with the hyst.”

¹ me.—O.B.
² Life.—O.B.
³ And now to you my Love.—O.B.
⁴ passing pure of.—O.B.
⁵ finish soon.—O.B.
⁶ granted.—O.B.
⁷ Weeds.—O.B.
⁸ did a Letter soon.—O.B.
⁹ His Heart was ravish'd with plen-
 sant.—O.B.

¹⁰ is.—O.B.
¹¹ But woful Death and Danger of her.
 —O.B.
¹² Professing Truth.—O.B.
¹³ And.—O.B.
¹⁴ MS. to to.—F.
¹⁵ And swear myself to follow damned
 Atheist.—O.B.
¹⁶ I'll.—O.B.
¹⁷ To.—O.B.

“O Sir,” the gentle ffryer sayd,
 “for your sweet loue reccant, & sane your wicked
 liffe.”¹
 “a woeffull match,” quoth hee, “is made,
 where chr[i]st is left to win² a wiffe.”
 when shee had wrought³ all meanes shee might
 to sane her ffreind, & *that* shee saw itt⁴ wold not bee,
 then of the iudge shee claimed her right
 to [dye]⁵ the death as well as hee.
 when no perswassyon wold⁶ preuaile,
 nor change her mind in any thing *that* shee had⁷
 sayd,
 shee was with him condemned to dye,
 and for them both one Fire was made,⁸
 &⁹ arme in arme most Ioyffullye
 these louers twaine vnto the ffyer they¹⁰ did goe.
 the marriner most ffaith-ffullye
 was likewise¹¹ partner of their woe :
 but when the Iudges vnderstood
 the ffaith-ffull ffreindshipp *that*¹² did in them re-
 maine,
 they saned their liues, & afterward
 to England sent them home¹³ againe.
 Now was their sorrow turned to Ioy,
 And ffaithffull louers had now¹⁴ their harts desire ; [page 485]
 their paines soe well they did imploy,
 god¹⁵ granted *that* they did require ;
 & when they were¹⁶ to England come,
 & in merry Bristowe arriued att the Last,

The seaman
urges him
to recant.

He refuses.

Then
Maudlin
resolves to
die with
him,

and both
walk to the
stake with
the seaman.

But the
judges

pardon them
and send
them home
to England.

They get
back to
Bristol.

¹ Consent thereto, and end the strife.
O.B.

² gain.—O.B.

³ us'd.—O.B.

⁴ To save his Life yet all.—O.B.

⁵ dye.—O.B.

⁶ could.—O.B.

⁷ thing she.—O.B.

⁸ MS. comdemned to dye.—F. one Fire

was made.—O.B.

⁹ Yea.—O.B.

¹⁰ O.B. omits *they*.—F.

¹¹ Two strokes for the first i.—F.

¹² O.B. omits *that*.—F.

¹³ back.—O.B.

¹⁴ have.—O.B.

¹⁵ The *d* has a tag to it.—F.

¹⁶ did.—O.B.

find
Maudlin's
father dead,
her mother
joyful to see
her,
and they
are married
at once,
the seaman
giving her
away.

- great Ioy there was to all & some
 252 *that* heard the danger they had past.
 her ffather, hee was dead, god wott,
 & eke her mother was ioyfull of¹ her sight;
 their wishes shee denyed not,
 256 but weded them with harts delight.
 her gentle *Master* shee² desired
 to be her ffather, & att Church to giue her then.
 itt was ffulffilled as shee required,
 260 vnto³ the ioy of all good men. ffinis.

¹ at.—O.B.² he.—O.B.³ To.—O.B.

Come pretty wanton.

OVER praying for pity, would fain know the reason of his idol's
 fference. If she will not look at him, yet will she hear him?
 ne will not hear him, will she look at him and his tears?
 he poor fellow is in a weak condition; and his verses are
 as might be expected.

COME: pretty wanton, tell me why
 thou canst not lone as well as I?

Tell me why
 you won't
 love me.

sett thee downne, sett thee downe, sett thee downe,
 and *thou* shalt see

1 why thus vnkind thou art to me.

My dearest sweet, be not soe Coy,
 for thou alone art all my Ioy.
 sett thee downe &c.

You alone
 are my joy.

3 *that* itt is hye time to pittye mee.

O gentle lone! be not yett gone;
 leaue me not heere distrest alone!
 sett thee downe &c.

Go not yet;

2 *that* I delight in none but thee.

Lett me not crye to thee in vaine!
 Looke but vpon me once againe!
 if a looke, if a looke, if a looke thou wilt not lend,
 3 lett but thy gentle eares attend.

look on me
 once more!

If thou doe stopp those gentle eares,
 Looke but vpon these cruell teares
 which doe fforce me still to crye

Pity me, or
 I die.

0 'pittye me, sweet, or else I dye!'

ffinis.

Hee is a ffoolle: ¹

THIS piece, as Mr. Furnivall notes, was printed in the first edition of the *Reliques* with the title of "The Aspiring Shepherd." (Cf. "The Steadfast Shepherd," "The Shepherd's Resolution," &c.)

The lover here holds his head up. He is not for everybody. He must have some rarer beauty for his affection, not of the common sort or such as will smile upon anybody.

Shall I love
one who's
loved by the
herd?
No.

HEE: is a ffoole *that* baselye dallyes
where eche peasant mates with him.
shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
4 hauinge noble hills to climbe?
no! no! those clownes be scared, with frownes
shall neuer my affectyon ² gayne!
& such as you, ffond ffooles, adew,
8 *that* ³ seeke to captiue me in vaine!

Give me one
whom
buzzards
daren't gaze
at,

who needs
effort to win.

I doe scorne to vow a dutye
where eche lustfull Ladd may woe.
giue me those whose seemlye ⁴ bewtye,
12 bussards dare not gatz ⁵ vnto.
shee itt is affords my blisse
ffor whome I will reffuse no payne;
& such as you, fond fooles, adew,
16 *that* seeke to captiue me in vaine! ffinis.

¹ Printed in the *Reliques*, iii. 253, (1st ed.), with the title of "The Aspiring Shepherd."—F.

² esteeme.—*Rel.*

⁴ sun-like.—*Rel.*

⁵ gaze.—P.

³ Ye.—*Ed.*

Lulla : Lulla :

OVER here, parting from the object of his affections, would lull
 sleep all doubts of his truth and constancy. He is going
 y; but let her put a calm unruffled faith in him. The
 res are but commonplace.

BY : constraint if I depart,—
 sing lullabee,—

If forced to
 go,

I leaue with [thee] behind, my constant hart.

I leave my
 heart with
 thee.

4 placed with thine, there lett itt rest

till itt by death be disposest,

sing lulla lullabee ! loue, liue loyall till I dye.

doe not any wayes distrust—

Never doubt
 my

8 sing lullabye—

that I shall proue inconstant or vniust.¹

constancy.

though banishment a while I try,

yett shall affectyon neuer dye.

2 [sing lulla &c. (*a line pared away here*)]

If by absence I be fforcet—

[page 486]

While
 absent from
 thee

sing lullabee—

a litle while to be denorcet

5 ffrom thee whose brest can testifye

where my subiects hart doth Lye,

Lulla &c.

¹ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

I crave only
thy
constancy
to me.

constancye is all I craue—
 20 sing lullabee;—
 performed by thee, my wish I haue;
 If I to thee vnconstant proue,
 lett death my liffe ffrom earth remoue.
 24 Lulla &c.
 ffinis.

A Louer off Late : ¹

As a lover asserts and proclaims his independence. He has
 d, and been rejected; and here he makes up his mind to
 his rejection well. He gives the lady up. Let who will,
 her; he will not.

A LOUER of late was I,

I was lately
in love

ffor Cupid wold haue itt soe,

the boy *that* hath neuer an eye,

as euery man doth know.

I sighed, and sobbed, and cryed alas

ffor her *that* laught & called me asse, ² & called me

assee,

with a girl,
and she
called me an
ass.

& called me asse ∴ for her *that* &c.²

3 Then knew not I what to doe

when I see itt was ³ vaine

a lady soe coy to wooe,

& ⁴ gaue me the asse soc plaine.

2 yett would [I] her asse *that* I should bee,⁵

soe shee would helpe & beare with mee, ⁶ & beare &c.

soe shee &c.⁶

If she'd have
had me, I'd
like to have
been her ass.

And I were as faine ⁷ as shee,

6 & shee were as kind ⁸ as I,

what payre cold haue mad[e] ⁹ as wee

If we could
have
changed
places,
I'd have
loved her.

Printed in the *Reliques*, iii. 176
ed.).—F.

² Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

saw it was all in.—*Rel.*

Who.—*Rel.*

⁵ Yet would I her asse freelye bee.—
Rel.

⁶ Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

⁷ An' I were as faire.—*Rel.*

⁸ Or shee were as fond.—*Rel.*

⁹ made.—P.

soe prettye a sumpathye ?
 I was as kind ¹ as shee was ffaire,
 20 but for all this wee cold not paire ; ² we cold &c.
 wee cold not paire, but ffor all &c.²

But as she
 won't have
 me,

Paire with her *that* will, ffor mee !
 with her I will neuer paire
 24 *that* cuningly can be coy,
 for being a litle ffaire.

why, let her
 scorn away.
 I'm myself
 again.

the Asse Ile leane to her disdane,
 & now I am, my selfe againe, ³ my selfe &c.
 28 & now I am, my selfe againe.³ ffinis.

¹ fond.—*Rel.*

²⁻² Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

³⁻³ Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

[“ *Panders come away,*” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 104, follows
 here in the *MS.* p. 486–7.]

Great or Proude.

gain a lover protests his independence. He will not be
by anybody, however great she may be. He will act
ational being.

Man by reason should be guided.

ie? Our dislikes are proverbially inscrutable—are not the
conscious reason. We cannot say why we do not like
ell” or Sabidius; but we do not like them. Perhaps our
e not always more intelligible. Can we always say why
Sabidius? Pallas Athené and Aphrodité were never
iends.

GREAT or proud, if shee deryde mee,
lett her goe ! I will ¹ not dispaire !
ere to-morrow Ile provide mee

If my love
sneers at me,
I'll get a
fresh one
to-morrow.

4 one as great, ² lesse proud, more ffaire.
he that seeks loue to constraine,
shall haue but Labor ffor his paine.

And yett strongly will I proue her
8 whome I meane to haue indeede.
if shee constant proue, Ile loue her ;
& if ffalse, Ile not proceede.
ought from mee, *that* may constraine ³
12 my mind & reason to be twaine !

But before
taking her,
I'll prove
her.

Ile.—Dyce.
—P.

¹ Away from me ! what may constrain.
Query.—P. Ought = out, *interj.*—F.

No one
should stand
disdain.

Man by reason shold be guided,
& not loue where hees disdained ;
If *that* once he be deryded,

Any girl
can be
matched by
some other.

16

others loue may be obtained.
hold you not one mayd soe rare ;
theres none *that* lues without compare.

ffinis.

[*Two verses of "A Dainty Ducke," printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 108, follow here ; and the next leaf of the MS., containing the beginning of "The Spanish Lady," has been torn out.*]

The Spanish Ladies Lobe.¹

PROF. CHILD, in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, prints his copy of this ballad "from the *Garland of Good Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, xxx. 125. Other copies, slightly different, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 191, and in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 246."

"Percy conjectures," Prof. Child adds, "that this ballad took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coast in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The weight of tradition is decidedly, perhaps entirely, in favour of the hero's having been one of Essex's comrades in the Cadiz expedition, but which of his gallant captains achieved the double conquest of the Spanish Lady is by no means so satisfactorily determined. Among the candidates put forth are, Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, Staffordshire, Sir John Popham of Littlecot, Wilts, Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire. The right of the last to this distinction has been recently warmly contended for, and, as is usual in similar cases, strong circumstantial evidence is urged in his favour. The reader will judge for himself of its probable authenticity.

" 'On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz,' it is said, 'the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his wife a profusion of jewels and other valuables, among which was her portrait, drawn in green, plate, money, and other treasure.' Some of these articles² are maintained to be still in possession of the family, and also a portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, at the age of thirty-six, in which he wears the gold chain given him by his enamoured prisoner.³ See the *Times* newspaper of April 30 and May 1, 1846 (the latter article cited in *Notes and Queries*, ix. 573), and

¹ Percy heads this "Fragment of the Spanish Lady."—F. In the printed Collection of Old Ballads 12^{mo} Vol. 2. pag. 192.—P.

² The necklace is still extant in the possession of a member of my family, and in the house whence I write (Coldrey, Hants). Charles Lee, in *The Times*, May 1, 1846.—F.

³ The portrait is still in the possession

of his descendant, Captain Birch. Illingworth's *Topographical account of Scampton, with anecdotes of the family of Bolles*. That portrait is now in the possession of Captain Birch's successor, Thomas Bosvile Bosvile, Esq., of Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire, my brother, and may be seen by any one. Charles Lee, *ib. supra*. Dr. Rimbault has reprinted Mr. Lee's letter in his *Musical Illustrations*, p. 23—4.—F.

the *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1846, Art. iii. The literary merits of the ballad are also considered in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1846.

“Shenstone has essayed, in his *Moral Tale of Love and Honour*, to bring out ‘the *Spanish Ladye and her Knight* in less grovelling accents than the simple guise of ancient record;’ while Wordsworth, in a more reverential spirit, has taken this noble old romance as the model of his *Armenian Lady’s Love*.” (Child.)

Dr. Rimbault has printed the tune of this ballad at p. 72 of his *Musical Illustrations*. He says, “the tune . . is preserved in the Skene MS.; in ‘The Quaker’s Opera, Performed at Lee and Harper’s Booth in Bartholomew Fair, 1728;’ and in ‘The Jovial Crew, 1731.’ Our copy is taken from the ballad operas, and altered from three-four time to common time, upon the authority of the Skene MS.” Mr. Chappell also prints the tune at p. 187 of his *Popular Music*, and notes early quotations of the ballad in *Cupid’s Whirligig*, 1616; Brome’s *Northern Lasse*, 1632, &c., and a parody of it in Rowley’s *A Match at Midnight*, 1633.

In order to complete the story of the ballad, we add here the portion of it in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 406, collated with the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. ii. second edition, 1726, p. 191, which corresponds to the part torn out of the Folio MS.—F.

The Spanish Lady’s Love.

Will you hear a *Spanish Lady*,
 how she woo’d an *English Man*;
 Garments gay as rich may be,
 bedeckt ¹ with jewels, had she on;
 Of a comely countenance
 and grace was she;
 Both by birth and Parentage
 of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 in his hands her life did lye;
Cupid’s Bands did tye them faster,
 by the liking of an Eye:

¹ Deck’d.—O.B.

In his courteous company
 was all her joy :
 To favour him in any thing
 she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
 for to set all ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned :
 none to do them injury ;
 O then, said this Lady gay,¹
 full woe is me,
 O let me still sustain this kind
 Captivity.

Gallant captain, take some pittie
 on a woman in distress,
 Leave me not within this City,
 for to dye in heaviness :
 Thou hast set this present day
 my body free,
 But my heart in prison still
 remaine ² with thee.

How should'st thou, fair Lady, love me,
 whom thou know'st thy Country hate,³
 Thy fair words make ⁴ me suspect thee :
 Serpents lye where flowers grow.
 All the harm I think on thee,
 most courteous Knight,
 God grant upon my Head the same
 may fully light ⁵ ;

Blessed be the time and season
 that thou ⁶ came on *Spanish* ground ;

If our ffoes you may ⁷ be termed,
 gentle ffoes wee haue you ffound ;
 with our cittye ⁸ you haue woon our harts echo one ;
 then to your Country beare away *that* ⁹ is your owne."

You've won
 my city and
 heart too.
 Take back
 with you
 your own.

¹ most mild.—O.B.

² Remains.—O.B.

³ Country's Foe.—O.B.

⁴ speech makes.—O.B.

⁵ light.—O.B.

⁶ you.—O.B.

⁷ If you may our Foes.—Rox. and O.B.

⁸ City.—O.B.

⁹ what.—O.B.

"Nay, Lady,
stay in
Spain,
you'll find
plenty of
lovers
there."

"Rest you still, most gallant Ladye!
rest you still, & weepe noe more!
of faire Louers there is ¹ plenty;
8 Spaine doth yeelde a ² wonderous store."
"Spanyards ffraught with ielousye wee often ³ find,
but Englishmen through all the world are counted
Kind.

No. I
love you
alone;

12 "Leaue me not vnto a Spanyard,
you alone inioy ⁴ my hart;
I am louely, young, and tender;
loue likewise is ⁵ my desert.

let me serve
you night
and day.

16 still to serue ⁶ thee day & night, my mind is prest;
the wiffe of euery Englishman is counted blest."

"As a
soldier I
can't take
you."

"Itt wold be a shame, faire Ladye,
ffor to beare a woman hence;
English souldiers neuer carry
20 any such without offence."

Then I'll be
your page.

"I will quicklie change my selfe, if itt be soc,
& like a page Ile ffollow thee whersoe ⁷ Thou goe."

"I've no
money to
keep you
with."

24 "I hane neither gold nor siluer
to maintaine thee in this case,
& to trauell is great charges,
as you know, in euery place."

My jewels
and money
are yours.

28 "My chaines and Iewells euery one shalbe thy owne,
& eke 500⁸ ⁸ in gold *that* Lyes vnknowne."

"The sea is
full of
danger."

"On the seas are many dangers;
many stormes doe there arrise,

¹ you have.—O.B.

² you.—O.B.

³ oft do.—O.B.

⁴ Thou alone enjoy'st.—O.B.

⁵ is likewise.—O.B.

⁶ save.—O.B.

⁷ Where-e'er.—O.B.

⁸ Ten thousand Pounds.—O.B.

- which wilbe to Ladyes dreadfull,
 2 & fforce teares ffrom watterye eyes."
 "well in worth I will endure extremitye,¹
 for I cold find my² hart to lose my liffe for thee."
 "curteous Ladye, leane this ffancye.³
 5 here comes all *that* breakes⁴ the striffe :
 I in England haue already
 a sweet woman to my wiffe.
 I will not ffalsifye my vow for gold nor gaine,
 9 nor yett ffor all the ffairrest dames *that* lue in Spaine."
 "O how happy is *that* woman
that enioyes soe true a ffreind !
 many dayes of ioy god send you !⁵
 4 of my suite Ile⁶ make an end.
 vpon⁷ my knees I pardon crane for this⁸ offence
 which loue & true affectyon did ffirst commence.
 "comend me to thy Louely ladye ;
 3 beare to her a⁹ Chaine of gold
 & ¹⁰ these braceletts ffor a token,
 greening *that* I was soe bold.
 all my iewells in Like sort take ¹¹ with thee ;
 2 these ¹² are fitting ffor thy wiffe, & ¹³ not ffor mee.
 "I will spend my dayes in prayer ;
 loue & all her ¹⁴ Lawes deffye ;
 in a nunnery will I ¹⁵ shrowd me,
 5 ffar ffrom other ¹⁶ companye ;
 but ere my prayers haue an end, be sure of this,
 to pray ffor thee & ffor thy Loue I will nott misse.
- I would lose
my life for
you.
- "Cease your
offers, Lady,
- I have a
wife in
England,
- and will be
true to her."
- Happy
she !
- I end my
suit.
- Give your
lady my
chain
- and jewels.
- I will seek
refuge in
- a nunnery,
- and pray for
you and
your love.

¹ Well in Troth I shall endure Ex-
amly.—O.B.

² in.—O.B.

³ Folly.—O.B.

⁴ breeds.—O.B.

⁵ Many happy Days God lend her.—
B.

⁶ I.—O.B.

⁷ On.—O.B.

⁸ my.—O.B.

⁹ this.—O.B.

¹⁰ With.—O.B.

¹¹ Take thou.—O.B.

¹² For they.—O.B.

¹³ But.—O.B.

¹⁴ I will.—O.B.

¹⁵ his.—O.B.

¹⁶ any.—O.B.

"Thus farwell, most gallant captaine,
 60 & farwell ¹ my harts content!
 count not spanish Ladyes wanton
 though to thee my loue ² was bent.
 Ioy & true prosperitye be still ³ with thee!"
 64 "the Like fall euer to ⁴ thy share, most faire Ladye!"

All joy to
you!

¹ Farewel too.—O.B.

² Mind.—O.B.

³ Remain.—O.B.

⁴ fall unto.—O.B.

St. Andrew Barton : ¹

THIS ballad is on an event of considerable historical importance, on one, if not the first, of the causes that led to the war between James IV. of Scotland and Henry VIII. of England, and which ended in the death of James at Flodden Field. Henry's motive in desiring to have Andrew Barton and his ships captured cannot be put down to the cause to which the prejudiced John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, attributes his interference in the Low Countries (*Historie of Scotland*, A.D. 1436–1561, Bannatyne Club, 1830, p. 83).

“Here is to be considered and weile noted, the first motion of the gryit trubles quhilk eftiruart did fall betuix the tuo princis of Scotland and Yngland, quhilk happinit principale becaus King Henry the aucht of Yngland, being ane young man left be his fader with greit welth and riches, wes varray desierous to haif weiris quhairin he mycht exerce his youthhed, thinking thairby to [dilate] his dominions.”

Henry's order to take Barton can only have sprung from the injuries which his subjects received from that sailor; and there can be little doubt that in those early years after 1500, a privateer, as Barton was, took whatever the Lord put in his way, whether neutral's or foe's, and pocketed the proceeds without qualms of conscience. He would perform the service his sovereign sent him on, and then take care of himself.

Andrew Barton and his brother Robert were evidently James IV.'s right hand at sea; and Andrew's character may be judged of by the way in which he took revenge on the Dutch for their piratical doings against the Scotch. Lesley tells us that “ane greit and costly ship, quhilk had bene upon the Kingis expensis, was compleit” in 1506,² and after a preliminary sail in her by the King—

¹ In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1727, Vol. I. p. 159, N. xx. Very different from the printed ballad: but containing some things there want-

ing; yet a few stanzas may be better given from the other.—P.

² James was a great shipbuilder: see Mr. Gairdner's Preface to his *Letters* and

“wes schortlie thaireftir send furth agane to the seas with sundre vailyeant gentill men into her aganis the Holanderis, quha had takin and spollyeit divers Scotis ships, and crewally had murdrest and cassin ourburd the merchauntis and passingeris being thairintill; bot for revenge of the samyn, Andro Bartone did tak mony shipps of that countrey, and fillit certane pipis with the heidis of the Holandaris, and send unto the King in Scotland, for dew punishment and revenge of thair crueltie.—*Lesley*, p. 74.

After this, Barton kept at sea and greatly pestered, if he did not plunder, the English. What followed is told in different ways by the English and Scotch. For the former we will take Percy's quotation from Guthrie's *Peerage*; for the latter, *Lesley's* account. And first, says Guthrie:

“The transaction that did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time (A.D. 1511) was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

“Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and

Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came with the *Union*, Barton's other ship (called by Hall, *The Lion of Scotland*). The engagement which ensued was exceedingly obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the English prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle to hold out to the last; and two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River of Forth (Aug. 2, 1511).

Now hear Lesley:

In the moneth of Junij, Andro Bartone, being one the sey airfair contrar the Portingallis, aganis quhome he had ane mark, Sir Edmond Haward, Lord Admirall of Ingland, Lord Thomas Haward, sone and air to the Erle of Surry, furth at the King of Inglandis command, with certane of his schippis; and the said Andro being in his vayage sayling wt Scotland, haveand onelie bot one schipe and ane barke, sett apoun at the Downis, and at the first entre did make unto thame that thair wes friendship standing betuix the realmes, and thairfoir thocht thame to be freindis; quhairthay, na thing movit, did cruelly invaid, and he manfullie currageously defendit, quhair thair wes mony slane, and to himself sair woundit that he diet shortlie; and his schip the *Lyon*, and the bark callit *Jennypirroyne*, quhilkis with scottis men that wes levand wer hed to Londoun, and keipit as presonaris in the bischop of York hous, and eftir wes hame in Scotland. Quhen that the knalege herof come to King, he send incontynent ane harald to the Kinge of Yngwith lettres requiring dress for the slauchter of Andro and his schippis, with the schippis to be randerit agane, utherwayis it shuld be ane occasioun to break the leage and peace contractit betuix thame.¹ To the quhilk it wes ansuerit be the King of England, that the slauchter being ane pirat, as he allegit, suld be a break to the peace; yit nochttheles he suld caus commisionaris meit upoun the bordouris, quhair thay suld treat in that and all uther enormities betuix the tua realmes."—*Forie of Scotland*, p. 82–83.

Accordingly, says Lesley, p. 87, in A. D. 1513

¹ The remonstrance shortly abandoned, and referred to, in Prof. Brewer's *History of England*, temp. Henry VIII.; also the

entries as to James's repeated complaints to the King of Denmark about Barton's slaughter, &c.—F.

“The commissioners of baith the realmes, as wes appointit be Doctor West, meit on the bordouris in the moneth of Junij, quhair the wrangs done unto Scotland mony wayis, speciallie of the slauchter of Andro Bartone and takin of his schippis, ware confessit. . . . bot the commissioneris of Ingland wuld not consent to mak ony redress or restitucione”

till they thought that Henry would be clear of his French war. But James, unwilling to lose such a favourable chance of attacking England,—empty of troops, as he thought, the King and his generals away in France,—sent a herald to Henry in his camp at Turenne, alleging, among other things, the

“slauchter of Andro Bartane by your awine command, quha thane haid nocht offendit to yow nor your leigeis, unredressed, and breking of the amitie in that behailf by your deid; and withholding of oure schippis and artillarie to your use.” (*Lesley*, p. 89),

and, notwithstanding Henry's answer, declared to him war. This did not trouble Henry much, for he knew that the Howard who (with his father) had taken Barton, could deal with Barton's master too. What Lord Thomas himself thought of the matter may be seen from his message to James : that as high-admiral, and one who had helped to take Barton, he was ready to justify the death of that pirate, for which purpose he would lead the van, and there his enemies would find him, expecting as little mercy as he meant to grant. ‘No quarter’ was the word. What followed has already been told by Mr. Hales in prose (vol. i. p. 203–9), and in verse by our *Scotish Feilde*, i. 212, and *Flodden Feilde*, i. 334. Lancashire and Cheshire did the deed, and Scotland's pride lay low. Andrew Barton's master followed his man.

As to the details mentioned in our ballad, we can only repeat Percy's words :

“I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said that England had before ‘but two ships of war.’ Now the GREAT HARRY had been built but seven years before, viz. in 1504 : which ‘was

rly speaking, the first ship in the English navy. Before period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other client but hiring ships from the merchants.' *Hume*."

The present ballad was printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, i. p. 180, with some deficiencies (as he calls them), supplied a black-letter copy, in the Pepys collection, of the "vulgar d, which is evidently modernised and abridged from" that the Folio. Prof. Child printed Percy's version in his *English Scottish Ballads*, vol. vii. p. 57; and at p. 201 he also edited the said "vulgar ballad:" *A True Relation of the Life Death of Sir Andrew Barton, a Pirate and Rover on the*

The Professor says:

This copy of *Sir Andrew Barton* is to be found in *Old eds* (1723) vol. i. 159, Ritson's *Ancient Songs* ii. 204, Keightley's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, p. 256, and *My Naval Ballads of England*, Percy Society, vol. ii. p. 4, only exceedingly trifling variations. We have followed the version where the ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Bodleian Museum, 'printed by and for W. O., and sold by the booksellers.'—F.

[Part I.]

AS : itt beffell in M[i]dsummer time
when burds singe sweetlye on euey tree,
our noble King, King Henery the 8th,¹
4 ouer the riuer of Thames past hee.

To Henry
VIII.

In the above three simple and natural versions, Percy actually substituted in his *Reliques* the four following, from the black-letter copy in the Pepys collection:

Flora with her fragrant flowers
deckt the earth so trim and gaye,
Fortune with his daintye showers
came to present the monthe of Maye.

As Prof. Child says in his Introduction to this Ballad, "We would fain think that nothing except a defect in the manuscript could have reconciled the editor to adopting the four lines with which the ballad now begins" (*Engl. and*

Scot. Ballads, vii. 56). The remaining four lines of Percy's first stanza, given without any of his inverted commas to mark them as altered from his MS., are:

King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their
knee.

After this, it may be well to carry the collation right through, though it involves waste of time, loss of money, and vexation of spirit.—F.

out riding,
came 80
London
merchants,

hee was no sooner ouer the riuer,
downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,
but 80 merchants of London cittye
8 came kneeling before King Henery there :

and com-
plain that
they daren't
sail on the
sea

for fear of a
pirate who
robs them,

“ O yee are welcome, rich merchants,
[Good saylors, welcome unto me¹ ! ”]
they swore² by the rood thé were saylers good, [*pag. 81*]
12 but rich merchants they cold not bee ;
“ to ffrance nor fflanders dare³ we nott passe,
nor Burdeaux⁴ voyage wee dare not ffare,⁵
& all ffor a ffalse robber⁶ that lyes on the seas,
16 & robb⁷ vs of our merchants ware.”

a proud
Scot.

King HENERY was stout, & he turned him about,⁸
& swore by the Lord *that* was mickle of might,
“ I thought he had not beene in the world throughout,
20 *that* durst haue wrought¹⁰ England such vnright.”
but ener they¹¹ sighed, and said—alas !—
vnto¹² King HARRY this answeere¹³ againe¹⁴
“ he is a proud Scott *that* will¹⁵ robb vs all¹⁶
24 if wee were 20 shipp¹⁷ and hee but one.¹⁸”

Henry asks
his Lords,
“ who'll
fetch that
traitor to
me ? ”

The King looket ouer his left shoulder,
amongst his Lords & Barrons soe ffree¹⁹ :
“ haue I neuer Lord²⁰ in all my realme
28 will ffetch yond traitor vnto mee ? ”

¹ From the *Reliques*. The MS. is pared away, and the tops of letters left don't suit either of Percy's lines.—F. For sailors good are welcome to me.—P.

² MS. pared away, but read by Percy.—F.

³ dare we pass.—P. and *Rel.*

⁴ & to Bourdeaux.—P.

⁵ dare we fare.—P. and *Rel.*

⁶ a rover.—*Rel.*

⁷ s added by P.—F. Who robbs.—*Rel.*

⁸ frownd, and turned him rounde.—*Rel.*

⁹ *Rel.* omits *throughout*.—F.

¹⁰ us.—P.

¹¹ The merchants.—*Rel.*

¹² And to.—P.

¹³ thus answered.—P.

¹⁴ And thus they did theire answer frame.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ would.—P.

¹⁶ that robbes on the seas.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ Were we 20 ships.—P.

¹⁸ And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.—*Rel.*

¹⁹ And an angrie looker then looked hee.—*Rel.*

²⁰ a Lord.—P.

- “yes, *that* dare I!” sayes my Lord Chareles HOWARD,¹ “I,” says
 neere to the King wheras ² hee did stand ³ ; Lord
 Howard,
 “If *that* your grace will ⁴ giue me leane,
 2 my selfe wilbe the only man.”
- “⁵ thou shalt haue 600 ⁶ men,” saith our King,
 “& chuse them out of my realme soe ffree ;
 besides Marriners and boyes,⁷
 6 to guide ⁸ the great shipp on the sea.”
- “He goe speake with Sir ANDREW,” sais Charles, my “I’ll bring
 Lord Haward ; you Sir An-
 drew Barton
 “vpon the sea, if hee be there,
 I will bring him & his shipp to shore,
 9 or before my prince I will neuer come neere.⁹” and his
 ship.”
- the ffirst of all my Lord did call,¹⁰ Lord
 Howard
 a noble gunner hee was one ¹¹ ; chooses an
 old gunner,
 this man was 60 ¹² yeeres and ten,
 4 & Peeter ¹³ Simon was his name. Peter Simon,
 “Peeter,” sais hee, “I must sayle to the sea
 to seeke out an enemye ; god be my speed ! ¹⁴”
 before all others I haue chosen thee ;
 8 of a 100⁴ guners thoust be my head.¹⁵”

¹ lord Howard sayes.—*Rel.*

² where.—P.

³ Yea, that dare I with heart and
 nd.—*Rel.*

⁴ it please your Grace to.—P.C., P.,
 d *Rel.*

⁵ This stanza Percy alters to :

thou art but yong ; the king replied :
 Yond Scott hath numbred manye a
 yeare,

Trust me, my liege, He make him quail,
 Or before my prince I will never
 appeare.”

on bowemen and gunners thou shalt
 have,

And chuse them over my realme so free ;
 sides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.

—*Rel.* ii. 181.

⁶ a hundred.—P.C., P.

⁷ good sailors and ship boys.—P.C., P.

⁸ a, *al. ed.*—P.

⁹ appear.—P.

¹⁰ The first man, that Lord Howard
 chose.—*Rel.*

¹¹ the ablest gunner in all the Realm.
 —P.C., P. Was the ablest gunner in
 all the rea'me.—*Rel.*

¹² three-score.—P. Though he was
 threescore.—*Rel.*

¹³ Good Peter.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea,
 To bring home a traytor live or dead.
 —*Rel.*

¹⁵ to be the Head.—P. to be head.—
Rel.

who can
shoot close
to his mark. 52 “my Lord,” sais hee, “if you ¹ haue chosen mee
of a 100^d gunners to be the head,
hange me att ² your maine-mast tree
if I misse my marke past 3 pence bread.³”
Then he
chooses a
noble
bowman,
The next of all my Lord he did call,⁴
a noble bowman hee was one ⁵;
In yorekeshire was this ⁶ gentleman borne,
William 56 & william Horsley was his name.
Horsley,
“Horsley,” sayes ⁷ hee, “I must sayle to the sea ⁸
to seeke out an enemye; god be my speede ⁹!
before all others I haue chosen thee;
60 of a 100 bowemen thoust be my head.¹⁰”
“My Lord,” sais hee, “if you ¹¹ haue chosen mee
of a 100^d bowemen to be they head,¹²
who can hit
within a
shilling's
breadth; 64 hang me att your mainemast tree ¹³
if I misse my marke past 12^d ¹⁴ bread.”
with pikes, and gunnes, & bowemen bold,
and to sea
he goes. this ¹⁵ Noble HOWARD is gone to the sea
on the day before Midsummer euen,¹⁶
68 & out att ¹⁷ Thames mouth sayled they.¹⁸
They had not sayled dayes 3 ¹⁹
vpon their Iourney ²⁰ they ²¹ tooke in hand,
He soon
meets
a ship, 72 but there they ²² mett with a Noble shipp,
& stoutely made itt both stay ²³ & stand.

¹ If you, my lord.—*Rel.*² Then hang me up on.—*Rel.*³ i.e. breadth.—P. marke one shilling bread'th.—*Rel.*⁴ My lord then chose a boweman rare.—*Rel.*⁵ A bowman who had gained fame.—P. Whose active hands had gained fame! From the pr. copy.—*Rel.*⁶ he was a.—*Rel.*⁷ A letter blotted out before the *a* in the MS.—F. sayd.—*Rel.*⁸ must with speede.—*Rel.*⁹ Go seeke a traytor on the sea.—*Rel.*¹⁰ And now of a hundred bowemen braveTo be the head I have chosen thee.—*Rel.* to be the head.—P.¹¹ If you, quoth hee.—*Rel.*¹² to be head.—*Rel.*¹³ On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee.—*Rel.*¹⁴ A shilling.—P. If I miss twelve score one penny bread'th.—*Rel.*¹⁵ The.—*Rel.*¹⁶ With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare.—*Rel.*¹⁷ Out at.—*Rel.*¹⁸ he.—*Rel.*¹⁹ and days he scant had sayled three.—*Rel.*²⁰ the Voyage.—P. and *Rel.*²¹ he.—*Rel.*²² he.—*Rel.*²³ itt stay.—*Rel.*

"thou must tell me thy name," sais Charles, my ¹ and asks its
 Lord HAWARD, owner
 who he is.

"or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,²
 yea, & ³ where thy dwelling is,

5 to whom & where thy shipp does belong.⁴"

"My name," sayes hee, "is HENERY HUNT,⁵ " Henry
 with a pure ⁶ hart & a penitent mind; Hunt,

I and my shipp they doe ⁷ belong of New-
 castle,

0 vnto the New castle ⁸ that stands vpon tine."

"Now thou must tell me,⁹ HARRY HUNT, [page 492]

as thou hast sayled by day & ¹⁰ by night,
 hast thou not heard of a stout robber ¹¹ ?

4 men calls ¹² him Sir Andrew Bartton, *Knight*." and Andrew
 but ¹³ euer he sighed, & sayd, " alas ! Barton

¹⁴ ffull well, my ¹⁵ Lord, I know that wight !

he robd me of my merchants ware,

3 & I was his prisoner but yesternight.

" as I was sayling vppon the sea,

& ¹⁶ Burdeaux voyage as I did ¹⁷ ffare,

he Clapsed me to his Archborde ¹⁸

2 & robd me of all my merchants ware ; robbed me
 last night."

¹ MS. ny.—F.

² come.—P.

³ and shewe me.—*Rel.*

⁴ Wherto thy Ship belongs & whom.

P. And whither bound, and whence
 came.—*Rel.*

⁵ is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee.—*Rel.*

⁶ poor, heavy.—P. heavye . . carefull.
Rel.

⁷ do both.—P. and *Rel.*

⁸ To the Newcastle.—*Rel.*

⁹ Hast thou not heard, now.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ or.—P. and *Rel.*

¹¹ Of a Scottish rover on the seas.—

¹² call.—*Rel.*
 Than.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ With a grieved mind, and well away!
 But over-well I knowe that wight,
 I was his prisoner yesterday.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ MS. ny.—F.

¹⁶ A.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ voyage for to.—*Rel.*

¹⁸ ship, or side of a ship: see l. 278,
 "ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea."
 A.-S. *earc-bord*, Ark's-board, the ark.
 Bosworth.

"*þæt earcc-bōrd heold heofona frea,*"
 the Lord of Heaven held the ark.
Cædmon, p. 84, l. 26. ed. Thorpe. See
 also *Genesis & Exodus*, l. 576:

Sexe hundred ger noe was hold
 Quan he dede him in ðe *arce-wold*.
 and Mr. Morris's note, p. 123.—F.

& I am a man both poore ¹ & bare,²
 & euery man will haue his owne ³ of me,
 & I am bound towards London to ffare,⁴
 96 to complaine to my Prince HENERY.⁵”

Lord
Howard says,
“Show me
Barton,
and I’ll give
you 1s. for
every penny
you’ve lost.”

“*that* shall not need,” sais my Lord HAWARD⁶;
 if thou canst lett me this robber ⁷ see,
 ffor euery peny he hath taken ⁸ thee ffroe,
 100 thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,” quoth hee.⁹

Hunt tries
to di-suade
him from
fighting
Barton,

“Now god ffore-fend,” saies HENERY HUNT,¹⁰
 “my Lord, you shold worke ¹¹ soe ffarr amisse!
 god keepe you out of *that* Traitors hands!
 104 for you wott ffull litle ¹² what a man hee is.

“hee is brasse within, & steele without,
 & beanes hee beares in ¹³ his Topcastle ¹⁴ stronge;
¹⁵ his shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;
 108 besids, my Lord, hee is verry well mand;
 he hath a pinnace is ¹⁶ deerlye dight,
 Saint ANDREWS crosse, *that* ¹⁷ is his guide;
 his pinnace beares ¹⁸ 9 score men & more,¹⁹
 and 20 guns. 112 besids 15 ²⁰ cannons on euery side.²¹

¹ There is a tag at the end like an *s* in the MS.—F.

² And mickle debts, God wot, I owe.—*Rel.*

³ his own.—P., P.C., and *Rel.*

⁴ And I am nowe to London bounde.—*Rel.*

⁵ Of our gracious King to beg a boon.—P., P.C., and *Rel.*

⁶ You shall not need, lord Howard sayes.—*Rel.*

⁷ Lett me but once that robber.—*Rel.*

⁸ penny tane.—*Rel.*

⁹ It shall be doubled shillings three.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ the merchant sayes.—*Rel.*

¹¹ That you shold seek.—*Rel.*

¹² little you wot.—P. Full litle ye

wott.—*Rel.*

¹³ beams.—P. With beames on.—*Rel.*
 The MS. has *beanes* or *beanes* again in l. 116, 208, 220.—F.

¹⁴ Top-castles. Ledgings surrounding the mast-head. Halliwell.—F.

¹⁵ And thirte pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along.—*Rel.*

With 18 pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along. Pr.
 Copy.—P.

¹⁶ And he hath a pinnace.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ itt.—*Rel.*

¹⁸ beareth.—P. and *Rel.*

¹⁹ *Rel.* omits *of moe*.—F.

²⁰ And fifteen.—P. and *Rel.*

²¹ on each side.—P. and *Rel.*

“if you were 20 ¹ shippes, & he but one,
 either in charke-bord ² or in hall,³
 he wold ouercome you ⁴ euerye one,
 116 & if ⁵ his beanes they doe downe ffall.”
 “this is cold comfort,” sais my Lord HAWARD,⁶
 “to wellcome a stranger thus to ⁷ the sea;
 He ⁸ bring him & his shipp to shore,
 120 or else into ⁹ Scotland hee shall carrye mee.”

Howard
says
he'll beat
Barton,
or Barton
shall him.

“then you must gett a noble gunner, my Lord,
 that can sett well with his eye
 & sinke his pinnace into ¹⁰ the sea,
 124 & soone then ouercome will hee bee.¹¹
 & when that you haue done this,¹²
 if you chance Sir ANDREW for to bord,¹³
 lett no man to his Topcastle goe;
 128 & I will giue you a glasse, my Lord,¹⁴

Hunt advises
him first to
sink

Barton's
pinnace,
and then
board him,
avoiding the
topcastle.

“& then you need to fferae ¹⁵ no Scott,
 whether you sayle by day or by night;
 & to-morrow by 7 of the clocke,
 132 you shall meete with Sir ANDREW BARTTON, Knight.

By 7 next
day he shall
meet
Barton,

¹ Were you 20.—P. and *Rel.*
² ? same as *archebord*, l. 91.—F.
³ I sweare by kirke, and bower, and
 hall.—*Rel.*
⁴ orecome them.—*Rel.*
⁵ If once.—*Rel.*
⁶ *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.
⁷ stranger on.—*Rel.*
⁸ Yett He.—*Rel.*
⁹ Or to.—*Rel.*
¹⁰ in.—*Rel.*
¹¹ he'll be.—P. Or else he ne'er ore-
 come will be.—*Rel.*
¹² thing [added by P.]
¹³ And if you chance his shipp to borde,
 This counsel I must give withall.
 —*Rel.*
¹⁴ To strive to let his beames downe
 fall.—*Rel.* Percy's next two stanzas,
 altered seemingly from the printed copy,
 take in the next three stanzas of the
 Folio:

And seven pieces of ordinance,
 I pray your honour lend to mee,
 On each side of my shipp along,
 And I will lead you on the sea.
 A glasse I'll sett, that may be seene,
 Whether you sayle by day or night;
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the
 clocke,
 You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton
 knight.

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
 Soe well apparent in his sight,
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewd him Sir Andrewe Barton
 knight.
 His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold,
 Soe deerly dight it dazzled the ee,
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,
 This is a gallant sight to see.
 —*Rel.* ii. 185-6. ¹⁵ feare.—F.

I was his prisoner but yester night,
 & he hath taken mee sworne ¹;” quoth hee,
 “I trust my L[ord] god will me fforgiue
 136 & if *that* oath then ² broken bee.

but he must
 lend Hunt
 six guns.

“you must lend me sixe peeces, my Lord,” quoth hee,
 “into my shipp to sayle the sea,
 & to-morrow by 9 of the clocke

140 your honour againe then will I see.³”

And the hache-bord where Sir ANDREW Lay,
 is hached with gold deerlye dight:

Lord
 Howard

“now by my ffaith,” sais Charles, my Lord HAWARD,
 144 “then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!

[Part II.]

orders his
 flags to be
 taken in,
 and a white
 wand put
 out.

2^d parte

148

“Take in your ancyents & your standards,⁴
 yea *that* no man shall ⁵ them sec,
 & put me fforth a white willow wand,
 as Merchants vse to ⁶ sayle the sea.”

They sail by
 Barton,
 taking no
 notice of
 him,

But they stirred neither top nor mast,
 but Sir Andrew they passed by.⁷

“whatt English are yonder,” said Sir ANDREW,⁸

152 “*that* can so litle curtesye?

which
 enrages
 Barton,

⁹ “I haue beene Admirall ouer the sea
 more then these yeeres three;

there is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,

156 can passe this way without leane of mee.

¹ made me swear.—P.

² now.—P.

³ Again your hon^r! I will see.—P.

⁴ ancyents, standards eke.—*Rel.*

⁵ [insert] now.—P. So close that no
 man may.—*Rel.*

⁶ that.—*Rel.*

⁷ Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 —*Rel.*

⁸ he sayd.—*Rel.*

⁹ Now by the roode, three yeares and
 more

I have been admirall over the sea;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this
 way.

Then called he forth his stout pi-
 nace;

“Fetch back yond pedlars now
 to mee;

I sweare by the masse, yon English
 churles

Shall all hang at my maine-mast
 tree.”—*Rel.* ii. 186.

- But now yonder pedlers, they are past,
which is no litle greffe to me : [page 493]
 ffeich them backe," sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,
 160 "they shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."
 with *that* they pinnace itt shott of,
that my Lord Haward might itt well ken,¹
 itt strokes downe my Lords fforemast,²
 164 & killed 14 of my Lord his³ men.
 "come hither, Simon !" sayes my Lord Haward,⁴
 "looke *that* thy words be true thou sayd⁵ ;
 He hang thee att my maine-mast tree⁶
 168 if thou misse thy marke past 12^d bread.⁷ "
- Simon was old, but his hart itt⁸ was bold,
 hee tooke downe a peece, & layd itt ffull lowe⁹ ;
 he put in chaine yeards 9,¹⁰
 172 besids¹¹ other great shott lesse and more.¹²
 with *that* hee lett his gun shott goe¹³ ;
 soe well hee settled itt with his eye,¹⁴
 the ffirst sight *that* Sir ANDREW sawe,
 176 hee see¹⁵ his pinnace sunke¹⁶ in the sea.
 when¹⁷ hee saw his pinace sunke,
 Lord ! in his hart hee was not well¹⁸ :
 "cutt¹⁹ my ropes ! itt is time to be gon !
 180 He goe ffeitch²⁰ yond²¹ pedlers backe my selfe²² ! "
- and he declares he'll hang them,
 and sends out his pinnace to take them.
 But old Simon aims low,
 and with his chain shot
 sinks the pinnace.
 Barton sails to fetch Lord Howard himself.

¹ well it ken.—P. Full well Lord Howard might it ken.—*Rel.*

² For it strake downe his fore-mast tree.—*Rel.*

³ of his.—*Rel.*

⁴ *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.

⁵ word doe stand in stead.—*Rel.*

⁶ For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang.—*Rel.*

⁷ twelve score one penny bread.—P.C., P. one shilling bread'th.—*Rel.*

⁸ *Rel.* omits *itt*.—F.

⁹ His ordinance he laid right lowe.—*Rel.* 'Aim low' is the regular rule.—F.

¹⁰ full 9 yards long.—P. and *Rel.*

¹¹ with.—*Rel.*

¹² moe.—P. and *Rel.*

¹³ And he lett goe his great gunnes shott.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ ee.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ saw.—P. He sawe.—*Rel.*

¹⁶ MS. sunke.—F. sunke i'.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ and when.—*Rel.*

¹⁸ Lord, how his heart with rage did swell.—*Rel.*

¹⁹ Nowe cutt.—*Rel.*

²⁰ He fetch.—*Rel.*

²¹ MS. yomd.—F.

²² mysel.—P. and *Rel.*

when my Lord Haward ¹ saw Sir ANDREW loose,
lord ! in his hart *that* hee ² was ffaine :

“ strike on your drummes, spread out your ancyents !³
184 sound out your trumpetts ⁴ ! sound out amaine ! ”

“ ffight on, my men ! ” sais Sir ANDREW BARTON ⁵ ;
“ weate, howsoeuer this geere will sway,
itt is my Lord Adm[i]rall of England
188 is come to seeke mee on the sea. ”

Old Simon's
son

puts in
another
shot, and
kills 60 of
Barton's
men.

⁶ Simon had a sonne, with shott of a gunn,—
well Sir ANDREW might itt Ken,—
he shott itt in att a priuie place,
192 & killed 60 more of Sir ANDREWS men.⁶

Hunt
attacks
Barton too,

⁷ HARRY HUNT came in att the other syde,
& att Sir ANDREW hee shott then,
he drone downe his fformost tree,

and kills 80
more men.

196 & killed 80 ⁸ more of Sir ANDIRWES men.
“ I haue done a good turne,” sayes HARRY HUNT,
“ Sir ANDREW is not our Kings ffreind ;
he hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,
200 but I hope I haue quitt him well in the end. ”

Barton
laments,

“ Euer alas ! ” sayd Sir ANDREW BARTON,⁹
“ what shold a man either ¹⁰ thinke or say ?
yonder ffalse theeffo is my strongest Enemye,
204 who was my prisoner but yesterday. ”

¹ *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.

² how he.—P. Within his heart.
—*Rel.*

³ your Ancients spread.—P.

Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up
drummes.—*Rel.*

⁴ Sound all your trumpetts.—*Rel.*

⁵ Sir Andrew says.—P. and *Rel.*

⁶⁻⁸ Simon had a sonne, who shott right
well,

That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare ;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of
warre.

Rel. ii. 188, (altered from printed copy.
—F.)

⁷ Of the next stanza and a half Percy
makes one, taking two lines from the
Folio, and the rest (altered) from the
printed copy :

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrew cryed,
What may a man now thinke, or say ?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth
mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

⁸ fifty.—P.C., P. fourscore men be-
side.—*Rel.*

⁹ S^r And^r sayd.—P. ¹⁰ now.—P.

- come hither to me, thou Gourden ¹ good,
 & be thou ² readye att my call,
 & I will giue thee 300¹³
 208 if thou wilt lett my beanes ⁴ downe ffall.”
- ⁵ with *that* hee swarned ⁶ the maine-mast tree,
 soe did he itt ⁷ with might and maine :
 HORSELEY ⁸ with a bearing ⁹ arrow
 212 stroke the Gourden ¹⁰ through the braine,
 And he ffell into ¹¹ the haches againe,
 & sore of this wound *that* he ¹² did bleed.
 then word went throug Sir ANDREWS men,
 216 *that* they Gourden ¹³ hee was dead.
- “ come hither to me, IAMES HAMBLITON, ¹⁴—
 thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more, ¹⁵—
 I will giue [thee] 600¹⁶ ¹⁶
 220 if thou will lett my beanes downe ffall. ¹⁷ ”
 with *that* hee swarned the maine-mast tree,
 soe did hee itt with might and maine ¹⁸ :
 Horseley with an-other ¹⁹ broad Arrow
 224 strake the yeaman ²⁰ through the braine,

and offers
Gordon

300l. to
climb the
mast and let
the beames
fall.

He climbs
up,

but Horseley
shoots him
through the
brain.

Barton then
offers his
nephew 600l.
to climb up.

He climbs,

but Horseley
shoots him
dead.

¹ Gordon.—P. and *Rel.*

² That aye wast.—*Rel.*

³ I will give thee three hundred
markes.—*Rel.*

⁴ beames.—P.

⁵ For the next four lines, Percy,
without notice, takes (and alters) the
printed copy :

Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,

“ Horseley see thou be true in stead ;
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny
 bread’th.—*Rel.* ii. 188.

⁶ swarned, i.e. climbed, a word still
used in Shropshire [? all over England.
—F.] in this sense.—P. Then Gordon
swarvd.—*Rel.* MS. may be *swarued*.—F.

⁷ He swarved it.—*Rel.*

⁸ But Horseley.—*Rel.*

⁹ See *Adam Bell &c.*, p. 98, l. 601. The
bearing arrow was a broad one, l. 223 below.

I suspect the word means only well-
feathered for far shooting, like a ‘good
carrying cartridge.’—F.

¹⁰ Gordon.—P. and *Rel.*

¹¹ downe to.—*Rel.*

¹² sore his deadlye wounde.—*Rel.*

¹³ Gordon.—P. How that the Gordon.
—*Rel.*

¹⁴ Hamilton.—P. Hambilton.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ mo.—P. my only sisters sonne.—
Rel.

¹⁶ thee six hundred pounds.—P.

¹⁷ wilt to my Top-castle go. Printed
Copy.—P.

If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.
 —*Rel.*

¹⁸ He swarved it with nimble art.—
Rel.

¹⁹ But Horseley with a.—*Rel.*

²⁰ yeoman.—P. Pierced the Hambil-
ton thorough the heart.—*Rel.*

- ¹ *that* ² hee fell downe to the haches againe ³ :
 sore of his wound *that* ⁴ hee did bleed.
 itt is verry true, as the welchman sayd,
 228 couetousness getts no gaine.⁵
 but when hee saw his sisters sonne ⁶ slaine,
 Lord ! in his heart hee was not well.
 “goe ffeitch me downe ⁷ my armour of proue,⁸
 232 ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.⁹
 “goe ¹⁰ ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe, [page 434]
 for itt is gilded ¹¹ with gold soe cleere.
 god be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton !
 236 amongst ¹² the Portingalls hee did itt weare.¹³ ”
 but when hee had his ¹⁴ armour of prooffe,
¹⁵ & on his body hee had itt on,
 euery man *that* looked att him
 240 sayd, “gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none !”
 “come hither, Horsley !” sayes my Lord HAWARD,¹⁶
 “& looke ¹⁷ your shaft *that* itt goe right ;
 shoot a good shoote in the time ¹⁸ of need,
 244 & ffor thy shooting ¹⁹ thoust be made a Knight.”
 Horsley “Ile doo my best,” sayes²⁰ Horslay then,
 “your honor shall see beffore I goe ²¹ ;

¹ For the next six lines the *Reliques* have :

And downe he fell upon the deck,
 That with his blood did streame
 amaine :

Then every Scott cryed, Well-away !

Alas a comelye youth is slaine !

All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,

With grieve and rage his heart did
 swell.—F.

² And.—P.

³ MS. agaime.—F. ⁴ then.—P.

⁵ Covetousness brings nothing home.
 Ray : ed. Bohn, p. 81.—F.

⁶ nephew.—P.

⁷ forth.—*Rel.* ⁸ proof.—P. and *Rel.*

⁹ top-mast mysel.—P. topcastle my-
 sel.—*Rel.*

¹⁰ MS. pared away.—F.

¹¹ gilt.—P. That gilded is.—*Rel.*

¹² Against.—*Rel.*

¹³ ware.—P. hee it ware.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ on this.—*Rel.*

¹⁵ Percy has a bit of his own for the
 next three lines :

He was a gallant sight to see.

Ah ! nere didst thou meet with living
 wight,

My deere brother, could cope with
 thee.—*Rel.* ii. 190.

¹⁶ my lord.—*Rel.*

¹⁷ looke to.—*Rel.*

¹⁸ in time.—*Rel.*

¹⁹ it.—P. it thou shalt.—*Rel.*

²⁰ quoth.—*Rel.*

²¹ see, with might and maine.—*Rel.*

- if I shold be hanged att your mainemast,¹
 248 I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.² ” has only two
arrows left :
- ³ but att Sir ANDREW hee shott then ;
 hee made sure⁴ to hitt his marke ;
 vnder the spole⁵ of his right arme with one he
shoots
Barton
through the
heart,
- 252 hee smote Sir ANDREW quite throw the hart.
 yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,
 but hee clinged to itt with might & maine.
 vnder the collar then of his Iacke,⁶ and with the
other,
through the
brain.
- 256 he stroke Sir ANDREW thorow the braine.
- “ fight on my men,” sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,⁷ Barton tells
his men
 “ I am⁸ hurt, but I am⁹ not slaine ;
 Ile lay mee¹⁰ downe & bleed a-while,
 260 & then Ile rise & ffight againe.¹¹
 ffight on my men,” sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,¹²
 “ these English doggs they bite soe lowe ;¹³
¹⁴ ffight on ffor Scotland & Saint ANDREW
 264 till¹⁵ you heare my whistle blowe ! ” to fight on
till
they hear his
whistle.
- but when thé cold not heare his whistle blow,
 sayes HARRY HUNT, “ Ile lay my head
 you may bord yonder noble shipp, my Lord,
 268 for I know Sir ANDREW hee is dead.”¹⁶ No whistle
sounds.

¹ But if I were hanged at your maine-
mast tree.—*Rel.*

² I have now left but arrowes twaine.
—*Rel.*

³ For this stanza Percy has the follow-
ing, altered from the printed copy:

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
 With right good will he swarved then:
 Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horselye spyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
 Under the spole of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

⁴ right [sure].—P.

⁵ Fr. *espaule*, a shoulder.—Cotgrave.

⁶ leather tunic over the armour. See
Fairholt, on *Jacket*.—F.

⁷ Sir And^w. says.—P. Sir Andrew
sayes.—*Rel.*

⁸ a little I'm hurt.—Pr. Copy, P., and
Rel.

⁹ but yett.—*Rel.* ¹⁰ but lye.—*Rel.*

¹¹ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

¹² Sir And^w says.—P. Sir Andrew
sayes.—*Rel.*

¹³ and never flincho before the foe.—*Rel.*

¹⁴ But stand fast by St. Andrew's Cross.
—P. Copy, P., and *Rel.* with *And* for
But.—F.

¹⁵ Until.—P.

¹⁶ They never heard his whistle blow,
 Which made their hearts waxe
 sore adread:

Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
Rel. (altered from printed copy).—F.

Howard and
Hunt
board
Barton's
ship.

with *that* they borted this ¹ noble shipp,
soe did they itt ² with might & maine;
thé ffound 18 score Scotts aline,³
272 besids the rest were maimed & ⁴ slaine.

Howard cuts
off Barton's
head,

My Lord ⁵ Haward tooke a sword in his hand,⁶
& smote⁷ of ⁸ Sir ANDREWS head.

the Scotts stood by, did weepe & mourne,
276 but neuer a word durst speake or say.⁹

has his
body thrown
overboard,

he caused his body to be taken downe,¹⁰
& ouer the hatch-bord cast ¹¹ into the sea,
& about his middle 300 crownes:
280 "wheresocuer thou lands, itt ¹² will bury thee."

and sails to
England,

¹³ with his head they sayled into England againe
with right good will, & fforce & meanye,¹⁴

¹ they boarded then [his].—P. and
Rel.

² They boarded it.—*Rel.*

³ Eighteen score Scotts alive they
found.—*Rel.*

⁴ The rest were either maimd or.—*Rel.*

⁵ Lord.—*Rel.* ⁶ in hand.—*Rel.*

⁷ [insert] ther.—P.

⁸ And off he smote.—*Rel.*

⁹ they spake or said.—P.

I must ha' left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.—

Rel. (from printed copy, altered.)—F.

¹⁰ to be cast.—*Rel.*

¹¹ *Rel.* omits & and cast.—F.

¹² Wherever thou land this.—*Rel.*

¹³ For the next four stanzas, Percy has
these four from his own head, the printed
copy, and the folio:

Thus from the warres lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled on the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,

And sealed it with seale and ring:

"Such a noble prize have I brought to
your grace,

As never did subject to a king.

Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;

A braver shipp was never none:

Nowe hath your grace two shippes of
warre,

Before in England was but one."

King Henryes grace with royall cheere,

Welcomed the noble Howard home,

And where, said he, is this rover stout:

That I myselfe may give the doome?

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,

Full many a fadom in the sea; [Percy]

If he were alive, as he is dead,

I must ha' left England many a day:

And your grace may thank four men i
the ship

For the victory wee have wonne,

These are William Horseley, Henry

Hunt,

And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,

In lieu of what was from thee tane,

A noble a day thou shalt have,

With Sir Andrewes jewels and his
chayne."

And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,

And lands and livings shalt have
store;

Howard shall be earl Surrye hight,

As Howards erst have beene before.

—*Rel.* ii. 192-3.

¹⁴ main.—P.

& the day beffore Newyeeres euen
 4 & into Thames mouth againe they came.¹
 My Lord HAWARD wrote to King HENERYES grace,
 with all the newes hee cold him bring :
 “such a newyeeres giff I haue² brought to your
 gr[ace],
 8 as neuer did subiect to any³ King.

which he
 reaches on
 December
 30.
 Lord
 Howard
 writes to
 Henry VIII.
 that he has a
 grand new-
 year's gift
 for him.

“ffor Merchandyes & Manhood,
 the like is nott to be ffound ;
 the sight of these wold doe you good,
 2 ffor you haue not the Like in your English ground.”
 but when hee heard tell *that* they were come,
 full royally hee welcomed them home :
 Sir ANDREWS shipp was the Kings Newyeeres guift ;
 6 a brauer shipp you neuer saw none.

Henry is
 delighted to
 find that it's
 Barton's
 ship,

Now hath our King Sir ANDREWS shipp
 besett with pearles and precyous stones ;
 Now hath England 2 shippes of warr,
 0 2 shippes of warr, before but one.

all over
 pearls.
 The King
 has now two
 ships of war.

“who holpe to this ? ” sayes King HENERYE,
 “*that* I may reward him ffor his paine.⁴”
 “HARRY HUNT & PEETER SIMON,
 4 WILLIAM HORSELEAY, & I THE SAME.”

He gives
 Hunt
 Barton's

“HARRY HUNT shall haue his whistle & chaine, [page 495] jewels &c.
 & all his Iewells, whatsoener they bee,
 & other rich gifts *that* I will not name,
 8 for his good service he hath done⁵ mee.

HORSLAY, right thoust be a Knight ;
 Lands & liuings thou shalt haue store.
 Howard shalbe Erle of Nottingham,
 2 & soe was neuer HAWARD before.

makes
 Horseley a
 knight,
 Howard
 Earl of
 Notting-
 ham,

¹ they came again.—P.

² a noble prize haue I.—*Rel.*

³ a.—*Rel.*

⁴ MS. paimo.—F.

⁵ [insert] to.—P.

and gives
Simon and
his son

500l.

“ Now Peeter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee & thy sonne,
thou shalt haue 500^l all in gold

316 ffor the good service *that* thou hast done.¹”

then King HENERYE shifted his roome ;

The Queen
comes

in came the Queene & ladyes bright ;
other arrands they had none

to see
Barton's

320 but to see Sir ANDREW BARTTON, Knight.

face.

but when they see his deadly fface,
his eyes were ² hollow in his head,

The King
wishes he
were
alive again,

324 “ I wold giue a 100^l,” sais King HENERYE,

“ the ³ man were alieue as hee is dead !
yett ffor the manfull part *that* hee hath playd ⁴
both heere & ⁵ beyond the sea ⁶

and sends
his men
back to
Scotland.

328 his men shall haue halfe a crowne⁷ a day
to bring them to my brother King LAMYE.⁸” ffinis.

¹ And the men shall have five hundred
markes
For the good service they have done.—
Rel. ; which has for the next four lines :
Then in came the queene with ladyes
fair

To see Sir Androwe Barton knight :
They weend that hee were brought on
shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant
sight.

² see.—*Rel.*

³ This.—*Rel.*

⁴ part he playd.—*Rel.*

⁵ [insert] eke.—P.

⁶ Which fought see well with heart
and hand.—*Rel.*

⁷ tweluepence.—*Rel.*

⁸ Till they come to my brother king's
high land.—*Rel.* Oh, this restless itch
of alteration!—F.

The : Sillye Siluan:

THE sorrows of a lover" is the gist of this piece. The man protests that he is scorched with the flame of love, and that he will be altogether consumed by it, if his lady will not put forth strength and pluck him like a brand from the burning. His only remedy to such a service is that he loves her. He hopes she may be induced to reflect his love.

Fire warms to life; it also burns to death; as the simpleton was found, who was consumed by the flames in which he had found pleasure. And so it is with love.

LIKE: to the sillye Siluan

burnt by the ffire he liked,

I scor[c]hed am with cupidds ffery ffame,

4 wherin I became ¹ delighted.

grant then, o grant, my desire to allay,

lest *that* I ruined bee ;

& godd[e]sse like, sane mee !

8 [By] Loue ² my liffe I maintaine ;

death by hatred I gaine :

you ³ the Murthresse, if slaine I bee.

Then hand in hand lett pittye

2 with bewtye March entwined ⁴ ;

harmonious paire, if soe linked they were,

how delightffull in thee combined !

ffairest of all *that* the sun doth survay,

6 lett gracyousnesse take place ;

I'm scorched
with Cupid's
flame !

Then, love,

save me !

Let Pity join
with thy
Beauty.

¹ MS. became.—F.

² By your Love.—P.

³ you are.—P.

⁴ entwined.—P.

Be not too
coy:

O be not to coye ¹!

Thou art an Angell, if a ffreind;
if an enemye, a ffeend.

pity me!

20

then to pittye condisceind, I pray!

ffaine wold I *that* my desires
on her might haue refflectyon.

Love your
lover again.

24

Loue loued againe; itt is my only ² aime
to be answered with true affectyon.

Loue is attended with many a plesure
to thee vnknowene as yett.

mee ³ to those ⁴ Ioyes admitte!

Grant me
love's
rights,

28

crowne me with those loues rights,
with those precyous delights,

now the time
is so fit.

whiles the time *that* vs invites if itt is fitte.⁵ **fin**

¹ too coye.—P.

² it is my only.—P.

³ MS. meete.—F.

⁴ mee then to those.—P.

⁵ *that* invites us is so fit.—P.

Patient Grissell : ¹

THIS is a later version of the story which seems to have been first told in English by Chaucer, who derived it from Boccaccio, who derived it perhaps from Petrarch, who derived it from some floating tradition. There were current in the Middle Ages numberless tales and songs abusive of women. This sorry literature sprung probably from the monks, who, whatever their practice may have been, were ready enough to clamour that women's society was by all means to be avoided and detested—that women were everything bad and abominable. One would think that Eve had tempted the serpent, not the serpent Eve. And there arisen no authors of broader and truer experiences than these cloistered libellers, the very acrimony of their slanders would have sufficed to excite a literature reactionary and protesting. Certainly such a literature grew and flourished. Women and their advocates. In the fields of poetry as well as of ornament and war they found their knights, who did battle bravely for them. Men rose up and called them blessed, and set ignorant scandal-mongers to shame. The *Nut Brown Maid* was written especially to gainsay those who accused them of perpetual inconstancy; *Patient Grissell* to rebuke those who pronounced them ever shrews. *Griselda* is essentially a reactionary story; else, the patience of the heroine is too extreme to be tolerated, she is tame to excess, she is characterless. If we remember how incessantly the shrewishness of women, their obstinacy, their rouseness were asserted and proclaimed, then we shall understand why *Griselda's* patience is represented as so extreme and

¹ In the printed Collection of Old Plays, 1727, Vol 3. p. 252.—P. "To the tune of *The Bride's Good-morrow &c.*"

ib.—F. vid. Boccaccio—Chaucer (*pencil note*).

invincible, why the roughest, cruellest, shamefullest wrongs cannot ruffle it. The story does not contemplate the virtue it celebrates in reference to other virtues. It does not concern itself with these; in its devotion to its one object, it may even outrage some of these. Its aim and purpose is to picture patience in a woman. This picture it paints surely with surpassing success. Is there any more moving picture of meekness in any secular literature? Griselda bears the grievous burdens laid upon her shoulders with a quiet uncomplaining spirit. No angry cries, no burning reproaches escape from the lips of this most gentle lady. And yet, if ever any tongue might grow shrewish and curst, assuredly hers might grow so. But in meekness she possesses her soul. Bereft of her children, cast off by her husband, the tenderest fibres of her soul thus rudely torn and broken, she cannot but weep somewhat. "The tears stood in her eyes." But

She nothing answered, no words of discontent
Did from her lips arise.

And when ready to "part away,"

"God send long life unto my lord," quoth she.
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my lord a parting kiss."

The following version of the story is found elsewhere—in an old chap-book, dated 1619, from which it has been reprinted by the Percy Society in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, and in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1727.

"Two plays upon the subject," observes Professor Child in the Introduction to his copy of *Patient Grissel*, "are known to have been written, one of which (by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton) has been printed by the Shakespeare Society, while the other, an older production of the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, is lost. About the middle of the sixteenth century (1565) a *Song of Patient Grissell* is entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a prose history the same year." License is given to "Owyn Rogers" "for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the sounge of pacyente Gressell unto hyr make."

The poem given by Percy in the *Reliques*, called *The Patient Countess*, an extract from Warner's *Albion's England*, represents rather tact and management than patience in the wife of an unfaithful (not a tempting and assaying) husband. "The subject of this tale," says the Bishop, "is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus intitled *Uxor μεμψύγαμος* sive *Conjugium*; which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence in his little *Miscellaneous Publication* intitled '*Moralities &c.* by Sir Harry Beaumont, 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.' " "Jam si molestum non erat," says Eulalia, one of the interlocutors in that dialogue, "referam tibi quiddam de marito commoditate uxoris correcto; quod nuper accidit in hac ipsâ civitate." "Nihil est quod agam," rejoins Xantippe, whose name indicates her views as to how husbands should be dealt with, "et perquam grata mihi est tua confabulatio." "Est vir quidam," proceeds her more discreet friend, and relates the tale versified by Warner. Xantippe does not appreciate the forbearance shown by the wronged lady of the story. "O matronam nimium bonam! Ego citius pro lecto substravissem illi fasciculum urticarum ac tribulorum." The Patient Countess then is other than our Griselda.

Griselda became a proverb of patience. Scarcely has the patience of Job been more widely heard of than hers. Butler (*Hudibras*, part i. cant. ii.) speaks of

Words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.

A : noble Marquesse, as hee did ryde on ¹ huntinge
hard by a fforrest syde,
a proper maid,² as shce did sitt a spinninge,
4 his gentle eye espyde.

A Marquis
out hunting

spies a
lovely maid,

¹ a.—O.B.

² fair and comely Maiden.—O.B.

Most faire & louely, & of comely ¹ grace, was shee,
 although in simple attire;
 singing. shee sung full sweet ² with pleasant voice melodious-
 lyee,
 His heart is 8 which sett the Lords hart on fire.
 on fire,
 the more he looket, the more hee might;
 bewtye bred ³ his harts delight;
 & to this dainty ⁴ damsell then [hee went.] ⁵
 and he 12 "God speed," quoth hee, "thou famous flower, [p. 496]
 accouts the maiden.
 faire Mistress of this homely bower
 where louee & vertue liues ⁶ with sweet content!"

She 16 with comely lecture & modest fine ⁷ behaniour
 welcomes him
 shee bade ⁸ him welcome; then
 modestly.
 shee entertained him in faithfull frendly man[ner]
 & all his gentlemen.

The Marquis 20 the Noble Marquesse in his hart felt such a flame,
 which sett his sences att striffe;
 asks her 20 quoth hee, "faire mayd,⁹ show me soone what is thine ¹⁰
 name; he
 means to [name;]
 marry her. I meane to make thee my wiffe."
 "Grissell is my name," quoth shee,
 "Grissell is my name. 24 "farr vnfit for your degree:
 I'm quite
 unfit for
 you."
 a silly mayden, & of parents poore."
 He urges his 24 "nay, Grissell! thou art rich," he sayd;
 suit;
 "a virtuous, faire, & comelye mayde!
 28 grant me thy loue, & I will aske no more."

she consents, Att Lenght shee Consented, & being both contented,
 they marry, they married were with speed.
 she is clad 32 her country russett was changed to silke & veluett,
 in silk
 velvet, as to her state agreed;

¹ a comely.—O.B.² most sweetly.—O.B.³ was.—O.B.⁴ O.B. omits *dainty*.—F.⁵ Strait the Noble went.—O.B.⁶ Dwells.—O.B.⁷ O.B. omits *fine*.—F.⁸ bids.—O.B.⁹ Maiden.—F.¹⁰ thy name.—P. & O.B.

- & when *that* shee was trimly tyred in the same,
her bewtye shined most bright,
ffarr stainninge euery other braue & comelye ¹ dam[e]
36 *that* did appeare in her sight.² and looks
many envyed her therfore, lovelier than
because shee was of parents poore, anyone else.
& twixt her Lord & shee great striffe did raise. People envy
40 some said this, & some said that, her,
& some did call her beggars bratt, call her
& to her Lord they wold her oft dispraise : beggar's
brat,
“O noble Marquesse” (quoth they) “why doe you ³
wrong vs, and
44 thus baselye ffor to wedd, reproach the
that ⁴ might haue gotten an honourable ⁵ Ladye Marquis
into your princely bed ? with having
who will not now your noble issue still ⁶ deryde, married a
48 *which* heerafter shall ⁷ be borne, base-born
that are of blood soe base on ⁸ the Mothers syde, girl ;
the *which* will bring them in scorne. his children
put her therfore quite away ; will be
52 take ⁹ to you a Ladye gay, scorned.
wherby your Linage may renowned bee : ” He should
thus euery day thé seemed to ¹⁰ prate put her
that malliced ¹¹ GRISSELLS good estate, away,
56 who tooke all this most mild & patyentlye.¹² and marry a
Lady.
when ¹³ the Marquesse see ¹⁴ *that* ¹⁵ they were bent thus The Marquis
against his ffaithffull ¹⁶ wiffe, loves her
who ¹⁷ most dearlye, tenderlye, & entirlye, as his life,
60 he loued ¹⁸ as his liffe ; but thinks
to prove her,

¹ Fair and Princely.—O.B.² O.B. omits this line.—F.³ didst thou.—O.B.⁴ Who.—O.B.⁵ hom^{ly} in the MS.—F.⁶ now.—O.B.⁷ shall hereafter.—O.B.⁸ base Born by.—O.B.⁹ And take.—O.B.¹⁰ they did.—O.B. ¹¹ envy'd.—O.B.¹² Who all this while Took it most
patiently.—O.B.¹³ When that.—O.B.¹⁴ Did see.—O.B.¹⁵ O.B. omits *that*.—F.¹⁶ lawful.—O.B.¹⁷ Whom he.—O.B.¹⁸ Beloved.—O.B.

and seems
cruel,
that men
may pity
her.

64

Minding ¹ in secrett for to proue ² her patyent hart,
therby her ffoes ³ to disgrace,
thinking to play ⁴ a hard discourteous part
that men might pittye her case ;—
great with child this ⁵ Ladye was ;
& att lenght ⁶ itt came to passe,

She gives
birth to
twins,
a boy and
girl.

68

2 goodlye children att one birth shee had,
a sonne & daughter god had sent,
which did their ffather ⁷ well content,
& which did make their mothers ⁸ hart full glad.

A grand
christening
feast
is held for
six weeks,

72

Great Ioy & ⁹ ffeasting was att the ¹⁰ childrens christ-
enin[g,]
& princely triumph made.
6 weekes together all nobles *that* came thither
were entertained, and stayd.
& when *that* all these plasant sporttings ¹¹ quite were ¹²
done,

and then
the Marquis
sends a
messenger to
fetch the
twins
to be
murdered.

76

the Marquesse a Messenger sent
ffor his young daughter & his pretty smiling so[ne,]
declaring his ffull entent,
how *that* they ¹³ babes must murdered bee,—
for soe the Marquess did decree :

80

“ come, lett me haue thy ¹⁴ children,” then hee say[d].

Grissell
weeps,
but says her
lord must be
obeyed.

84

with *that*, faire Grissell wept ffull sore,
shee wrong her hands, & sayd no more :
“ My ¹⁵ gracyous Lord must haue his will obeyd.”

[page 497]

Shee tooke the babyes ¹⁶ ffrom ¹⁷ the nursing Ladyes
betweene her tender armes ;

She kisses
her babes,

88

shee often wishes with many sorrowffull kisses
that shee might helpe ¹⁸ their harmes :

¹ Meaning.—O.B.

² try.—O.B.

¹⁰ these.—O.B.

³ his Foes for.—O.B.

¹¹ the pleasant Sporting.—O.B.

⁴ shew her.—O.B.

¹² was.—O.B.

¹³ How the.—O.B.

⁵ the.—O.B.

¹⁴ The.—O.B.

⁶ at the last.—O.B.

¹⁵ But my.—O.B.

⁷ Mother.—O.B.

¹⁶ the Babes.—O.B.

⁸ Father's.—O.B.

⁹ Royal.—O.B.

¹⁷ Even from.—O.B.

¹⁸ ease.—O.B.

- "ffarwell, ffarwell 1000 times, my children deere !
 neere¹ shall I see you againe !
 tis long of me, your sad and wofull mother heere,
 2 for whose sake you² must be slaine.
 had I beene borne of royall race,
 you might haue lined in happy case,
 but you must dye for my vnworthynesse !
 6 come, messenger of death," sayd³ shee,
 "take my despised⁴ babes ffrom mee,⁵
 & to their ffather my complaints expresse !"

 Hee tooke the children ; vnto⁶ his Noble Master
 10 he brought⁷ them both⁸ with speed,
 who⁹ secrett sent them vnto a noble Ladye
 to bee brought vp indeed.
 then to ffaire Grissell with a heany hart hee goes
 14 where shee sate myldlye alone.¹⁰
 a pleasant gesture & a louelye looke shee showes,
 as if greeffe¹¹ shee had neuer¹² knone.
 quoth hee, "my children now are slaine :
 18 what thinkes ffaire Grissell of the same ?
 sweet Grissell, now declare thy mind to mee."
 "sith you, my Lord, are pleased with itt,
 poore GRISSELL thinkes the actyon¹³ fitt.
 12 both I and mine att your comand wilbee."

 "My Nobles¹⁴ murmure, ffaire Girssell, at thy honour,
 & I noe Ioy Can haue
 till thou be banisht both ffrom my court & presence,
 16 as they vniustly craue.

bids them
farewell,

tells them
they're to
die

because she's
of low blood,

and bids the
messenger

repeat her
plaints to
her husband.

He takes
them
to the
Marquis,
who sends
them to a
lady to be
brought up,
and then he
goes
to Grissell

(who
receives him
pleasantly),

says the
children are
slain ;
what does
she think of
it ?
"If it
pleases you,
I think it
right."

Then he tells
her that, to
please his
nobles, she's
to be sent
away

¹ Never.—O.B.

² both.—O.B.

³ quoth.—O.B.

⁴ dearest.—O.B.

⁵ to thee.—O.B.

⁶ And to.—O.B.

⁷ bore.—O.B.

⁸ thence.—O.B.

⁹ Who in.—O.B.

¹⁰ all alone.—O.B.

¹¹ no Grief.—O.B.

¹² O.B. omits *neuer*.—F.

¹³ this.—O.B.

¹⁴ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

in her plain
grey frock,

thou must be stript out of thy ¹ garments all,
& as thou camest vnto ² mee,
in homely gray, instead of bisse ³ & purest pall,
120 now all thy clothing must bee.

and be his
wife no
more.

My Lady thou shalt ⁴ be no more,
nor I thy Lord, which greenes me sore.
the poorest liffe must now content thy mind ;
124 a groate to thee I may ⁵ not giue
to maintaine thee ⁶ while I live ⁷ :
against my Grissell such great ffoes I find."

The tears
come to
her eyes,
but she says
nothing,

When gentle Grissell had hard this ⁸ wofull tydings,
128 the teares stood in her eyes.
she nothing ⁹ answered, no words of disconte[nt]-
ment ¹⁰

takes off her
velvet gown,

did ffrom her lipps arrise ;
her veluett gowne most pitteouslye shee slipped of,¹¹
132 her kirtle of silke with the same.

puts on her
russet one,

her russett gowne was browght againe with many a
scoffe :

to bere ¹² them all,¹³ her selfe shee did fframe.
when shee was drest in this array,
136 and readye was ¹⁴ to part ¹⁵ away,
"god send long live vnto my Lord!" quoth shee,
"Let no Offence be ffound in this,
to giue my Lord a parting kisse."

kisses her
husband,

140 with wattered ¹⁶ eyes, "ffarwell, my deare!" quoth
hee.¹⁷

¹ Of thy brave.—O.B.

² to.—O.B.

³ Byssus, Lat.—Pencil note. Silk.
O.B.

⁴ must.—O.B.

⁵ dare.—O.B.

⁶ Thee to maintain.—O.B.

⁷ I do live.—O.B.

⁸ Did hear these.—O.B.

⁹ Nothing she.—O.B.

¹⁰ Discontent.—O.B.

¹¹ patiently she stripped off.—O.B.

¹² hear.—O.B.

¹³ O.B. omits.—F.

¹⁴ for.—O.B.

¹⁵ pass.—O.B.

¹⁶ watry.—O.B.

¹⁷ said she.—O.B.

- ffrom statelye ¹ pallace, vnto her ffathers cottage
 poore Grissell now ² is gone.
 ffull 15 winters shee lined there contented ;
 144 no wrong shee thought vpon ;
 & att *that* ³ time through all the Land the Speeches
 went,
 the Marquesse shold marryed bee
 vnto a Ladye great ⁴ of hye discent ;
 148 & to the same all partyes did ⁵ agree.
 the Marquesse sent ffor Grissell ffaire
 the bryds bedchamber to prepare,
that nothing therin shold ⁶ bee ffound awrye.
 152 the bryde was withe her brother come,
 which was great Ioy to all & some :
 & ⁷ Grissell tooke all this most patyentlye.
 And in the Morning when *that* ⁸ they shold be weded, [page 498]
 156 her patyence now ⁹ was tryde :
 Gr[i]ssell was chargd, her-selfe in princely ¹⁰ mannour
 ffor to attyre the bryde. and dress her
 for her
 wedding.
- most willingly shee gaue consent vnto ¹¹ the sam[e :]
 160 the bryde in her ¹² brauery was drest,
 & presentlye the noble Marquesse thither came
 with all his Lords att his request :
 “ O Grissell, I wold ¹³ aske of thee
 164 if thou wold to this match ¹⁴ agree ;
 methinkes thy lookes are waxen ¹⁵ wonderous coy.”
 with *that* they all began to smile,
 & Grissell shee replyes ¹⁶ the while,
 168 “ god send Lord Marquesse many yeeres of Ioy ! ” She wishes
 him many
 happy years.

¹ Princely.—O.B.² she.—O.B.³ this.—O.B.⁴ Noble Lady.—O.B.⁵ O.B. omits *did*.—F.⁶ Might.—O.B.⁷ But.—O.B.⁸ as.—O.B.⁹ there.—O.B.¹⁰ friendly.—O.B.¹¹ to do.—O.B.¹² O.B. omits *her*.—F.¹³ will.—O.B.¹⁴ If to this Match thou wilt.—O.B.¹⁵ waxed.--O.B.¹⁶ reply'd.--O.B.

The Marquis The Marquesse was moued to see his best beloued
thus patyent in distresse ;
steps to her he stept vnto her, & by the hand he tooke her ;
and says, 172 these words he did expresse :
“ You are “ thou art the ¹ bryde, & all the brydes I meane to
my only haue !
bride :
these are these 2 thine owne children bee ! ”—
your the youthfull [Lady] ² on her knees did blessing craue ;
children. 176 her brother as willing ³ as shee ;—
You who “ & you *that* enuye her estate
envied her,
blush for whom I haue made my louing ⁴ mate,
shame !
Now blush ffor shame, & honour vertuous life !
Fame shall 180 the chronicles of Lasting ffame
euermore shall euermore extoll the name
praise of patyent Grissell, my most patyent ⁵ wiffe ! ”
Patient ff[inis.]
Grissell.”

1 my.—O.B.

* youthful Lady.—O.B.

well.—O.B.

⁴ chosen.—O.B.

⁸ constant.—O.B.

Scroope & Browne :

s piece was manifestly written by a professional hand. orous and tragic incidents which now form the subjects of newspaper paragraphs were in old pre-public-press day reported, h such graceful varieties of narrative as might seem expedient, vagrant versifiers. The ballad-writer of James I.'s time per- ned the functions of the penny-a-liner of our day. Some h grievous duel as that described in the following piece may bably enough have been fought not far from the Tweed early he seventeenth century, and this be the ryming news-monger's ount of it. There is a certain reality about the narration, ch cannot be attributed to the art of the narrator. It is lently an event that actually transpired which he celebrates.

artistic merit is sufficiently indicated by the morals he ends to his story. He belongs to the *Οὔτος ἵππος* school.

<p>IN: Barwicke Low,¹ as late beffell, a great mishap happened therin wold peaine ² a stonye hart to tell: 4 the great discourse that did begin</p> <p>Betwixt 2 youthes of gentle blood. as they were walking all alone, they wrought their wills as they thought good, 8 which made their ffreinds to waile & mone.</p> <p>The one hight Scroope, as I heard tell, the other browne, as I hard say: betwixt these 2 itt soe beffell, 12 that hand to hand thé made affray.</p>	<p>At Berwick a sad mishap befell</p> <p>between two well-born youths,</p> <p>Scroope and Browne.</p>
---	--

¹ ? Berwick Low, a hill near Berwick.—H.

² Qu. MS.—F.

- Scroope
taunted
Browne
with not
daring to
fight him.
- 16 Saith Scroope to Browne, "what dost thou meane
to come all naked¹ thus to mee?
itt meaneth sure, by thy comming,
thou wilt not flight, but rather flee."
- Browne
retorted;
- 20 Quoth Browne, "my weapons are att hand,
as to thy paine shall soone bee seene;
ffor while *that* I may goe or stand,
one ffoote to ffly I doe not meane."
- they drew
their
swords,
and fought
- 24 They drew fforth their swords anon,
they ffought together manffullye,
they² bright blades in the sun shone,—
O Lord, itt was great Ioy to see!—
- manfully,
till Scroope
- 28 They Laid on strokes *that* were soe strong,
they ffought together manffullye.
att Lenght Scroope [pressed]³ vnto Browne,
[&] with his sword ffull Egarlye
- hit Browne
a cruel out
in the leg,
- 32 Hee hitt Browne on the legg, god wott,
hee cutt him vaines 2 or 3;
a man might haue seene where *that* stroke bo[te;]
O Lord, itt pearced him cruelly!
- and called
on him to
yield.
Browne
would not;
they fought
again;
- 36 They tooke their breath, & still they stoode:
Quoth Scroope, "thou Browne, yeelde thee to mee!"
[on] *which*, Browne waxing neere hand wood,
together ffearfullye they cold flee.
- and Browne
killed
Scroope.
- 40 They Lady came runinge apace:
Browne cast vp his head & did her see;
with that hee cut Scroope in the fface;
[the sword to the brain went through his ee.⁴]

¹ naked = unarmed. So *nudus* in
"In maximo metu *nudum* et *cæcum*
corpus ad hostes vorlere."—Sall. *Jug.* 107
and elsewhere, and *γυμνός* in Hom. *Il.*
xvi. 815, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινεν Πάτροκλον γυμνόν

περ ἔδοντ' ἐν δηϊότητι, and elsewhere.—H.

² their.—P.

³ pressed.—Dyce.

⁴ A line of the MS. is pared away.—F.
Alas! it was the more pittye.—P.

“ Out & alas ! ” quoth this gay Ladye,
 “ Browne ! why wouldest thou doe this deede ?
 I loued him better then I loued thee ! ”
 shee kist his wounds as they did bleede.

[page 499]

Browne's
 love
 reproaches
 him.
 She loved
 Scroope best.

“ Ladye,” quoth Browne, “ my owne thou art !
 our trothes together plighted they bee ;
 ffor shame lett this deede neuer be knowne,
 nor neuer show extremitye.”

Browne says
 she has
 plighted her
 troth to him.

“ As ffor our trothes plighting,” shee saith,
 “ is not the thing *that* greeneth mee ;
 but ffor his sake *that* heere is dead,
 taken soone *that* thou shalt bee.”

“ I care not
 for that :

you shall be
 taken up for
 Scroope's
 sake.”

“ O No, No, No, Ladye ! ” he sayes,
 “ if *that* thou wilt thy troth deniye,
 yett ffor his sake *that* heere Lyes ¹ dead,
 taken will I neuer bee.”

“ If you deny
 your troth,

I'll not be
 taken,”
 says Browne,

Hee tooke the sword then by the blade,
 the heauey hilt on ground did Lye ;
 quite through his body a wound hee made,
 & there hee dye[d] beffore her eye.

then runs
 himself
 through the
 body,

and dies.

The flattall end of Scroope & Browne,
 of bothe their ffreinds Lamented was ;
 & eke the crye through Barwicke towne
 was “ wellaway, & out alas ! ”

But of this Ladye, marke the end,
that canser was of deadlye fuyde :
 a swoning trance god did her send
that shee ffell dead vpon the ground.

The Lady

falls down
 dead too.

¹ MS. L.yed.—F.

Ladies, You Ladyes all *that* heere my song,
 & maidens all of Eche degree,
 learn to keep see yee neuer speake word with your tounge,
 secrets ! 72 but keepe itt till the day you dye.

Young men, And young men all *that* heere my song,
 seek for a to seeke true loue doe you not spare ;
 true love : though PIRAMUS be eft ¹ to find,
 it's a rare 76 yett Thisbye is a bird most rare. ffinis.
 bird.

¹ eath.—P. *eft*, quick, ready : Shakspeare, in Halliwell.—F.

[“ *Now ffye on Dreames*,” printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 109,
follows here in the MS. p. 499.]

Kinge Number : ¹

[page 500]

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH tells us ² that after the Trojan war, **Æneas**, flying with his son **Ascanius** from the destruction of Troy, sailed to Italy. There **Ascanius** begat a son named **Sylvius**, and he begat **Brutus**, who at the age of fifteen accidentally killed his father out hunting. Driven from Italy for so heinous a deed, **Brutus** landed in Greece, headed the oppressed Trojans there, took their adversary **Pandrasus** prisoner, married his daughter, and then sailed to the shores of the **Tyrrhenian Sea**, where he found other descendants of Trojans, under the command of **Corineus**. Having together conquered the king of **Aquitaine**, **Brutus** and **Corineus** sailed to the island called **Albion**, then inhabited by none but a few giants, and divided it. **Corineus** chose **Cornwall** (probably called after him) because in it there were more giants than elsewhere, and it was a diversion to him to encounter them. Among others he slew the biggest and most detestable monster **Goëmagot**. **Brutus** took the rest of the island, christened the whole of it **Britain**, after his own name, and built on the **Thames** the city of **New Troy**, afterwards called **Kaer Lud** and then **London**. After **Brutus's** death his three sons shared his kingdom—**Locrin**, the eldest, taking the middle of the island called **Loegria**, of which we hear so often in the **Arthur romances**; **Kamber**, the second son, taking **Kambria**, or **Wales**; and **Albanact**, the youngest, taking **Albania**, or **Scotland**. **Locrin**

¹ A late version of the story told by **Geoffrey of Monmouth** and his Welsh translators, by **Wace** (i. 65–71), **Layamon** (i. 91–106), **Robert of Gloucester** (i. 23–7), **Robert of Brunne** (Inner Temple MS. fol. 13) &c.—**F.** In the printed Col-

lection of **Old Ballads** 1726, Vol. 2. p. 5. N. I.—**P.**

² Book i, Chapters iii–xviii, Book ii, Chapters i–v, **A. Thompson's** translation revised by **Giles** (Bohn, 1848) p. 91–109.—**F.**

was betrothed to Guendolæna, the daughter of Corineus. Then Humber, king of the Huns, invaded Albania, and slew Albanact. Locrin and Kamber routed Humber near the river which now bears his name, and in which he was drowned. In one of Humber's ships Locrin found the lovely Estrildis, of beauty "hardly to be matched. No ivory or new-fallen snow, no lily could exceed the whiteness of her skin." For love of her, Locrin would have broken his troth to Corineus's daughter, but the giant-slayer shook his battle-axe at him, and he thereupon married Guendolæna. But he kept Estrildis in "apartments underground," and begat on her a most beautiful daughter who was named Sabren. In process of time Corineus died, Locrin divorced Guendolæna, and advanced Estrildis to be queen. But "twenty thousand Cornish men would know the reason why," as a modern ballad sings of another event. They met Locrin near the river Sture; he was killed by the shot of an arrow; and Guendolæna became queen. She had Estrildis and her daughter Sabren thrown into the river now called Severn after that daughter; Guendolæna hoping thus to perpetuate Locrin's infamy by his fair girl's name.

Of Geoffrey's story told above, our ballad retells, with variations, the part after Humber's invasion. Sir F. Madden shows in his note in *Layamon* iii. 313 (p. 440, note ¹ here) how by Geoffrey's misreading the name of Estrildis' daughter as *Sabren*, instead of *Avren*, he has transferred the legend of the Avon's christening to the Severn's, so that we have the names of two rivers accounted for by the process so familiar to comparative mythologists, of the invention of stories about men and women to account for existing names of streams and hills, countries and towns. But surely this linking of natural objects with the stories and fates of human beings is a gain to the imagination, the life, of man. A light is on Greece and Judæa, on Norse-land and England too, when the sun is down, and no moon or star can be seen. A glory of legend and history rests for ever on the spots where the deeds they tell of

lone, the sufferings they sing were suffered. And though we
 an people the Severn's course with the wondrous vegetation,
 coral-reef islands and fishful lagoons of the carboniferous
 age, with the gigantic saurians of the trias, and the earliest
 forms of mammal being, yet how did the river acquire to many
 a new life when we read—

The Danube to the *Severn* gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more, (*In Memoriam*, xix.)

we learnt that Tennyson's friend lay on Severn's bank,
 that there from his ashes might be made

The violet of his native land. (*ib.* xviii.)

Though Geoffrey's stories be not true, let us not forget that we
 owe him a debt of gratitude for them.

<p>WHEN Humber in his wrathe-ffull rage King Albanack in feild had slaine, those bloody broyles ffor to asswage, King Locrin then applyed his paine, & with an host of Brittaines stout att Lenght hee ffound King Humber out.</p>	<p>After Humber had slain Albanack,</p>
<p>Att vantage great he mett him then, & with his hoast besett him soe that hee destroyed his warlike men, & HUMBERS power did ouerthrowe; & HUMBER, which ffor feare did flye, leapt into a riuer desperattlye.</p>	<p>Locrin</p> <p>attacked</p> <p>and routed his army,</p> <p>and Humber</p>
<p>And be[i]ng drowned in the deepe, & left a Ladye there a-line, &¹ sadlye did lament and weepe for feare they shold her liffe depriue; but by her fface that was soe ffaire the King was caught in cupidds snare.</p>	<p>drowned himself.</p> <p>Locrin fell in love with a Hunnish lady, Estrilde, and secretly</p>

¹ who.—F.

(to the
sorrow of his
Queen
Guendoline,
by whom he
had a son)

begat a
daughter on
Estrilde.

Humber
then put
away
Guendoline,
(who took
refuge in
Cornwall),

and crowned
Estrilde his
wife.

Hee tooke the Ladye to his loue,
20 & secrettlye ¹ did keepe her still;
soe *that* they Queene did quicklye prone
the King did beare her small good ² will;
although in wedlocke late begun,
24 hee had by her a gallant sonne.

Queene Guendoline was greened in m[i]nde
to see the King was altered soe;
att lenght the cause shee chanct to find,
28 which brought her to much bitter woe.
ffor ESTRILDE was his ioy, god wott,
by whom a daughter hee begott.³

The duke of cornewall being dead,
32 the ffather of *that* gallant queene ⁴;
the King by lust being ouer-ledd,
his lawfull wiffe hee cast of cleane,
who with her deare and tender sonne
36 for succour did to cornewall turne.

Then Locrine crowned Estrild bright,
& made of her his lawfull wiffe;
with her *which* was his harts delight,
40 he thought to lead a pleasant liffe.
thus GUENDOLINE, as once ⁵ fforlorne,
was of her husband held in scorne.

¹ Wace puts her into a deep cellar,
and keeps her there seven years :

Par un, son bon familier,
Fist à Londre faire un cèlier,
Desos terre parfondement ;
Là fu Estril bien longement :
Set ans la tint issi Locrin
Celéement el sostérin.—*Brut*, i. 68-9.

² There is a tag at the end in the MS.
like an s.—F.

³ Tant i ala et conversa
Qu' Estril une fille enfanta.
Abren ot nom, mult par fu clère
Et plus bèle qu' Estril sa mère
Qui mult fu bèle et avenant.
Wace, Romans de Brut, i. 69, l. 1435-9.

(ed. le Roux de Lincy, Paris, 1836).

We have been already assured, at p. 66,
that Estril's match could not then be
found :

mult par fu bèle;
Ne péust, ou nol liu trover
Plus bèle de li, ne sa per.

⁴ He was Corineus, the Trojan chief
who slew the king of the giants, Gog-
gamog, that was, men say, about four and
twenty feet long. *R. Glo'ster*, i. 22. It
should be remembered of England, that
in those days "in this island were
giants; no other people dwelt then."
(*Wace*, i. 51.)—F.

⁵ one, Al. Ed.—P.

But when the cornish men did know
 44 the great abuse ¹ shee did endure,
 with her a number great did goe,
 which shee by prayers did procure.
 in battell ² then they marcht alonge
 48 for to redresse this greenous wronge,

The Cornish
 men resolve
 to avenge
 Guendoline.

And neere a riuer called store ³
 the *King* with all his host shee mett,
 where both the armyes fought full sore,
 52 [but then the qu]eene the feild did gett;
 yett ere they did the conquest ga[i]ne, [page 501]
 the *King* was with an arrow slaine.

They attack
 Locrin,

defeat him,

and kill him.

Then GUENDOLINE did take in hand—
 56 vntill her sonne was come to age—
 the gouer[n]ment of all the Land;
 & *that* great ffury to aswage,
 shee did command he[r]⁴ souldiers wild
 60 to drowne both Estrill & her child.

Guendoline

orders
 Estrilde and
 her girl to
 be drowned.

Incontinent then did they bringe
 ffaire Estrild to the riuers syde,
 & Sabrine, daughter to a Kinge,
 64 whom Guendoline cold not abyde;
 who, being bound together ffast,
 into the riuer they were cast.

Estrilde and
 her daughter
 Sabrine

are cast into
 the river,

¹ A stroke between the *s* and *e* in the
 S.—F. abuse.—P.

² column, military formation.—F.

³ *Lazamon's* account (ed. Madden, i.
 4–5) is:

MS. Cott. Calig. A. ix.
 & heo to gadere comen :
 vppen ane watere.
 þat watere hatte Stoure :
 þat feiht was swiðe sturne.

inne Dorsete :
 Locrin deað þolede.

MS. Cott. Otho, C. viii.
 and hii to gadere comen :
 vppen one watere.
 þat hatte Steure :
 þat fiht was swiðe sturne.
 ine Dorsete :
 Locrin deað þolede.

⁴ her al. id.—P.

which has
since been

called
Severn,
because
Sabrine
was drowned
there.

And euer since *that* runing streame
68 wherin these Ladyes drowned were,
is called SEUERNE throughe the realme,
because *that* Sabrine dyed there.¹
thus ² they *that* did to lewdnesse bend,
72 were brought vnto a wofull end. *ffinis.*

¹ Lazamon (ed. Madden i. 105) says:
þa hehte heo [Gvendoleine] ane heste . .
þat me sculde þat ilke water!
þer Abren was adrunken.
clepien hit Auren!
for þaune mæidene Abren.
& for Locrines lufe!
þe wes hire kine louerd.
þo het 3eo one heste.
þat me solde þat ilk water!
þar Abren was a-dronke.
cleopie hit Auren!
for þan maide Abren.

On this passage Sir F. Madden remarks,
iii. 313:

"Lazamon has here strictly adhered to
the text of Wace, as we find it in the
Cotton MS.

Puis fut l'ewe u ele fut jetée,
Del nom Abren *Avren* apelee;
Avren, ke de Abren son nom prent,
A *Criste-cherche* en mer descent.—f. 28^b

"It is very evident that by Auren or
Avren the river *Avon* is intended, which,
after being joined by the *Stour*, falls into
the sea at Christchurch. So far all is
intelligible enough; but in the printed
text of Wace, for *Criste-cherche* is absurdly

read *Circeastre*, which the editor at once
declares to be Cirencester in Gloucester-
shire, and interprets Avren to be the
Severn. The latter error, however, is of
ancient date, and is found in the text of
Geoffrey, who writes, 'Jubet enim Es-
trildem et filiam ejus Sabren præcipitari
in fluvium qui nunc *Sabris* dicitur.
Unde contigit quod usque in hanc diem
appellatum est flumen Britannica lingua
Sabren [*Havren*], quod per corruptionem
nominis alia lingua Sabrina vocatur,' lib.
ii. c. 5. He is followed in this by the
Welsh translations, by the anonymous
author of the metrical Anglo-Norman
Brut, in MS. Reg. 13 A. xxi. f. 45^b c. 1,
by Robert of Gloucester, vol. i. p. 27, and
by Robert of Brunne:—

Scho did take faire Estrilde,
& Sabren, th^t was hir childe,
& did tham in a water cast,
The name for tham is rotefast.
Seuarne it hate for the child Sabren,
For th^t childe the name we ken.
f. 13^b c. 1."

Ebren is the name of one of the
daughters of Ebroc. (*Wace* i. 76, l.
1696.)—F.

² MS. this.—F.

In the Bayes of Olde.¹

COPIES of this ballad occur in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* (reprinted by the Percy Society), in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, in the *Roxburghe Collection*, in the *Bagford*, in the *Reliques* (from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection intitled "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the King of France's daughter &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet,") in *Ritson's Ancient Songs*, in Child's *English and Scotch Ballads* from the Percy Society reprint of the *Garland of Good Will*.

The story of this ballad (says Percy in his introduction to his "repaired" copy) seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulf King of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulf died, and she returned to France; whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the King's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863. See Rapin, Henault, and the French historians.

This may be the historical basis of the ballad. A strange edifice is built upon it.

Judith was formally married to Ethelwulf, with her father's full consent.

In his return [Ethelwulf's return from his second visit to Rome] (says Lingard), he again visited the French monarch, and after a

¹ In *the* printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1727. Vol. i. p. 182. No. xxiii. —P. There the long lines of our copy are printed in two, and the Ballad is entitled "An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of *England's* Courtship to the King of *France's* Daughter, and how the

Prince was disasterously slain, and the aforesaid Princess was afterwards married to a Forrester." To the tune of *Crimson Velvet*. The Clarendon commas in our text are for the heavy commas of the MS., meant for metrical points or bars.—F.

courtship of three months was married to his daughter Judith, who probably had not reached her twelfth year. The ceremony was performed by Hincmar, Archbishop of Reims. At the conclusion the princess was crowned and seated on a throne by the side of her husband, a distinction which she afterwards claimed, to the great displeasure of the West Saxons.

And on his return homewards (say some texts of the Saxon Chronicle) he took to [wife] the daughter of Charles King of the French, whose name was Judith, and he came home safe. And then in about two years he died, and his body lies at Winchester. (Stevenson's *Church Historians of England*.)

After this period [his second visit to Rome] (says Asser), he returned to his own country, bringing with him as a bride Juditha, daughter of Charles the King of the Franks. . . . He also commanded Judith, the daughter of King Charles, whom he had received from her father, to sit by his side on the royal throne; and this was done without any hostility or objection from his nobles even to the end of his life, in defiance of the perverse custom of that nation. . . . King Æthelwulf, then, lived two years after his return from Rome, during which, among many other useful pursuits of the present life, in the prospect of his going the way of all flesh, that his sons might not engage in unseemly disputes after their father's death, he commanded a will, or rather a letter of instructions, to be written, &c. &c.

After the demise of Ethelwulf, the young widow was married by Ethelbert the son, who immediately succeeded him on the throne.

This incestuous connection (says Lingard) scandalised the people of Wessex; their disapprobation was publicly and loudly expressed; and the King, overawed by the remonstrances of the Bishop of Winchester, consented to a separation. . . .

Judith, unwilling to remain in a country which had witnessed her disgrace, sold her lands, the dower she had received from Ethelwulf, and returned to the court of her father. Charles, who dared not trust the discretion of his daughter, ordered her to be confined within the walls of Senlis, but to be treated at the same time with the respect due to a queen. The cunning of Judith was, however, more than a match for the vigilance of her guards. By the connivance of her brother she eloped in disguise with Baldwin, great forester of France, and the fugitives were soon beyond the reach of royal resent-

ment. The King prevailed on his bishops to excommunicate Baldwin for having forcibly carried off a widow, but the Pope disapproved of the sentence, and at his entreaty Charles gave a reluctant consent to their marriage, though neither he nor Archbishop Hincmar could be induced to assist at the ceremony. They lived in great magnificence in Flanders, the earldom of which was bestowed on them by the King; and from their union descended Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, who gave to England a long race of sovereigns.

See Palgrave's *History of Normandy*.

The first part of the poem then—that containing the dismal end of the English prince—is purely fictitious. The marriage brought about in the latter part, and the reconciliation at last effected between the French King and his daughter, are historical facts.

The metre is notable. The piece was sung, as we have seen, to the tune of Crimson Velvet. Could it have given the name originally to that tune? The Queen is described in v. iii, when she is awaiting the coming of the King her father, as “richly clad in fair crimson velvet.” This tune, says Mr. Collier, in his *Roxburghe Ballads*, was “highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.” “Amongst the ballads that were sung to it,” adds Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, “is ‘The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary, for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whose absence she fell sick and died’—and ‘Constance of Cleveland.’”

<p>IN : the dayes of old, when faire ffance did flourish, storyes plaine haue ¹ told, louers felt annoye. the King a daughter had, bewtyous, bright, & louelye,² 4 which made her ffather glad, shee was his onlye ioye.</p>	<p>In days of old, a French King had a lovely daughter,</p>
---	--

¹ plainly.—O.B.

² fair and comely.—O.B.

whom an
English
Prince

wood
and won.

This made
her father
angry,

and he
forbade
their
meeting.

The Lady
packed up
her jewels,

and went,
poorly
dressed,
to meet her
lover
in a forest.

But while he
was waiting

outlaws
robbed and
stabbed him

mortally.

The Prin-
cess, uncon-
scious,

A prince of¹ England came, whose deeds did merit
fame;

he wood he[r] long, & loe, att last,
looke² what he did requ[i]re, shee granted his de-
sire;

8 their harts in one were linked ffast:

which when her ffather proued, Lord! how he was
moued

& tormented in his minde!

he sought pro³ to preuent them, and to discontent
them,

12 fortune crossed louers kind.

When these princes twaine, were thus debarred of⁴
plesure

through the Kings disdaine, which their ioyes with-
stoode,

the Ladye gott⁵ vp close, her iewells & her treasure.

16 hauing no remorse of state or royall bloode,

in homelye poore array shee went ffrom court away
to meete her ioy⁶ & harts delight,

who in a fforrest great, had taken vp his seate

20 to wayt her cominge in the night.

but see⁷ what sudden danger, to this princly stranger
chanced, as he sate⁸ alone:

by outlawes hee was robbed, & with ponyards⁹
stabbedd,

24 vttering many a dying grone.

The princesse armed by him, and by true desire,

wandring all the night without dreat¹⁰ att all,

still vnknowne shee past, in her strange attyre

28 coming att the last, in the¹¹ Ecohes call,

¹ from.—O.B.

² Look.—O.B.

³ for.—O.B.

⁴ barr'd of.—O.B.

⁵ lock'd.—O.B.

⁶ Love.—O.B.

⁷ lo.—O.B.

⁸ set.—O.B.

⁹ a Poniard.—O.B.

¹⁰ Dread.—O.B.

¹¹ Within.—O.B.

- “you ffaire woods,” quoth shee, “honored may you
 bee!
 harbouring my harts delight,
 which doth compasse ¹ heere, my ioy & onlye deere,
 32 my trustye ffreind & comelye Knight.
 sweete, I come vnto thee, sweete, I come to woo thee,
 that thou maist not angrie bee.
 for my long delaying, & thy ² curteous staying,
 36 amends ffor all Ile make to thee ³ ! ”
- Passing thus alone through the silent forrest,
 many greeuous grones,⁴ sounded in her eares,⁵
 where shee heard a man to lament the sorest
 40 that was euer seene,⁶ fforct by deadlye teares⁷ :
 “ffarwell my deere,” quoth hee, “whom I must ⁸
 neuer ⁹ see !
 ffor why, my liffe is att an end !
 through villanes crueltye, lo ¹⁰ ! heere for thee I dye ¹¹ !
 44 to show I am a ffaith[f]ull ffreind,
 there ¹² I lye a ¹³ bleeding, while my thoughts are
 feedinge
 on thy ¹⁴ rarest bewtye ffound.
 O hard hap that may bee, litle knowes my Ladye
 48 my harts blood Lyes on the ground ! ”
- With that he gaue a grone, which ¹⁵ did burst in sunder¹⁶
 all the tender strings of his bleedinge ¹⁷ hart.
 shee, which ¹⁸ knew his voice, att his tale did wonder :
 52 all her former ioy,¹⁹ did to greeffe conuert.

thanks the
woods forharbouring
her love,

and promises

to make him
amends for
his waiting.Then she
hears
groans,a lover
lamenting,bidding
farewellto his
beautiful
love,[page 502]
and then
dying.She knows
her lover's
voice,¹ encompass.—O.B.² One stroke too many to the y.—F.³ make thee.—O.B.⁴ Many a grievous Groan.—O.B.⁵ Ear.—O.B.⁶ Chance that ever came.—O.B.⁷ Strife.—O.B.⁸ shall.—O.B.⁹ MS. meuer.—F.¹⁰ MS. to.—F.¹¹ For thy sweet sake I dye,
Through Villians Cruelty.—O.B.¹² Here.—O.B.¹³ O.B. omits a.—F.¹⁴ the.—O.B.¹⁵ that.—O.B.¹⁶ break asunder.—O.B.¹⁷ gentle.—O.B.¹⁸ who.—O.B.¹⁹ Joys.—O.B.

runs to him, straight shee ran to see, who this man shol[d]¹ be
 that soe like her loue did speake,
 and finds him dead. & found, when as shee came, her louely Lord lay
 slaine,
 56 all² smeared in blood which liffe did breake.
 She cries when this deed shee spyed,³ Lord, how sore shee
 cryed!
 her sorrow cannott⁴ counted bee.
 and exclaims, her eyes like fountaines runinge, while shee cryed out,
 "my darli[ng!]⁵
 Would God I had died for thee! 60 wold god *that* I had dyed for thee!"
 She kisses him, His pale lipps, alas, 20 times shee kissed,
 & his fface did washe, with her trickling⁶ teares,
 enery bleeding wound, her faire eyes⁷ bedewed,
 64 wiping of the blood, with her golden haires.
 "speake, faire⁸ loue!" quoth shee, "speake, faire⁹
 prince, to me!
 one sweete word of comfort giue!
 lifet vp thy fayre eyes, listen to my cryes!
 68 thinke in what great greeffe I lue!"
 Alas! in vain. all in vaine shee sewed, all in vaine shee vewed,¹⁰
 the princesse¹¹ liffe was dead¹² and gone.
 She mourns there stood shee still mourning, vntill¹³ the sunns¹⁴
 approching,¹⁵
 till the day comes, 72 & bright day was coming on.
 and then resolves
 not to return to court,
 but to seek service somewhere. 76 "In this great¹⁶ distresse," quoth this royall Ladye,
 "who can now expre[s], what will become of me?
 to my ffathers court will I neuer¹⁷ wander,
 but some service seeke where I may placed bee."

¹ might.—O.B.² O.B. omits *All*.—F.³ Which when that she espyed.—O.B.⁴ could not.—O.B.⁵ Query the MS. The *a* or *ar* is blotched, and the *g* and half the *n* pared away.—F.⁶ brinish.—O.B.⁷ face.—O.B.⁸ my.—O.B.⁹ dear.—O.B.¹⁰ wooed.—O.B.¹¹ Prince's.—O.B.¹² fled.—O.B.¹³ Till.—O.B.¹⁴ *sums* in the MS.—F.¹⁵ returning.—P.¹⁶ sad.—O.B.¹⁷ Never will I.—O.B.

& ¹ thus shee made her mone, weeping all alone,
all in dread ² and deadlye ffear.

A fforrester all in greene, most comely to be seene, A forester
⁰ ranging the woods, ³ did ffind her there,
 round besett with sorrow, "maid, ⁴" quoth [he, ⁵] "god accosts her.
 morrowe !

what hard hap hath brought you heere ? "

"harder happ did neuer, chance vnto ⁶ maiden euer. She tells
¹ heere lyes slaine my brother deere ! him
her brother
lies slain,

"where might I be placed, gentle forster, tell mee, and asks
 where shall ⁷ I procure a service in my neede ? him
 paines I will ⁸ not spare, but will doe my dutye ; where she
can get
taken into
service.

³ ease mee of my care, helpe my extreme neede ! "
 the fforrester all amazed, att ⁹ her bewtye gazed The forester
 till his hart was sett on ffire : falls in love
with her,

"if, ffaire mayd," quoth hee, "you will goe with mee,
² you shall haue your harts desire."

he brought her to his mother, & aboue all other takes her
 he sett fforth this maydens praise. to his
mother,

long was his hart inflamed, att last ¹⁰ her loue he gains her
 gained : love,

⁵ thus did fortune ¹¹ his glory raise;

Thus vnknownen he macht, with a ¹² Kings ffaire and so
 daughte[r]; marries a
King's
daughter.

children ⁷ shee ¹³ had ere shee told the same. ¹⁴ She bears
him seven
children,
and then
tells him
who she is.

but when he vnderstood, shee was a royall princesse,
⁰ by this meanes att last, hee shewed forth her ¹⁵
 fame :

¹ Whilst.—O.B.

² In this deep.—O.B.

³ wood.—O.B.

⁴ Fair Maid.—O.B.

⁵ quoth he.—P. & O.B.

⁶ to.—O.B.

⁷ might.—O.B.

⁸ will I.—O.B.

⁹ On.—O.B.

¹⁰ length.—O.B.

¹¹ So Fortune did.—O.B.

¹² the.—O.B.

¹³ he.—O.B.

¹⁴ to him was known.—O.B.

¹⁵ ? MS. *ther* with the *t* blotched out.
 —F. her.—O.B.

He dresses
his children
in cloth of
gold on the
left side,
wool on the
right.

he clothed his children then, not like to other men,
in partye coulors strange to see ;
the left¹ side, cloth of gold ; *the* right² side, now³
behold,

104 of wollen cloth still fframed hee.
men heratt⁴ did wonder, golden fame did thunder⁵
this strange deede in euery place.

The King
of France
comes

the *King* of ffrance came thither, being pleasan[t]⁶
whether,

to the forest
to hunt,

108 in the⁷ woods the harts⁸ to chase.

and the
children
are placed in
his way,
with the
mother in
velvet,
the father in
grey.

112 The children then⁹ did stand, as their father¹⁰ willed,
where the royall *King* must of force come by,
their mother richly clad, in faire crimson¹¹ veluett,
their ffather all in gray, comelye¹² to the eye.
then the¹³ famous *King*, noting euery thinge,

The King
asks him
how he dares
dress his
wife and
children so.

116 did aske "how hee durst be soe bold
to let his wiffe to weare, & decke his children the[re],
in costly robes of cloth, of¹⁴ gold."
the fforrester replyed,¹⁵ & the cause descryed ;
to¹⁶ the *King* thus did hee¹⁷ say :

"Because
their mother
is a prin-
cess."

120 "well may they by their mother, weare rich gold¹⁸
with other,
being by birth a princesse¹⁹ gay."

The King

The *King* vpon these words, more heedfully beheld
them,
till a crimson blush his conceipt did crosse :

¹ Right.—O.B.
² Left.—O.B.
³ to.—O.B.
⁴ thereat.—O.B.
⁵ MS. thinder.—F.
⁶ The *t* is put on by a later hand.—F.
⁷ these.—O.B.
⁸ Hart.—O.B.
⁹ there.—O.B.
¹⁰ Mother.—O.B.

¹¹ MS. crinson.—F.
¹² Most comely.—O.B.
¹³ When this.—O.B.
¹⁴ of Pearl and.—O.B.
¹⁵ boldly reply'd.—O.B.
¹⁶ And to.—O.B.
¹⁷ he thus did.—O.B.
¹⁸ Cloaths.—O.B.
¹⁹ Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- "the more," quoth hee, "I looke¹ on thy wiffe &
Children,
4 [The more I call to mind the Daughter whom I
lost.]"²
"I am *that* child," quoth shee, falling on her knee;
"pardon mee, my souveraine leege!"
the King perceining this, did his daughter³ kisse,
5 &⁴ ioyfull teares did stopp his speech.
with his traine he turned, & with them⁵ sojourned;
straight hee dubd her husband knight,
then⁶ made him Erle of flanders, one of his cheefe
commanders:
6 thus was his sorrow⁷ put to flight. finis.

says the
mother
must be
his lost
daughter.

(page 503)
She owes
that she is.

He kisses
her,

knight
her husband,
and makes
him Earl of
Flanders.

¹ I look, quoth he.—O.B.

² O.B. The line was pared off the
io by the binder.—F.

³ His Daughter dear did.—O.B.

⁴ Till.—O.B.

⁵ her.—O.B.

⁶ He.—O.B.

⁷ were their Sorrows.—O.B.

Amintas.¹

AMINTAS is here chided for his inconstancy by the unhappy victim of it, who, having said her say and moaned her moan, dies. The piece is but commonplace. The allusion to the name-cutting on the trees will remind the reader of Orlando's habit, so distasteful to Jacques. Both in the stanza that contains it and in the preceding one the poet closely imitates the pretty lines Ovid puts in poor forlorn CEnone's mouth, or rather assigns to her pen, in his Fifth Heroid :

Incisæ servant a te mea nomina fagi,
 Et legor CEnone falce notata tua ;
 Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt.
 Crescite et in titulos surgite recta meos.
 Populus est, memini, fluviali consita ripa,
 Est in qua nostri litera scripta memor.
 Popule, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ
 Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes :
 Quum Paris CEnone poterit spirare relictæ,
 Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.
 Xanthe, retro propera, versæque recurrite lymphæ,
 Sustinet CEnonen deseruisse Paris.

One hot day,
 Amintas

drove his
 flocks to
 water,

and heard

AMINTAS, on a summers day
 to shunn Apolloes beames,
 went driuing of his flockes away
 4 to tast some cooling streames.
 and through a fforrest as hee went,
 neere to a riuier side,
 a voice which from a groue was sent,
 8 invited him to abyde :

¹ An old Song not inelegant or unpoetical.—P.

- A voice well seeming ¹ to bewraye
 a discontented mind,
 ffor oftentimes I hard him ² say,
 12 10000 times, “vnkinde!”
 the remnant ³ of this ragged mone
 wold not escape my eare
 till euery sigh brought fforth a grone,
 16 & euery sobb a teare.
- But leauing her vnto her-selfe;—
 in sorrowes, sighes, & mone,
 I heard a deadly discontent:
 20 these 2 brake fforth att one:
 “Amintas! is my loue to thee
 of such ⁴ small account,
 that thou disdainest to looke on mee,
 24 & loue as thou was wont?
- “How often ⁵ didest thou protest to me,
 ‘the heauens shold turne to naught,
 the sunn shold ffirst obscured bee,
 28 ere thou wold change thy thought!’
 but heauens, be you dissolued quite!
 sunn, show thy fface no more!
 ffor my Amintas, hee is lost,
 32 a! woe ⁶ is me therffore!
- “How oft didst thou ingraue our names,
 neere to the rocke of ⁷ Bay?
 still wishing *that* our Loue shold haue
 36 no worse successe then they.
 but they in groues still happy proue,
 & flourish doe thé still,
 whiles I [in ⁸] sorrow doe remaine,
 40 still wanting of my will.
- a voice
 complain-
 ing,
 Oh unkind!
 A girl
 broke forth
 “Amintas!
 Why dost
 thou disdain
 me?
 Alas!
 Amintas is
 lost to me.
 I live in
 sorrow, and
 want my
 love.

¹ MS. seeming.—F.² it.—P.³ MS. rennant.—F.⁴ [insert] a.—P.⁵ oft did'st, as in line 33.—Dyce.⁶ Ah! woe.—P.⁷ on.—P.⁸ in.—P.

False man,

thou hast
broken thy
promise,

and left me
alone

to end my
days in
woe."

" O false, forsworne, & ffatherlesse man
disloyall in thy loue !

44 thou hast fforgott thy promises,
and dost vnconstant prone.

& thou hast [left ¹] me all alone
in this woefull distresse,

48 to end my dayes in heauinesse,
which well thou might redresse."

And then shee sate vpon the ground,
her sorrowes to deplore ;

She breathed
her last,

52 but after this was neuer scene
to sigh nor sobb noe more.

And thus in loue as shee did liue,
soe ffor loue shee did dye ² ;

and died for
love.

a ffairer creature neuer man
56 beheld with morttall eye.

ffinis.

¹ left.—P.

² Shee for her love did.—P.

Winning of Cadiz.¹

THIS ballad, of which another copy is preserved in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, reprinted by the Percy Society, celebrates what Macaulay has declared to be "the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim" (Essay on Lord Bacon). It was undoubtedly written at the time, as the details are extremely accurate. It may have been written, as Percy suggests in his Introduction to his "corrected" Folio version in the *Reliques*, by some person concerned in the expedition. Certainly it is eminently authentic. The vauntings and threatenings of the Spaniards (they were meditating a second Armada about the year 1596)—the setting forth from Plymouth under Howard of Effingham (the Lord Admiral) and the brave impetuous Earl of Essex, as commanders-in-chief (amongst the other officers were the Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Vere, Sir George Carew, Sir Coniers Clifford)—the capturing or burning of the ships beneath Cadiz—the landing of the soldiery and surrender of the town—the enormous booty seized—the generous protection by the Earl of the women and children—the advance to the market-place—are all historical facts; of which there are, as Lingard points out, several accounts by Birch, Camden, Stowe, Strype, Raleigh.

"Never before," says Lingard, "had the Spanish monarch received so severe a blow. He lost thirteen men of war and immense magazines of provisions and naval stores; the defences of Cadiz, the strongest fortress in his dominions, had been razed to the ground; and the

¹ An excellent old ballad: on the Under the Lord Admiral Howard, &
Winning of Cadiz—on June 21st 1596: Earl of Essex, General.—P.

secret of his weakness at home had been revealed to the world, at the same time that the power of England had been raised in the eyes of the European nations. Even those who wished well to Spain, allotted the praise of moderation and humanity to the English commanders, who had suffered no blood to be wantonly spilt, no woman to be defiled, but had sent under an escort the nuns and females to the port of St. Mary, and had allowed them to carry away their jewels and wearing apparel."

"The town of Cales," says Raleigh (*apud* Cayley, i. 272) "was very rich in merchandise, in plate, and money; many rich prisoners given to the land commanders, so as that sort are very rich. Some had prisoners for 16,000 ducats, some for 20,000, some for 10,000, and beside great houses of merchandise."

[page 504]
The proud
Spaniards
boasted
they'd
conquer us.

LONG: the proud Spamyareds had vanted to con-
quer vs,
threatning ¹ our Country with ffyer & sorde,
often preparing their nauy most sumptuos,
4 with as great plenty as spaine cold afforde:
duba-dub, dub-a-dub! thus strikes their drummes
tanta-ra, ra-ra! the Englishmen comes!

But Howard
8
and Essex

To the seas presentlye went our Lord Admirall,
with knights ² couragious, & captaines ffull good;
The Erle of Essex, a prosperous generall,
with him prepared to passe the salt ffloode.
dub a dub &c.

set sail from
Plymouth,

12 Att plimmouth speedilye, tooke they shipp valliantly
brauer shippes neuer weere seene vnder sayle,
with their ffayre colours spread, & streamers ore their
hea[d].
now, bragging spanyards, take heede of your tayle!
16 dub &c.

¹ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

² Knights.—P.

Vnto cales¹ cuninglye came wee most speedylye,
 where the Kings nanye securely did ryde;
 being vpon their backes, pearcing their butts of
 sackes,

and
 anchored at
 Cadiz.

ere any spanyards our coming descryde. dub : &c.

Great was the crying, runing & rydinge,
 which att that season was made in that place;
 the beacons were ffyerced, as need then required;
 to hyde their great treasure they had litle space.

The
 Spaniards
 hurried to
 and fro,
 and lighted
 their
 beacons.

There you might see their shipps, how they were ffired
 ffast,

We fired
 their ships,

& how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
 there might they here them crye, wayle & weepe
 piteouslye,

drowned
 their men,

when they saw no shift to scape thence away.

The great Saint Phillipp, the pryde of the Spanyards,
 was burnt to the bottom, & sunke in the sea.

sank their
 St. Philip,

but the Saint ANDREW & eke the Saint Mathew,

wee tooke in ffight manfullye, & brought them
 away.

and took
 their St.
 Andrew.

The Erle of Essex most vallyant and hardy,
 with horsemen & ffootmen marched toward the
 towne.

Essex
 marched
 with our
 army to the
 town.

the spanyards which saw them, were greatly affrighted,
 did fflye ffor their sauegard, & durst not come
 dow[ne.]

“Now,” quoth the Noble Erle, “courage, my soul-
 diers all!

ffight and be vallyant! they² spoyle you shall haue,
 & [be³] well rewarded from they⁴ great to the small;
 but looke *that* women & Children you saue.”

¹ So they called Cadiz in Queen
 Elizabeth's Time.—P.

² the.—P.

³ be.—P.

⁴ the.—P.

The
Spaniards
surrendered,

The spanyards att *that* sight though[t] in vaine twas
to fight,

we put our
colours on
their walls,

44

hunge vpp fflaggs of truce,¹ yeelded the towne.
wee marcht in presentlye, decking the walls on hye
with our English coulours, *which* purchast renowne.

plundered
their houses,

48

Entring the houses then of the most richest men,
ffor gold & treasure wee serched eche day :
in some places wee did ffind pyes bakeing in the
oue[n],
meate att the ffire roasting, & ffolkes ffled away.

and took
their fair
satins and
velvets.

52

ffull of rich merchandize euery shop wee did see,
damaskes, & sattins, & veluetts, ffull ffair,
which souldiers mesured out by the lenght of their
swo[rds.]
of all comodytyes eche one had a share.

And when
our
prisoners

56

Thus cales was taken, & our braue generall
marcht to the markett-place where hee did stand ;
there many prisoners of good account were tooke,
many craued mercy, & mercy they found.²

wouldn't
pay their
ransom,

we burnt
their town

60

When our braue generall saw they delayed time,
& wold not ransome their towne, as they said ;
with their faire wainescotts, their presses & bedsteeds,
their ioyned stooles & tables, a ffire were made.
& when the towne burned all in a ffame,
with ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, away wee came ! ffinis.

and marcht
away.

¹ [insert] &.—P.

² fann'd, Rhythmi gratia.—P.

Edward the third.¹

COPIES of this ballad occur in the *Garland of Good Will*, the *Collection of Old Ballads*. In Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices of Popular English Histories*, Percy Soc. 1848, No. 63 is "*The Story of King Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury*, 12mo. Whitehaven, n. d. This is a small prose history; and there is one, if not more [than one,] early play on the same subject. A ballad . . is printed in Evans' *Old Ballads*, ed. 1810, ii. 301."

This ballad tells how Edward the Third became enamoured of the Countess of Salisbury, and how the brave lady most excellently converted him to a better mind.

Chapter lxxvii. of Berners' *Cronycle of Froissart* narrates "how the kyng of England was in amours with the Countess of Salisbury." She receives the king at Wark Castle, and by her exceeding beauty and grace strikes him "to the hert with a sparcle of fyne love." He falls into a "gret study." Presently she "came to the kyng with a mery chere."

She came to the kyng with a mery chere, who was in a gret study, (and she sayd) dere syr, why do ye study so for, your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do: rather ye shulde make good chere and be ioyfull, seyng ye haue chased away your enmies, who durst nat abyde you: let other men study for the remynant; than the kyng sayd, a, dere lady, knowe for trouthe, that syth I entred into the castell, ther is a study come to my mynde, so *that* I can nat chuse but to muse, nor I can nat tell what shall fall therof, put it out of my herte I can nat: a sir, quoth the lady, ye ought alwayes to make good chere, to confort therwith your peple: god hath ayded you so in your besynes, and hath gyuen you so great graces, that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all christendome, and if the kyng of scottes haue done you any dyspyte

¹ In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1726, Vol. 2, p. 68 N. xi.—P.

or damage, ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuerse tymes or this ; sir, leave your musyng and come into *the* hall, if it please you, your dyner is all redy ; a, fayre lady, quoth the kyng : other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye knowe nat of : but surely *the* swete behauyng, the perfyt wysedom, the good grace, noblenes, and excellent beauty, that I se in you, hath so sore surprised my hert, *that* I can nat but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed : than the lady sayde, a, ryght noble prince, for goddessake mocke nor tempt me nat : I can nat bylene that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be, wold thynke to dyshonour me, and my lorde, my husbände, who is so valyant a knight, and hath done your grace so gode seruyce, and as yet lyethe in prison for your quarell ; certesly sir, ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse, and nothyng the better therby : I had neuer as yet such a thought in my hert, nor I trust in god neuer shall haue, for no man lyueng ; if I had any suche intencyon, your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punyssh my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred : therwith the lady departed fro the kyng, and went into the hall to hast the dyner, than she returned agayne to the kyng, and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, sir, yf it please you to come into the hall, your knyghtes abideth for you to wasshe, ye haue ben to long fastyng. Then *the* kyng went into the hall and wassht, and sat down amonge his lordes, and the lady also ; the kyng ete but lytell, he sat styll musyng, and as he durst, he cast his eyen vpon the lady : of his sadnesse his knyghtes had maruell, for he was nat acustomed so to be ; some thought it was bycause the scottes were scaped fro hym. All *that* day the kyng taryed ther, and wyst nat what to do : somtyme he ymagined *that* honour and trouth defended him to set his hert in such a case, to dyshonour such a lady, and so true a knyght as her husband was, who had alwayes well and truely serued hym. On thother part, loue so constrayned hym, that the power therof surmounted honour and trouth : thus *the* kyng debated in hymself all that day, and all that night ; in the mornyng he arose and dysloged all his hoost, and drewe after the scottes, to chase them out of his realme. Than he toke leaue of the lady, sayeng, my dere lady, to god I commende you tyll I retorne agayne, requiryng you to aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me : noble prince, quoth the lady, god *the* father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughtes : sir, I am, and euer shal be redy to do your grace seruyce to your honour and to myne ; therwith the kyng departed all abashed.

Not long afterwards, when the king held his Round Table at Windsor, his passion was still fervent. Probably this passion thus entertained by the king about the time when he instituted the Order of the Garter suggested to the popular mind the traditional story which professes to explain the name and the motto of the Order. The earliest occurrence of that story is, perhaps, in the *Anglica Historia* of Polydore Vergil; but he omits the name of the countess. The tale soon won general acceptance. There is no historical evidence for it whatever. It is but a specimen of what may be called vulgar etymology.

The "sleight of fine advice," by which the countess in the following ballad saves her own and the king's honour, is admirably told.

-
- WHEN : as Edward the 3^d did live, *that vallyant* In Edward
King, III.'s time,
david of Scotland to rebell did then begin ; David II. of
the towne of Barwicke suddenlye ffrom vs he woone, Scotland
took
4 & burnt Newcastle to the ground: thus strife begun. Berwick,
burnt New-
to Rose-bury ¹ castle marchet he then, castle,
& by the force of warlicke men
beseiged therin a gallant ffaire Ladye
8 while *that* her husband was in ffrance, and besieged
Lady
his cuntryes honor to advance, Salisbury in
Rosebury
Castle.
[The Noble and Famous Earl of Salisbury.]²
- Braue Sir william Montague rode then in post,³
12 who declared vnto the *King* the Scottishmens hoast; [page 505]
News is
brought to
Edward,
and he
prepares to
march north,
who like a Lyon in a rage did straight-way prepare
ffor to deliuer *that* woefull⁴ Lady from wofull care.
but when the Scottishmen did heare say
16 Edward our king was comen ⁵ *that* day, on which
the Scotch
raise the

¹ Roxbury.—O.B.

² O.B. The line is pared away in the MS.—F.

³ haste.—O.B.

⁴ fair.—O.B.

⁵ come.—O.B.

siege and
run away,

thé raised their seege, & ran away with speede,¹
soe *that* when he did thither come
with warlike trumpett, fiffe, & drum,

so that the
Lady
alone meets
Edward.

20 none but a gallant Lady did him meete²;

He falls in
love with
her.

who³ when hee did with greedy eyes behold & see,
her peereles bewtye straight,⁴ inthralld⁵ his mai-
esty;e;

& euer the longer *that* he looked, the more hee might,
24 for in her only bewty was his harts delight.
& humbly then vpon her knee

She thanks
him for
frightening
her foes.

shee thankett his royall maiesty
that he had driuen danger ffrom her gate.

28 "Lady," quoth he, "stand vp in peace,
although my warr doe now increase."
"Lord, keepe," quoth shee, "all hurt ffrom your
estate⁶!"

Edward is
sad for love

Now is the King ffull sad in soule; & wott you⁷
why;

of the
Countess,

32 all⁸ for the loue of the faire countesse⁹ Salsbury.
shee, litle knowing his cause of greefe, did come to see
wherefore his highnesse sate alone soe heauilye:

and tells
her he has
been
wronged.

"I haue beene wronged, faire dame," quoth hee,
36 "since I came hither vnto thee."
"no, god forbid, my souerainge!" shee sayd¹⁰;

She says,
"Tell me
how,

"if I were worthy for to know
the cause & ground of this your woe,

and I'll
right it."

40 itt¹¹ shold be helpet if itt did Lye in mee.¹²

"Swear
that," says
Edward.

"Sweare to performe to me thy words, thou Lady
gay;

to thee the sorrow of my hart I will bewray.¹³"

¹ Fear.—O.B.

² met he there.—O.B.

³ whom.—O.B.

⁴ did.—O.B.

⁵ enthrall.—O.B.

⁶ State.—O.B.

⁷ wots not.—O.B.

⁸ And.—O.B.

⁹ Countess Of.—O.B.

¹⁰ said she.—O.B.

¹¹ You.—O.B.

¹² thy Word to me.—O.B.

¹³ betray.—O.B.

"I sweare by all the *Saints* in heauen I will," quoth shee,
shee,

44 " & lett my Lord haue no mistrust at all in me."

"Then take thy selfe asyde," he sayd ;

quoth hee,¹ "thy bewtye hath betrayd

& wounded² a king with thy bright shining eye ;

48 if thou doe then some mercy show,

thou shalt expell a princes woe ;

soe shall I liue, or else in sorrow dye."

and the
King says,
"You have
wounded
me ;

show me
mercy, or

I shall die."

"you haue you[r] wish, my soueraine Lord, effect-
uallye :

52 take all the loue³ that I may⁴ giue your maiestye."

"but in⁵ thy bewtye all my woes⁶ haue their abode."

"take then⁷ my bewtye from my face, my gracyous
Lord."

"I giue
you all the
love I may."

"didst thou not sweare to grant my will ? "

"But grant
my will,

56 "all⁸ that I may, I will fulfill."

"then⁹ for my loue let thy¹⁰ true loue be seene."

"my Lord, your speech I might reproue ;

you cannott giue to me your loue,

60 ffor that alone¹¹ belongs vnto your queene :

love me,"
says the
King.

"But I suppose your grace did this onlye to trye
whether a wanton tale might tempt DAME SALSBURYE;
Nor¹² ffrom your selfe therfore, my leege, my stepps
doe stray,

64 but from your tempting wanton¹³ tale I goe my way."

"O turne againe, thou¹⁴ Lady bright !

come vnto me, my hartes delight !

"You are
trying to
tempt me,"
says Lady
Salisbury.
"I go from
your tempt-
ing talk."

¹ For why.—O.B.

² Wounding.—O.B.

³ Leave.—O.B.

⁴ can.—O.B.

⁵ on.—O.B.

⁶ Joys.—O.B.

⁷ thou.—O.B.

⁸ O.B. omits *all*.—F.

⁹ All then.—O.B.

¹⁰ my.—O.B.

¹¹ O.B. omits *alone*.—F.

¹² Not.—O.B.

¹³ wanton tempting.—O.B.

¹⁴ my.—O.B.

Lord
Warwick,
the
Countess's
father,

gone is the comfort of my pensive hart.
68 heere comes the Erle of warwicke, hee
the father of this faire Ladye ;
my mind to him I meane for to impart."

asks Edward
why he is
grieved.

" why is my Lord & soueraine ¹ soe greened in mind ?"
72 " because *that* I haue lost the thing I cannott find."
" what thing is *that*, my gracyous Lord, *that* ² you
haue lost ? "
" itt is my heart, *which* is neare dead twixt ³ fire &
frost."

" curst be the ⁴ fire, & ffrost too,
76 *that* causeth ⁵ this your hynesse woe ! "
" O warwicke ! thou dost wrong me wonderous ⁶ sore.

" I adore
your
daughter."

It is thy daughter, Noble Erle ;
that heauen-bright lampe, *that* peereles pearle,
80 *which* kills my hart ; yett I doe ⁷ her adore."

" If *that* be all, my gracyous [Lord,] ⁸ *that* workes
your greefe,

" I'll per-
suade her to
yield to
you."

I will perswade the scornefull dame to yeelde releefe.
neuer shall shee my daughter be if shee refuse ;
84 the loue & ffauor of a king may her excuse."

Warwick

thus whylye ⁹ warwicke went his way, ¹⁰
& quite contrary he did say

meets his
daughter,

when as hee did the bewtyous countesse meete :
88 " well mett, my daugheter deere, ¹¹ " quoth hee,
" a message I must doe to thee :

tells her the
King is

our royall King most kindlye [doth thee greeete ;]

[page 506]
dying for
her love,
and urges
her to grant
it.

The King will dye vnlesse to him thou grant ¹² thy
loue."

92 " to loue the King, my husbands loue I shall ¹³ remoue."

¹ Sovereign King.—O.B.

² Which.—O.B.

³ Betwixt.—O.B.

⁴ that.—O.B.

⁵ caused.—O.B.

⁶ very.—O.B.

⁷ do I.—O.B.

⁸ King.—O.B.

⁹ wise.—O.B.

¹⁰ away.—O.B.

¹¹ then.—O.B.

¹² less thou to him Do grant.—O.B.

¹³ must.—O.B.

- "It is right charytye to loue, my daughter deere."
 "but not ¹ true loue, soe ² charytable to ³ appeare."
 "his greatnesse may beare out the blame.⁴" She refuses :
 96 "but his kingdome cannott buy out the shame.⁵"
 "he craues thy loue *that* may bercane thy liffe ;
 itt is my duty to urge thee this ⁶ ! " she will be
 "but not my ⁷ honestye to yeeld, I-wis ; true to her
 100 I meane to dye a true vnspotted wiffe." husband.
- "Now hast thou spoken, my daughter deere, as I Warwick
 wold hau[e] ; approves her
 chastity beares a golden name vnto her ⁸ graue ; answer :
 & when vnto⁹ thy wedded Lord thou proues vntrue,
 104 then lett my bitter cursses still thy soule pursue. would curse
 then with a smiling cheere goe thou, her if she
 as right & reason doth allowe, were untrue.
 yett show the King thou bearest no strumpetts She must
 minde." show the
 108 "I goe, deere ffather, with ¹⁰ a trice ; King she's
 & with ¹¹ a sleight of fine deuice no strumpet.
 Ile cause the King ¹² confesse *that* I am kind.¹³" She says
she'll
bring him
round.
- "Heere comes the Lady of my liffe !" the King did
 say.
 112 "my ffather bidds me, soueraigne Lord, your will
 obay,
 and I consent if you will grant one boone to mee." She tells
 "I grant itt thee, my Lady ffaire, what-ere itt bee !" Edward
 "my husband is alieue, you know ; that she'll
 116 ffirst lett mee kill him ere I goe, yield to him
if he'll let
her kill her
husband.

¹ no.—O.B. ² O.B. omits *soe*.—F.³ For to.—O.B.⁴ Shame.—O.B.⁵ Blame.—O.B.⁶ move this.—O.B.⁷ thy.—O.B.⁸ the.—O.B.⁹ to.—O.B.¹⁰ in.—O.B.¹¹ by.—O.B.¹² King to.—O.B.¹³ confess I'm not unkind.—O.B.

"But he is
in France."
"No, in my
breast:"

& att your commande ffor euer will I bee¹!"
"thy husband now in ffrance doth rest."
"noe, noe! hee lyes within my brest;
120 & being soe nye,² hee will my ffalshoode see."

and she tries
to stab
herself.

with *that* shee started ffrom the King, & tooke her
knife,

The King
says she

& desperattly shee thought to rydd her selfe of life.
the King vpstarted³ ffrom his chayre her hand to
stay:

124 "O noble King, you haue broke your word with me
this day."

shan't do it.
"Then I'll
not lie with
you."
"No, live on
in honour
with your
Lord!
I'll trouble
you no
more."

"thou shalt not doe this deed," quoth hee.

"then will I neuer⁴ lye with thee."

"now live thou⁵ still, & lett me beare the blame;

128 live thou⁶ in honour & in⁶ high estate
with thy true Lord & wedded mate!

I will neuer⁷ attempt this suite againe." ffinis.

¹ I will ever be.—O.B.

² MS. mye.—F.

³ he started.—O.B.

⁴ never will I.—O.B.

⁵ No; then live.—O.B.

⁶ O.B. omits *thou* and *is*.—F.

⁷ never will.—O.B.

As þee came from the Holpe

THIS piece occurs also in the *Garland of Good Will*, reprinted by the Percy Society ; from which reprint Prof. Child draws the version he gives in his collection. The copy given in the *Reliques* was communicated to the editor by the late Mr. Shenstone, as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza. Shenstone's edition differs not materially from the following one from the Folio except in this said concluding stanza, which is this :

But true love is a lasting fire
Which viewless vestals tend,
That burnes for ever in the soule
And knowes nor change nor end.

A note considerably instructs the reader that by “viewless vestals” is meant “angels”! What a shocking discord the phrase makes! It has about the same effect as if you should add to the costume of a gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's time one of Lincoln and Bennett's newest and silkiest hats!

A lover growing or grown old, it would seem, has been left in the lurch by the object of his affections. As all the world thronged to Walsingham, the lover supposes that she too must have gone that way; and meeting a pilgrim returning from that English Holy Land, asks him if he has seen anything of her runaway ladyship. The lover, having described how his true and untrue love may be known from many another one, learns that she has been met making for Walsingham; and then, asked why she has deserted him, explains that, though she once loved him, she has lost her love now he waxes old, and generally, that a

woman's love is ever capricious and veering; whereas the genuine passion

is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning,
Ever sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.

The Pilgrimage to Walsingham, says Percy, "suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting :

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
"Now God you save, you jolly palmer!"
"Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love."
"Oft have I said you nay."

"The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.

"The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's¹ *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act II. sc. ult.; and in another old play called *Hans Beer-pot, his Invisible Comedy*, &c. Act I. 4to. 1618."

Of the tune of Walsingham, Mr. Chappell observes: "This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Neville's *Virginal Books* (with thirty variations by Dr. John Bull), in Anthony Holborne's *Cittham Schools*, 1597, in Barley's *New Book of Tablature*, 1596, &c. It is called 'Walsingham,' 'Here with you to Walsingham,' and 'As I went to Walsingham.' It belongs, in all probability, to an earlier reign, as the Priory of Walsingham in Norfolk, which was founded during the episcopate of William Bishop of Norwich (1146 to 1174), was dissolved in 1538. Pilgrimages to this once

¹ It is by no means certain that Beaumont had *not* a share in the composition of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.—Dyce.

famous shrine commenced in or before the reign of Henry III., who was there in 1241; Edward I. was at Walsingham in 1280, and again in 1296, and Edward II. in 1315. The author of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* says,

Heremytes on a hepe with hooked staves
Wenten to Walsingham, and her (their) wenches after.

“ Henry VII. having kept his Christmas of 1436–7 at Norwich, from thence went in manner of pilgrimage to Walsingham, where he visited Our Lady’s Church, famous for miracles; and made his prayers and vows for help and deliverance; and in the following summer, after the battle of Stoke, he sent his banner to be offered to our Lady of Walsingham, where before he made his vows.

“ In *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600, the scene being laid in Burgundy, the following lines are given:

King Richard’s gone to Walsingham, to the Holy Land,
To kill Turk and Saracen, that the truth do withstand,
Christ his cross be his good speed, Christ his foes to quell
Send him help in time of need, and to come home well.

“ In Nashe’s ‘Have with you to Saffron-Walden,’ 1596, sign. L, ‘As I went to Walsingham’ is quoted, which is the first line of the ballad in the Pepysian collection, vol. i. p. 226.

“ One of the *Psalmes and Songs of Sion*, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land, 1642, is to the tune of Walsingham; and Osborne, in his *Traditional Memoirs* in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, 1653, speaking of the Earl of Salisbury, says:

Many a hornpipe he tuned to his Phillis,
And sweetly sung Walsingham to ’s Amaryllis.

“ In *Don Quixote*, translated by J. Phillips, 1688, p. 273, he says: ‘An infinite number of little birds, with painted wings of various colours hopping from branch to branch, all naturally singing ‘Walsingham’ and whistling ‘John come kiss me now.’”

Perhaps the most interesting picture of this once popular resort

of the people of all nations is drawn by Erasmus in his colloquy between Menedemus and Ogygius, entitled *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*. Ogygius, it seems, had been missing for some time, for some six months, and had been given out for dead. But at last, to the surprise of his friend and neighbour Menedemus, he turns up and accounts for his eclipse. "Visi," he says, "divum Jacobum Compostellanum, et hinc reversus Virginem Parathalassiam apud Anglos percelebrem; quin potius hanc revisi, nam ante annos tres inviseram." "Animi gratiâ ut arbitror," suggests Menedemus. "Imo religionis causâ," rejoins the other. "De Jacobo frequenter audivi," presently says the stay-at-home; "sed obsecro te describe mihi regnum istius Parathalassiae." And then follows a long gossiping account of the buildings, the relics, the traditions, the miracles appertaining to the famous spot; which, for the curious details it furnishes, and the dry humour with which these are accepted by the less enthusiastic Menedemus, is well worth reading. The pilgrim sees "Sacellum prodigiis plenum." "Eo me confero," he says. "Excipit alius mystagogus. Illic oravimus paulisper. Mox exhibetur nobis articulus humani digiti, è tribus maximi; exoscutor: deinde rogo cujus sint reliquiae. Ait, Sancti Petri. Num Apostoli, inquam? Aiebat. Deinde contemplans magnitudinem articuli, qui gigantis videri potuerit: Oportuit, inquam, Petrum fuisse virum prægrandi corpore. Ad hanc vocem è comitibus quidam in cachinnum solutus est; id certe moleste tuli. Nam si is siluisset, ædituus nos nihil celâset reliquorum. Eum tamen utcunque placavimus, datis aliquot drachmis. Ante ædiculam erat tectum, quod aiebat hiberno tempore, cum nix obtexisset omnia, eo subito fuisse delatum è longinquo. Sub eo tecto putei duo ad summum pleni; fontis venam aiunt esse, sacram divæ Virgini; liquor est mire frigidus, efficax medicando capitis stomachique doloribus.

"*Me.* Si frigida medetur doloribus capitis et stomachi, posthac et oleum extinguet incendium.

“ *Og.* Miraculum audis, ô bone : alioqui quid esset miraculi, si frigida sedaret sitim ?

“ *Me.* Et ista sane est una pars fabulæ.

“ *Og.* Affirmabant, eum fontem derepente prosiliâsse e terrâ jussu Sanctissimæ Virginis. Ego cuncta diligenter circumspiciens rogabam quot essent anni quod ea domuncula fuisset eo deportata ; dixit aliquot secula. Alioqui parietes, inquam, non præ se ferunt aliquid vetustatis. Non repugnabat. Ne columnæ quidem hæ lignæ : non negabat esse nuper positas et res ipsa loquebatur. Deinde hæc, inquam, tecti culmea arundineaque materia videtur esse recentior. Assentiebatur. Ac ne trabes quidem hæ, inquam, transversæ nec ipsa tigna quæ culmos sustinent videntur ante multos annos posita. Annuebat. Atqui cum jam nulla casæ pars superesset : Unde igitur constat, inquam, hanc esse casulam illam è longinquo delatam ?

“ *Me.* Obsecro quomodo sese ab hoc nodo expediebat ædituus ?

“ *Og.* Scilicet incunctanter ille ostendit nobis pervetustam ursi pellem, tignis affixam, ac propemodum irrisit nostram tarditatem, qui ad tam manifestum argumentum non haberemus oculos. Itaque persuasi, et tarditatis culpam deprecati, vertimus nos ad cœleste lac Beatæ Virginis.”

“ Among other superstitions belonging to the place,” says a writer in Chambers’s *Book of Days*, “ was one that the Milky Way pointed directly to the home of the Virgin, in order to guide pilgrims on their road ; hence it is called the Walsingham Way, which had its counterpart on earth in the broad way which led through Norfolk : at every town that it passed through, a cross was erected pointing out the path to the holy spot ; some of these elegant structures still remain.”

The place was in wonderful repute. To it Catherine of Arragon, dying, entrusted her soul ; and so her sometime husband, when his hour came. In the second volume of the *Reliques*, Percy gives “ a few extracts from the household book of Henry

Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, to shew what constant tribute was paid to our Lady of Walsingham:—Item. My lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham, iiijd.” The Paston letters abound in allusions to pilgrimages made to this shrine, pilgrimages made by the Duke of Norfolk in 1459, by Edward IV. and his queen in 1469, by the Duchess of Norfolk in 1471, by the Duke of Buckingham in 1478 (five years before his beheading).

This stream of pilgrims stayed its flowing at last. In August, 1538, the priory was dissolved. The gorgeous image of Our Lady was carried away to Chelsea, and there burnt before the commissioners. The people of Norfolk murmured, and wailed, and rebelled. Their idol was thrown down and burnt with fire; and their hopes of gain were gone. Not only was their religion affronted, but their purse was spoiled. No wonder if they beat their breasts, and rove their hair, and threw dust and ashes over their heads and in their enemies' faces!

In the Bodleian Library is preserved the following poem:

In the wrackes of Walsingam
 Whom should I chuse
 But the Queene of Walsingam,
 to be guide to my muse?
 Then thou Prince of Walsingam,
 graunt me to frame
 Bitter plaintes to rewe thy wronge,
 bitter wo for thy name.

Bitter was it, oh! to see
 The seely sheepe
 Murdred by the raueninge wolues
 While the sheephardes did sleep!
 Bitter was it, oh! to vewe
 the sacred vyne,
 Whiles the gardiners plaied all close,
 rooted vp by the swine.

Bitter, bitter, oh! to behould
 the grasse to growe
 Where the walles of Walsinga
 so statly did shene.

Such were the workes of Walsingham
 while shee did stand!
 Such are the wrackes as now do shewe
 of that holy land!
 Levell, Levell with the ground
 the towres doe lye,

[Fol. 266]

Which with their golden glitteringe tops
 pearsed once to the skye!
 Wher weare gates, no gates ar nowe;
 the waies vnknownen
 Wher the presse of peares did passe,
 while her fame far was blowen.
 Oules do scrike wher the sweetest himnes
 lately weer songe;
 Toades and serpentes hold ther dennes
 wher the Palmers did thronge.

Weepe, weepe, o Walsingham!
 whose dayes are nightes,
 Blessinge turned to blasphemies,
 holy deedes to dispites!
 Sinne is wher our Ladie sate,
 heauen turned is to hell!
 Sathan sittes wher our Lord did swaye!
 Walsingham, oh! farewell!
 finis.

'Earl of Arundel MS.' among Rawlinson MSS.

“AS: yee came ffrom the holy Land
 of walsingham,
 mett you not with my true loue
 4 by the way as you came?”
 “how shold I know your true loue,¹
 that haue mett many a one
 as I came ffrom the holy Land,
 8 that haue come, that haue gone?”
 “Shee is neither white nor browne,
 but as the heauens faire;
 there is none hathe their² fforme diuine
 12 on the earth or the ayre.”

Did you not
 meet my
 love, as you
 came?

She is fair as
 the heavens.

¹ The MS. makes the verses of 8 lines.—F.

² her, Qu.—P.

“ such a one did I meete, good Sir,
 with an angellike fface,
 who like a nimph, like a queene, did appeare
 16 in her gate, in her grace.”

but has left
 me here all
 alone,

“ Shee hath left me heere alone,
 all alone as vnknowne,
 who sometime loued me as her liffe
 20 & called me her owne.”
 “ what is the cause shee hath left thee alone,
 & a new way doth take,
 that sometime did loue thee as her selfe,
 24 & her ioy did thee make ? ”

because I
 am old.

“ I haue loued her all my youth,
 but now am old, as you see.
 loue liketh not the ffalling ffruite
 28 nor the whithered tree ;
 for loue is like a carlesse child,
 & fforgetts promise past :
 he is blind, he is deaffe when he list,
 32 & infaith neuer ffast ;

Love is

never fast,

but fickle,

lost with a
 toy.

“ his desire is ffickle, ffond,
 & a trustles ioye ;
 he is won with a world of dispayre,
 36 & lost with a toye.
 such is the [fate of all man] ¹ kind,
 Or the word loue abused,
 vnder which many childish desires
 40 & conceipts are excused.”

[page 487]

“ No, true
 Love burns
 ever, turns
 never.”

“ But loue is a durabler ffyer
 in the mind euer Burninge,
 euer sicke, neuer dead, neuer cold,
 44 ffrom itt selfe neuer turninge.” **ffinis.**

¹ MS. pared and broken away.—F. ? read [way of woman].—Skeat.

Leoffricus :¹

A COPY of this piece is to be found in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726.

The story told in it is that made so well known to us of to-day by Tennyson's exquisite poem of *Godiva*.

Few chronicles which deal with the time of Edward the Confessor omit to mention Leofric, Earl of Chester, and afterwards of Mercia, and his wife Godiva. The *L'Estoire de Seint Edward le Rei*; Ailred's *Vita Regis Edwardi Confessoris*; Ingulph's (?) *Historia Croylandensis* (she was "tunc foëminarum pulcherrima sic corde sanctissima"), the *Mailros Chronicles*, Hoveden's *Annales* (he says, "dei cultrix et sanctæ Mariæ semper virginis amatrix devota nobilis comitissa Godiva"), all mention her with enthusiasm as a charitable and most pious lady. The earliest account of her famous ride through Coventry which is quoted by Dugdale (see his *History of Warwickshire*), is given by Brompton, who "flourished" about the close of the twelfth century:

De dicta quoque *Godiva* Comitissa quæ ecclesiam de *Stowe* sub promontorio *Lincolniæ*, et multas alias construxerat, legitur, quod dum ipsa *Coventreiam* a gravi servitute et importabili tolneto liberare affectasset, *Leofricum* Comitem virum suum sollicitavit, ut sanctæ Trinitatis Deique genitricis Mariæ intuitu, villam a prædicta solveret servitute. Prohibuit Comes ne de cetero rem sibi dampnosam inaniter postularet. Illa nichilominus virum indesinenter de petitione præmissa exasperans, tale responsum ab eo demum extorsit. Ascende, inquit, equum tuum, et nuda a villæ initio usque ad finem populo congregato equites, et sic postulata cum redieris impetrabis. Tunc *Godiva* Deo dilecta equum nuda ascendens, ac capitis crines et tricas dissolvens, totum corpus præter crura inde velavit. Itinere completo à nemine visa ad virum gaudens est reversa, unde *Leofricus Coventreiam* a servitute et malis custumis et exactionibus liberavit, et cartam

¹ In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1726. Vol. 2. p. 34. N. v.—P.

suam inde confectam sigilli sui munimine roboravit, de quo adhuc isti pauperes mercatores ad villam accedentes plenarie sunt experti.

Matthew of Westminster, some hundred years after the Abbot of Joreval, gives the following version :

Hæc autem comitissa religiose villam Conventrensem a gravi servitute ac turpi liberare affectans, sæpius comitem virum suum magnis precibus rogavit, ut sanctæ Trinitatis, sanctæque genetricis Dei intuitu, villam a prædicta absolveret servitute. Cumque comes illam increparet, quod rem sibi damnosam inaniter postularet, prohibuit constanter, ne ipsum super hac re de cetero conveniret. Illa contrario, pertinacia muliebri ducta, virum indesinenter de petitione præmissa exasperans, tale responsum extorsit ab eo. Ascende (inquit) equum tuum nuda, et transi per mercatum villæ, ab initio usque ad finem, populo congregato, et cum redieris, quod postulas, impetrabis. Cui comitissa respondens, ait : Et si hoc facere voluero, licentiam mihi dabis? Ad quam comes, Dabo, inquit. Tunc Godyva comitissa, Deo dilecta, die quadam, ut prædictum est, nuda equum ascendens, crines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit, et itinere completo, a nemine visa, ad virum gaudens, hoc pro miraculo habitum, reversa est. Comes vero Leofricus, Conventrensem a præfata servitute liberans civitatem, chartam suam inde factam sigilli sui munimine roboravit.

Higden, some half century afterwards, says briefly :

Ad jugem quoque instantiam uxoris suæ urbem suam Coventrensem ab omni tolneto præterquam de equis liberam fecit ; ad quod impetrandum uxor ejus Comitissa Godyva quodam mane per medium urbis nuda sed comis tecta equitavit.

Knighton adopts Higden's account word for word.

Bower, the continuer of Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, in the first half of the following, the fifteenth century, tells the story of Matilda, wife of Henry II. ; for which act he is severely reproved by his and Fordun's editor, Hearne (1722). The only other noticeable variation in his account is, we think, particularly coarse. He says the poor lady performed her ride "rege et populo spectantibus."

In our own age the story has been gracefully and refinedly told by Leigh Hunt, and in an incomparable manner by Tennyson.

There is then, extant, no narrative of the gentle Godiva's most generous feat till upwards of two centuries after its alleged performance.

We find, indeed, in the reign of Henry I. that the good Queen Maude, "that's right well loved England through" (Hardyng), who did so many good services for the people, and taught her Norman husband a milder policy than his own nature prompted, received the *sobriquet* of Godiva. She, too, loved the people well, and so was called after the Saxon countess who had so signally testified her affection for them. This is the earliest reference to the story.

<p>LEOFFRICUS the ¹ noble Erle of chester, as I read, did ffor the citty of couentrye 4 many a noble deede ;</p>	<p>Leoffricus Earl of Chester</p>
<p>great priuiledges for the towne this noble-man did gett, of all things did make itt soe, 8 that they tole ffree did sitt,</p>	<p>made the city of Coventry</p>
<p>sane onlye that for horsses still they did some custome paie, which was great charges to the towne 12 ffull long & many a day.</p>	<p>except a horse-tax.</p>
<p>wherfore his wiffe, Godina ² ffaire, did of the Erle request that therfore ³ he wold make itt ffree 16 as well as all the rest.</p>	<p>This his wife Godiva asked him to take off</p>

¹ that.—O.B. The first two lines are written as one in the MS.—F.

² Godina.—O.B.

³ thereof.—O.B.

- and finding
him one day
in a good
humour,
- 20 & when the Lady long ¹ had sued,
her purpose to obtaine,
att last her noble Lord ² shew tooke
within ³ a pleasant vaine,
- entreated
him to
remit the
tax.
- 24 & vnto him with smiling cheere
shee did forthwith proceede,
intreating greatly *that* hee wold
performe *that* godlye ⁴ deede.
- "What'll
you do
if I will?"
- 28 "you moue me much, faire dame," ⁵ quoth hee,
"your suite I faine wold shunn;
but what wold ⁶ you performe & doe,
to haue the ⁷ matter done?"
- "Anything
in reason,"
shee says.
- 32 "why, any thing, my Lord," quoth shee,
"you will with reason craue,
I will performe itt with good will
if I my wish may ⁸ haue."
- "Well, if
you'll do
what I
ask you.
I'll take off
the tax."
- 36 "if thou wilt grant one ⁹ thing," he said,
"which I shall now require;
soe ¹⁰ soone as itt is finished,
thou shalt haue thy desire."
- "I'll do it,"
shee says.
- 40 "command what you thinke good, my Lord;
I will ther-to agree
on *that* condityon, *that* this ¹¹ towne
in all things ¹² may bee free."
- "Then strip,
- and ride
naked
through the
towne."
- 44 "if thou wilt stripp thy clothes ¹³ off,
& heere wilt ¹⁴ lay them downe,
& att noone-daye ¹⁵ on horsbacke ryde,
starke naked through the towne,

¹ So when that she long Time.—O.B.² Her Noble Lord at length.—O.B.³ When in.—O.B.⁴ goodly.—O.B.⁵ will.—O.B.⁶ might.—O.B.⁷ my Fair.—O.B.⁸ this.—O.B.⁹ the.—O.B.¹⁰ the.—O.B.¹¹ but thy Cloathes.—O.B.¹² by me.—O.B.¹³ The MS. has a tag like s to t
e.—F. Noon-day.—O.B.¹⁴ as.—O.B.¹⁵ For ever.—O.

“they shalbe free for enermore.
 if thou wilt not doe soe,
 more lyberty then now they haue
 48 I neuer will bestowe.”

the Lady att this strange demand
 was much abashet in minde;
 & yett ffor to fulfill this thing
 52 shee neuer a whitt repinde.

The
 Countess
 is taken
 aback,
 but does not
 hesitate,

wherfore to all the ¹ officers
 of all the towne ² shee sent,
 that they, perceining her good will,
 56 which for their ³ weale was bent,

and tells the
 town-
 officials

that on the day that shee shold ryde,
 all persons through the towne
 shold keepe their houses, & shutt their dore,⁴
 60 & clap their windowes downe,

to order that
 when she
 rides
 through,
 all houses,
 doors, and
 windows
 shall be
 shut,
 so that no
 one may see
 her.

soe that no creature, younge nor ⁵ old,⁶
 shold in the streete ⁷ bee seene
 till shee had ridden [all about] ⁸
 64 Through all the Cittye cleane.

[page 508]

And when the day of ryding came,
 no person did her see,
 sauing her lord . after which time
 68 the towne was euer ffree. ffinis.

She rides.
 None see her.
 The town is
 freed.

unto all.—O.B.
 Of Coventry.—O.B.
 the.—O.B.
 and Doors.—O.B.

³ or.—O.B.

⁶ There is a tag at the end like an s
 in the MS.—F.

⁷ Streets.—O.B.

⁸ all about, Throughout.—O.B.

[“A Mayden-heade” and “Tom Longe,” printed in Lo. & Hum,
 Songs, p. 111–13, follow here in the MS. p. 508.]

Proude where the Spenc[ers]¹

THIS ballad first occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*.

A more complete copy than that of the Folio is to be found in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, so often referred to in our Introductions; but it too is miserably mutilated.

It is evidently the work of a later writer, of one who wrote generations after the memory of Queen Isabella's profligacy in the subsequent years of her life was keenly remembered. Its sympathy with the Queen's side is vehement; and may possibly have sprung from the fact that a Queen was sitting on the throne when it was written.

It would seem not to have been founded on current traditions; but to be the result of some historical research. The details are, for the most part, accurate to a degree most unusual in ballad-poetry. In other respects it can boast no great superiority over other historical ballads—a department of literature by no means pre-eminent for its poetic worth. It tells its tale in a business-like way.

It tells it, as we have said, with surprising accuracy; but there is when it errs. The Queen departed for France nominally on a diplomatic mission—to smooth down certain differences with regard to Gascony which were dividing her brother Charles IV. of France and her husband; she did not make her escape from the country with the aid of any such pretext as that preferred in the text. The letters written by the deserted Edward both to her and to his son who was with her, urging their return, are still extant (see *Fœdera*). The Pope persuaded Charles to dismiss his sister from his court. Then she found refuge at the

¹ In the printed *Collection of old Ballads* 1726. Vol. 2. p. 59. N° x.—P.

court of William Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa the Prince her son was there betrothed. This Count placed at her service a force of 2,000 men under the command of John of Hainault (see vv. 40-62).

On September 24, 1326, those whose return Edward II. had so earnestly urged, landed at Orwell in Suffolk, armed. The nobles, who some five years before had been overthrown with Lancaster, now flocked from their hiding-places and their places of exile to support this frightful insurrection of wife and son. The King's brothers, his cousins, and many bishops, hastened to support it. London murdered the King's lieutenant, and supported it. The elder Despensers were seized at Bristol, the burghers there turning against him, and there executed as a traitor. His son was seized in Wales, carried to Hereford, and executed as a traitor there. The Earl of Arundel and others were beheaded. (See Knight's *Popular History of England*.)

The ballad alludes but briefly to the end of the tragedy :

Then was King deposed of his Crown ;
From rule and princely dignity the
Lords did cast him down.

Written in admiration of Isabella, it, naturally enough, shrinks from any allusion to the atrocities perpetrated in Berkeley Castle—to the “ shrieks of death ” that rang through its roof—

Shrieks of an agonizing King !

PROUD : were the Spencers, & of condityons ¹ ill ;
all England & the King they ruled
likewise ² att their will ;

The
Spencers
were an ill-
conditioned
lot,

¹ Condition, in *Old Ballads*, 3rd ed., ii. 62.—F.

² likewise They ruled.—O.B. Each couple of lines 2 and 3, 5 and 6, 19 and 20, is written as one in the MS.—F. The true arrangement is :

Proud were the Spencers,
& of condityons ill ;

all England & the King they ruled
likewise att their will ;

& many Lords
& nobles of this Land
through their occasion lost their liues,
& none durst them withstand.

The first line very short ; only two accents at most ; the second, third, and fourth lines with three accents.—Skeat.

- and the
cause of
many nobles'
deaths.
- 4 & many Lords & nobles of this ¹ Land
through their occassion ² lost their lines,
and none durst *them* [withstand.] ³
- They raised
strife
between
King
Edward and
his Queen,
- 8 & att the last they did increase great ⁴ greeffe
betweene the [King and Isabel] ⁵
his queene and faithfull wiffe, [page 20]
soe *that* her life shee dreaded wonderous sore,
& cast with[in] ⁶ heer present thoughts
- so that she
was forced
- 12 some present helpe therfore.
- then shee requested, ⁷ with countenance grave
sage,
that shee to Thomas BECCETTS tombe
might goe on pilgramage.
- 16 then being ioyfull to haue *that* ⁸ happy chance,
her sonne & shee tooke shipp with speede,
& sayled into france ;
- to escape
into France.
- & royally shee was receiued then
- The French
King, her
brother,
received her
well,
- 20 by the King & all the rest
of the peeres & noblemen ;
and vnto him att lenght ⁹ shee did expresse
the cause of her arriuall there,
- 24 her greeffe ¹⁰ & heauinesse.
- when as her brother her greeffe did vnderstand,
he gaue her leaue to gather men
out of ¹¹ his famous land,
- gave her
leave to
raise men,
and
promised her
- 28 & made his ¹² promise to aide her enermore
as oft as shee shold stand in Neede ¹³
of gold & siluer store.
- money.

¹ the.—O.B. ⁸ the.—O.B.
² Occasions.—O.B. ⁹ last.—O.B.
³ did them withstand.—O.B. ¹⁰ care.—O.B.
⁴ much.—O.B. ¹¹ Throughout.—O.B.
⁵ MS. pared away. Supplied from ¹² a.—O.B.
Old Ballads.—F. ¹³ N written over st in the MS.—
⁶ within.—O.B. ⁷ requests.—O.B. need.—O.B.

- but when indeed he shold performe ¹ the same,
 32 he was as ffarr ffrom doing itt
 as when shee thither came,
 & did proclaime, ² while matters yett were greene, ³
 that none on paine of death shold goe
 36 to aide the English queene.
- this alteration did greatly greene the Queene,
 that downe along her comely fface
 they ⁴ bitter teares were seene.
 40 when shee percined her ffreinds forsooke her soe,
 shee knew not, ffor her saftey,
 which way to turne or goe;
- but through good happ, att last shee thenn decreede
 44 to seeke in ffruitfull GERMANYE
 some succour in ⁵ this neede ;
 And to Sir Iohn HENAULT ⁶ then went shee,
 who entertained this wofull queene
 48 with great solempnitye ;
- & with great sorrow to him shee then complained
 of all the greefe ⁷ & iniuryes
 which shee of late sustained,
 52 soe that with weeping shee dimnd her princly
 sight.
 the sunn ⁸ therof did greatly greefe
 that noble curteous knight,
- who made an othe he wold her champyon bee,
 56 & in her quarrell spend his bloode,
 from wrong to sett her ffree ;
- But he afterwards broke his word,
 and refused to let men enlist for her.
 This grieved her greatly,
 and she took refuge in Germany,
 where Sir John Henault
 swore to be her champion, and fight for her,

¹ she did require.—O.B.

² MS. proclaime.—F.

³ whilst matters were so.—O.B.

⁴ The.—O.B.

⁵ to.—O.B.

⁶ Hainault.—O.B.

⁷ her Griefs.—O.B.

⁸ MS. sunn or smm: ? for summ, or E. E. sunne, sin.—F. sunne not to be thought of.—Dyce. cause.—O.B.

with all his
friends.

“ & all my freinds with whom I may preuaile,
shall helpe for to aduance your state,
60 whose truth no time shall faile.”

He proves
faithful ;
sails with
many lords,

And in this promise, most faithfull he was found,
& many Lords of great account
was in this voyage bound.

and lands
with her at
Harwich.

64 soe setting fforward with a goodlye traine,
att lenght through gods especiall grace
into England they came.

Many
English
lords join
her.

Att HARWICH then when they were come a-shore,¹
68 of English Lords & Barrons bold
there came to her great store,
which did reioce the queenes afflicted hart,
that English nobles² in such sort
72 did come³ to take her part.

Edward II.
hears of this,

when as King Edward herof did vnderstand,
how *that* the queene with such a power
was entered on his Land,

and flies,

76 & how his nobles were gone to take her part,
he fled from London presentlye ;
then⁴ with a heauye hart,

with the
Spencers,
to Bristol,

And with the Spencers, did vnto BRISTOWE⁵ goe,
80 [To fortify that gallant town,]⁶
Greatt cost he did best[owe ;]

[page 510]

leaving the
Bishop of
Exeter in
London,

leauing behind, to gouerne London towne,⁷
[The stout Bishop of *Exeter*,
84 Whose Pride was soon pull'd down.

¹ were ashore.—O.B.

² Lords.—O.B.

³ Came for.—O.B.

⁴ Even.—O.B.

⁵ Unto Bristol did.—O.B.

⁶ MS. pared away. Line supplied
from O.B.—F.

⁷ (N.B. There are upwards of 22
stanzas wanting : which are all in the
Printed Copy.)—P. and are here printed,
with the leads out, from the 2nd edition
of *Old Ballads*, 1726, vol. ii. p. 62.
About half a page in the MS. is left
blank.—F.

- [The Mayor of *London*, with Citizens great Store,
The Bishop and the *Spencers* both
In Heart they did abhor ;
88 Therefore they took him without Fear or Dread,
And at the Standard in *Cheapside*
They soon smote off his Head. where the
citizens
soon
- [Unto the Queen this Message then they sent,
92 The City of *London* was
At her Commandement :
Wherefore the Queen, with all her Company,
Did strait to *Bristol* march amain,
96 Wherein the King did lie : and tell
Isabella the
city is here.
- [Then she besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel Death,
To those that were so stout ;
100 Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children, and their
Wives,
Did yield the City to the Queen
For Safe-guard of their Lives : She marches
to Bristol,
- [Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,
104 Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him
The Earl of *Arundel*.
This Judgment just the Nobles did set down,
They should be drawn and hanged both,
108 In Sight of *Bristol* Town. Sir H.
Spencer
and Lord
Arundel are
taken,
- [Then was King Edward in the Castle there,
And *Hugh Spencer* still with him,
In Dread and deadly Fear ;
112 And being prepar'd from thence to Sail away,
The Winds were found contrary,
They were enforc'd to stay : the King
and Spencer
- [But at last Sir *John Beaumont*, Knight,
116 Did bring his sailing Ship to Shore,
And so did stay their Flight :
And so these Men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
120 Which did in *Bristol* lie. being
caught as
they were
escaping by
ship.
- [The Queen, by Counsel of the Lords and Barons bold,
To *Barkley* sent the King,
There to be kept in hold : The Queen
imprisons
the King

- 124 And young *Hugh Spencer*, that did much Ill proce
Was to the Marshal of the Host
Sent unto keeping sure.
- 128 [And then the Queen to *Hereford* took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
Which late in *Bristol* lay :
And here behold how *Spencer* was
From Town to Town, even as the Queen
132 To *Hereford* did pass ;
- and has
Spencer
carried from
town to
town on a
jade's back,
- [Upon a Jade, which they by chance had found,
Young *Spencer* mounted was,
With Legs and Hands fast bound :
136 A Writing-Paper along as he did go,
Upon his Head he had to wear,
Which did his Treason show :
- men playing
before him.
- 140 [And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain Men with Reeden-Pipes
Did blow before him still.
Thus was he led along in every Place,
While many People did rejoice
144 To see his strange Disgrace.
- Then at
Hereford
- 148 [When unto *Hereford* our Noble Queen was come
She did assemble all the Lords
And Knights, both all and some ;
And in their Presence young *Spencer* Judgment h
To be both hang'd and quartered,
His Treasons were so bad.
- Spencer is
hanged and
quartered,
- King
Edward is
deposed,
- 152 [Then was the King deposed of his Crown ;
From Rule, and princely Dignity,
The Lords did cast him down :
And in his Life, his Son both wise and sage,
Was crowned King of fair *England*,
156 At Fifteen Years of Age.] fin[is.]
- and his son
crowned
King.

Kinge Edgar.¹

THIS rhyming version of a good old Saxon tale occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, "to the tune of Labandulishot," in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, in Evans's *Old Ballads*.

The authority followed by the writer of it is William of Malmesbury.

There was in his time (says that chronicler) one Athelwold, a nobleman of celebrity, and one of his confidants; him the king had commissioned to visit Elfrida, daughter of Orgar, Duke of Devonshire (whose charms had so fascinated the eyes of some persons that they commended her to the king), and to offer her marriage if her beauty were really equal to report.

Hastening on his embassy, and finding everything consonant to general estimation, he concealed his mission from her parents, and procured the damsel for himself. Returning to the king, he told a tale that made for his own purpose, that she was a girl of vulgar and commonplace appearance, and by no means worthy of such a transcendent dignity. When Edgar's heart was disengaged from this affair, and employed on other amours, some tattlers acquainted him how completely Athelwold had duped him by his artifices. Driving out one nail with another, that is, returning him deceit for deceit, he showed the earl a fair countenance, and, as in a sportive manner, appointed a day when he would visit this far-famed lady. Terrified almost to death with this dreadful pleasantry, he hastened before to his wife, entreating that she would administer to his safety by attiring herself as unbecomingly as possible; then first disclosing the intention of such a proceeding. But what did not this woman dare? She was hardy enough to deceive the confidence of her miserable lover, her first husband, to adorn herself at the mirror, and omit nothing that could stimulate the desire of a young and powerful man. Nor did events happen contrary to her design; for he fell so desperately in love with her the moment he saw her, that, dissembling his indignation, he sent for the earl into a wood at Warewelle, under

¹ In the printed Collection 1726, Vol. 2, p. 25, N. iv.—P.

pretence of hunting, and ran him through with a javelin. When the illegitimate son of the murdered nobleman approached with his accustomed familiarity, and was asked by the king how he liked that kind of sport, he is reported to have said, "Well, my sovereign liege, I ought not to be displeased with that which gives you pleasure," with which answer he so assuaged the mind of the reigning monarch, that for the remainder of his life he held no one in greater estimation than this young man; mitigating the tyrannical deed against the father by royal solicitude for the son. In expiation of this crime, a monastery, which was built on the spot by Elfrida, is inhabited by a large congregation of nuns.—Stevenson's *Church Historians of England*.

Another account is given by Brompton. He narrates how Athelwold, after securing, by his deception, the hand of Alfrida, as he calls her, persuaded the king to stand godfather to their first-born son, "de sacro forte levare," in order that—a spiritual affinity ("spiritualis cognatio") contracted thus between his wife and Edgar—he might be secure from his majesty's amorousness. But the king made but little of this restraining tie. He speedily put Athelwold out of the way, sending him to oppose the Danes in the North, and perhaps getting him killed on his way to his post—at all events he was killed on the way—and took Alfrida to his arms. In vain Dunstan, who seems to have been extremely free of the palace, entering the royal chamber the morning after the espousals, asked the king, "quænam illa esset quæ secum in lecto jacebat," and chafed at the answer "regina." Edgar married Alfrida.

The story is told in the following ballad with some skill, but in a somewhat prosy manner.

The form adopted is the favourite one of the old romances (revived by Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*); and the besetting blemish of the piece—prolixity—is also an imitation of the old romances.

The sympathy of the account is all on the king's side.

Thus he which did the king deceive
Did by deceit this death receive,

says the loyal poet, after describing Athelwold's assassination. "Be true and faithful to your friend" is the moral. And when that friend is a king, why, expect the extremest penalties, if you are false.

- WHEN as King Edgar did gouerne this land,¹
 & in the strenght of his yeeres did² stand,
 such praise was spread of a gallant dame
 4 which did through England carry great fame,
 & shee a Ladaye of noble³ degree,
 the Erle of deuonshires daughter was shee.
 the King, which had latetly⁴ buryed the queene,
 8 & a long⁵ time a wydower had⁶ beene,
 hearing the praise of this⁷ gallant maid,
 vpon her bewtye his lone hee laid;
 & in his sighes⁸ he wold often say,
 12 "I will goe⁹ send for *that* Lady gay;
 yea, I will send for *that*¹⁰ Lady bright
 which is my treasure and delight,
 whose bewty, like to Phebus beames,
 16 did¹¹ glister¹² through all Christen realmes."
 then to himselfe he wold repleye,
 saing, "how fond a prince¹³ am I,
 to cast my lone soe base and Lowe,
 20 & on¹⁴ a girle I doe not know!
 King Edgar will his fancy frame
 to lone¹⁵ some peereles princely dame,

The widowed
King Edgar

hears of a
gallant
dame,

the Earl of
Devonshire's
daughter,

and sets his
love on her.
He often
says that
he'll
send and
fetch her,

but then
thinks how
stupid he is
to fall in
love with a
low-born
girl he has
never seen.
He'll find and
love some
Princess,

¹ O.B. adds:
Adown, adown, down, down down:
and after line 2,
Call him down a.—F.

² he did.—O.B.

³ high.—O.B.

⁴ who lately had.—O.B.

⁵ not a long. Printed C.—P. not
long.—O.B.

⁶ O.B. omits *had*.—F.

⁷ this Praise of a.—O.B.

⁸ mind. Printed C.—P.

⁹ O.B. omits *goe*.—F.

¹⁰ this.—O.B.

¹¹ doth. Pr^d Copy.—P.

¹² Doth glitter.—O.B.

¹³ The MS. has only one stroke for the
n.—F.

¹⁴ Upon.—O.B.

¹⁵ have.—O.B.

- with a good
dowry,
who is more
beautiful
than Estrild.
Then he
thinks
again, how
wrong it is
- 24 the daughter of some ¹ royall King,
that may a worthy ² dowry bringe,³
whose macheles bewty brought in place
may Estrilds conlor cleane disgrace.
but senceless man, what doe I meane,
- 28 vpon a broken reede to leane ?
& what fond fury doth ⁴ me moue
thus to abuse my deerest loue,
whose visage, gracet with heauenlye hue,
- 32 doth HELLENS honor quite subdue ?
the glory of her bewtyous pride
[Sweet Estrild's Favour doth deride]⁵
Then pardon m[y unse]mely speech,⁶ [page 311]
- 36 deere loue & lady, I beseech !
& ⁷ I my thoughts hencforth will ⁸ frame
to spread the honore of thy name."
then vnto him he called a knight
- 40 which was most trusty in his sight,
& vnto him thus did he ⁹ say :
" to Erle Orgarus ¹⁰ goe thy way,
& ¹¹ aske for ESTRILDS ¹² comely dame,
- 44 whose b[e]wty is soe for by ¹³ fame ;
& if thou ¹⁴ find her comlye grace
as fame hath ¹⁵ spread in euery place,
then tell her father shee shalbe
- 48 my crowned queene, if shee agree."
- to abuse his
love
Estrild,
who is more
lovely than
Helen.
- So he decides
on Estrild,
- and sends off
a knight,
Ethelwold,
to her
father's,
to look at
her,
and if he
finds her
beautiful,
then he's to
propose to
her, for
Edgar.

¹ a.—O.B.² dainty.—O.B.

³ Betere were a ryche mon
For te spouse a god womon
Thath hue be sum del pore,
Then to brynge into his hous
a proud quene ant daungerous,
That is sum del hore.
"Moni mon for londe wyveth to
shonde."

Quoth Hendyng.

Reliquiae Antiquae i. 115.—F.⁴ or what did, Pr^d C.—P. & O.B.⁵ O.B. MS. pared away.—F. sweet

Estrild's favour doth deride.—P. For
the original Estrild, see p. 466-7 above.
—F.

⁶ Then pardon my unseemly speech,
Printed Copy.—P.

⁷ For.—O.B.⁸ will henceforth.—O.B.⁹ he did.—O.B.¹⁰ Orgator, Printed Copy.—P.¹¹ Where.—O.B.¹² Estrild.—O.B.¹³ went so far for.—O.B.¹⁴ you.—O.B.¹⁵ did.—O.B.

- the *knight* in message did proceede,
 & into deuonshire went ¹ with speede ;
 but when he saw *that* ² Ladye bright,
 52 he was soe rauisht att her sight,
that nothing cold his passyon mone
 except he might obtaine her loue.
 & ³ day & night there while ⁴ he stayde,
 56 he courted still *that* ⁵ peereles mayd ;
 & in his suite hee showed such skill,
that att the lenght woon ⁶ her good will,
 fforgetting quite the duty tho
 60 which hee vnto the kinge did owe.
 then coming home vnto his grace,
 he told him with dissembling face
that those reporters were to blame
 64 *that* soe aduanced *that* ⁷ maidens name ;
 “ for I assure your grace,” quoth ⁸ hee,
 “ shee is as other women bee ;
 her bewtye of such great report,
 68 no better then they ⁹ common sort,
 & far vnmeet in euery thing
 to mach with such a noble Kinge.
 but though her face be nothing ffaire,
 72 yett sith shee is her ffathers hcyre,
 perhapps some Lord of hye degree
 wold verry glad ¹⁰ her husband bee ;
 & ¹¹ if your grace wold giue consent,
 76 I cold ¹² my selfe be well content
 the damsell for my wife to take,
 for her great Lands & linings sake.”
 the King, whom thus he did deceiue,
 80 incontinent did giue him leane ;

The knight
goes,

and is so
ravished
with Estrild,

that he
courts her
for himself,

and wins her
heart.

Then he
goes back to
Edgar, and
tells him

that Estrild

is nothing
particular,

one of the
common
sort,
quite unfit
for a King ;

but as
she'll have
her father's
lands,

he, Ethel-
wold, would
like to
have her
himself, for
her lands.

Edgar

consents.

O.B. omits *went*.—F.

the.—O.B.

For.—O.B.

while there.—O.B.

this.—O.B.

⁶ he gain'd.—O.B.

⁷ the.—O.B.

⁸ said.—O.B.

⁹ the.—O.B.

¹⁰ fain.—O.B.

¹¹ Then.—O.B.

¹² would.—O.B.

for on *that* poynt he did not stand,
 for why, he had no ¹ need of land.
 then being glad, he went his way,²
 84 & weded straight *that* ³ Lady gay;
 the fairest creature bearing life,
 had this false knight to ⁴ his wiffe;
 & by *that* mach of high degree,
 88 an Erle soone after *that* was hee.
 ere hee long time had marryed beene,
 many ⁵ had her bewtye seene;
 her praise was spread both farr & neere,
 92 soe *that* they King ⁶ therof did heare,
 who then in hart did plainly prone
 he was betrayed of his lone.
 though therof ⁷ he was vexed sore,
 96 yett seemed he not to greene therfore,
 but kept his countenance good & kind,
 as though hee bore no grudg in minde.
 but on a day itt came to passe
 100 when as the King full merry was,
 to ETHELWOLD in sport hee said
 "I muse what cheere there shold be made
 if to thy house I wold ⁸ resort
 104 a night or 2 for princely sport."
 heratt the Erle shewed contenance glad,⁹
 though in his hart he was [full sad;] ¹⁰
 And said,¹¹ "your grace s[hall welcome be]"¹² [page 512]
 108 if soe your grace will honor mee."
 when ¹³ as the day apointed was,
 before the King shold ¹⁴ thither passe,

The knigh
 marries
 Estrild,

 and is made
 an Earl.
 Then the
 report of
 her beauty
 reaches
 Edgar,

 who sees
 how he's
 been
 cheated out
 of his love,

 but puts a
 good face on
 it.
 One day
 though

 he asks
 Ethelwold
 how he'd
 receive him
 if he paid him
 a visit.
 Ethelwold,
 sad at heart,
 says,
 "You'd be
 most
 welcome."

Before the
 King comes,

¹ not.—O.B.
² away.—O.B.
³ this.—O.B.
⁴ unto.—O.B.
⁵ That many.—O.B.
⁶ The King again.
⁷ therefore.—O.B.

⁸ should.—O.B.
⁹ One stroke too many in the MS.—F.
¹⁰ full sad.—O.B.
¹¹ Saying.—O.B.
¹² shall welcome be.—O.B.
¹³ Then.—O.B.
¹⁴ did.

- the Erle before-hand did prepare
 112 the *Kings*¹ coming to declare,
 & with a countenance passing grim
 he called his Lady vnto him,
 saing with sad & heauye cheere :
 116 "I pray you, when the *King* comes heere,
 sweet Lady, as you tender mee,
 lett your attire but homelye bee ;
 & washe not thou thy Angells face,
 120 but doe² thy bewtye quite³ disgrace ;
 therto thy gesture soe apply,
 itt may seeme lothsome to his⁴ eye ;
 for if the *King* shold heere⁵ behold
 124 thy gloiroous bewtye soe extold,
 then shold⁶ my liffe soone shortened beo
 ffor my desartt⁷ & trecherye.
 when to thy ffather ffirst I came,
 128 though I did not declare the same,
 yett was I put in trust to bring
 the ioyfull tydings of the *Kinge*,
 who for thy glouryous bewtye seene,
 132 did thinke of thee to make his queene.
 but when I had thy person found,
 thy bewty gaue me such a wound,
 no rest nor comfort cold I take
 136 till your⁸ sweet loue my greffe did slake ;
 & thus,⁹ though duty charged me
 most ffaithfull to my *Lord* to bee,
 yett loue vpon the other side
 140 bade¹⁰ for my selfe I shold prouide.
 then for my sute & service knowne,¹¹
 att lenthgt I wooon you for my owne ;

Ethelwold

prays his
 wife,
 when Edgar
 does come,
 to dress
 badly,
 not wash
 her face,

and behave
 disgust-
 ingly ;

for if the
 King
 sees her
 beauty,
 he'll kill her
 husband.

Ethelwold
 then tells
 his wife of
 his
 treachery
 to Edgar :
 how, sent to
 woo her
 for the King,

he fell in
 love with
 her himself,

and wooed
 and won her.

¹ King his.² so.—O.B.³ clean.—O.B.⁴ the.—O.B.⁵ there.—O.B.⁶ shall.—O.B.⁷ Deserts.—O.B.⁸ you.—O.B.⁹ that.—O.B.¹⁰ Bid.—O.B.¹¹ shown.—O.B.

- But for their
wedlock's
sake
144 & for your loue & ¹ wedlocke spent,
your choice you need no whitt repent.
& sith ² my greeffe I haue exprest,
sweet Lady, grant me my request."
good words shee gaue with smiling cheere;
She answers
smilingly;
148 musing att ³ *that* which shee did heere;
& casting many things in mind,
great fault herwith ⁴ shee seemed to find;
& ⁵ in her-selfe shee thought itt shame
but, as it
would be a
shame to
mar God's
work,
she dresses
herself out
as bravely as
possible,
152 to make *that* fionle which god did fframe.
most costly robes & ⁶ rich, therefore,
in brauest sort *that* day shee wore,
& did all things ⁷ *that* ere shee might
156 to sett her bewtye forth to sight,
& her best skill in euery thing
shee shewed, to entertaine the King,
and does all
she can to
please the
King.
He falls
madly in
love with
her;
160 wherby ⁸ the King soe snared was,
that reason quite ffrom him did passe;
his hart by her was sett on ffire,
he had to her a great desire;
& for the lookes he gaue her then,
she gives
him ten
sweet looks
for one;
164 for euery looke shee gaue him ten;
wherfor the King perceined plaine
his loue & lookes were not in vaine.
vpon a time ⁹ itt chanced soe,
and next
hunting-day
168 the King hee wold a hunting goe,
& into Horswood did he ryde, ¹⁰
the Erle on horssbake by his side.
& there ¹¹ the story telleth plaine,
he kills her
husband,
172 *that* with a shaft the Erle was slaine.
& when *that* ¹² hee had lost his liffe,
he ¹³ tooke the Lady to his ¹⁴ wiffe;

¹ my Love in.—O.B.² Then since.—O.B.³ of.—O.B.⁴ But.—O.B.⁵ Doing all.—O.B.⁶ Wherefore.—O.B.⁴ therewith.—O.B.⁵ full.—O.B.⁹ MS. time.—F.¹⁰ And as they through a Wood did ride.—O.B.¹¹ For so.—O.B.¹² So that when.—O.B.¹³ King Edgar.—F.¹⁴ unto.—O.B.

he marryed her, all shame ¹ to shunn,
 6 by whom he had begott ² a sonne.
 thus hee which ³ did the King deceiue,
 did by desart this ⁴ death receiue.
 then, to conclude & make an ende,
 0 be true & ffaithffull to your ⁵ freind !

marries her,
 and begets a
 son on her.
 So the
 deceiver
 lost his life.

Moral :
 Be true to
 your friend.

ffinis.

Who marry'd her, all Harm.—O.B.
 did beget.—O.B.

² that.—O.B.
⁴ his.—O.B.

⁵ thy.—O.B.

Christop[h]er White :

We know of no other copy of this ballad.

A wealthy merchant—a burgess of four towns, one of them Edinburgh—makes love to the sweetheart of Christopher White, during Christopher's banishment. She hesitates; she has found Christopher White good company; she warns the man of business that, if she is false to her old love, she cannot be true to him. But he still urges his suit, and at last—

The Lady she took 'his' gold in her hand,
The tears they fell fast from her eyes;
Says, 'Silver & gold makes my heart to turn,
And makes me leave good company.'

The honey-moon, and two or three other moons over, "the merchants are ordered to sea" to serve against Spain (see vv. 40, 68). Such an employment of mercantile-navy was not unfrequent in the later middle ages, and if discontinued, may not have been forgotten at the time this ballad was written (see *Pictures of English Life*, Chaucer, p. 233). Or possibly "that all the merchants must to the sea" may mean only that the convoy was ready to accompany them, and they must at once put themselves under its protection. In any case, whether by his own business, or that of the State, the merchant was called away from his bride. When he returns, he finds her gone off to England with the companionable Christopher (who has managed to get pardoned) and his own spoons and plate and silver and gold. The excellent man protests he cares nothing for the missing goods and chattels; but for his "likesome lady" he mourns; yet confesses ingenuously that she warned him when he wooed her, that—

If she were false to Christopher White,
She would never be true to me.

And so aptly follows the moral:

All young women, a warning take,
A warning, look, you take by me;
Look that you love your old loves best,
For in faith they are best company.

AS I walked forth one morni[n]ge [page 518]
by one place *that* pleased mee,
wherin I heard a wandering wight,
4 sais, "christopher white is good companye."

I drew me neere, & very neere,
till I was as neere as neere cold bee;
loth I was her counsell to discreeme,¹
8 because I wanted companye.

"Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,
why makest thou ² moane soe heanilye?"
sais, "all is ffor one wandering wight,
12 is banished forth of his owne cuntrye."

"I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,
soe am I more of townes 3,
I haue money & gold great store,
16 come, sweet wench, & ligg thy loue on mee."

the merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold
which had hundreds 2 or three,
sais, "euery day throughout the weeke
20 He count ³ as much downe on thy knee."

"O Merchant, take thy gold againe,
a good lining twill purchase thee;
if I be ffalse to *Christopher white*,
24 Merchant, I cannott be true to thee."

I overheard
a girl
mourning
for Christo-
pher White.

I drew close
to her,

and she said
that White
was
banished.

An Edin-
burgh
burgess tells
her he has
plenty of
money; will
she love
him? He
offers her
gold,

and 200l. or
300l. a week.

She answers

that if she's
false to
White,
she can't be
true to him.

¹ ? discreue.—F.

² MS. thom.—F.

³ MS. comt.—F.

He tells her
what wealth
he has,

sais, "I haue halla, soe haue I bowers,"
sais, "I haue shipps sayling on the sea ;
I ame the burgess of Edenburrowe ;
28 come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue on mee.

and offers to
marry her
next day.

"Come on, come, thou well faire mayde!
of our matters lett vs goe throughe,
for to-morrowe Ile marry thee,
32 & thy dwelling shalbe in Edenburrrough."

The girl
takes his
money,
and agrees
to have him.

The Lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,
the teares thé fell ffast ffrom her eyes¹ ;
sais, "siluer & gold makes my hart to turne,
36 & makes me leane good companye."

But soon
after their
marriage,

all the
merchants
have to go
to sea.

They had not beene marryed
not ouer monthes 2 or 3,
but tydings came to Edenburrowe
40 *that* all the merchants must to the sea.

On this, the
wife sends a
love letter,
and 100*l.*, to
Christopher,

Then as this Lady sate in a deske,
shee made a loue letter ffull round ;
shee mad a *lettre* to christopher white,
44 & in itt shee put a 100^{*l.*}

She lind the letter with gold soe red,
& mony good store in itt was found,
shee sent itt to christopher white
48 *that* was soe ffar in the Scotts ground.

and bids him
come to her.

Shee bade him then ffrankely spend,
& looke *that* hee shold merry bee,
& bid him come to Edenburrowe
52 now all the merchants be to the sea.

¹ eye.—P.

But *christopher* came to leene London,
 & there he kneeled lowly downe,
 & there hee begd his pardon then,
 5 of our noble *King that* ware the crowne.

He goes
 first to
 London,

and gets the
 King's
 pardon.

But when he came to his true lones house,
 which was made both of lime and stone,
 shee tooke him by the lilly white hand,
 10 sais, "true lone, you ¹ are welcome home !

Then he
 comes to his
 old love.

"welcome, my honey ! welcome, my ioy !
 welcome, my true lone, home to mee !
 ffor thou art hee *that* will leng[t]hen my dayes,
 15 & I know thou art good companye.

She
 welcomes
 him,

"*Christopher*, I am a merchants wiffe ;
 christopher, the more shall be your gaine ;
 siluer & gold you shall haue enough,
 20 of the merchants gold *that* is in Spaine."

promises
 him as much
 gold as
 he wants,

"But if you be a Merchants wiffe,
 something to much you are to blame ;
 I will thee reade a lone letter ²
 25 shall stu[r]e thy stumpes, thou noble dame."

"Although I be a marchants wiffe,
 . . . shall . . . ³mino
 . & g . . . [page 514]
 30 into England Ile goe with the."

and declares
 that she'll
 elope with
 him.

They packet vp both siluer & p[late],
 siluer & gold soe great plentye ;
 & they be gon into litle England,
 35 & the marchant must them neuer see.

So they pack
 up all the
 merchant's
 money,
 and are off to
 England.

MS. yo^r.—F.

MS. lert^r.—F.

The MS. is pared away at the bottom

of p. 513 ; and the writing has perished,
 and part of the paper is broken away at
 the top of p. 514.—F.

DL. III.

K K

When the
merchant
comes back
from sea, his
neighbours
tell him
how his wife

And when the merchu
their wines to eche
"heere hath beene go
& he hath tane thy

84

has run
away with
White.

"They haue packett
siluer & gold great
& they be gon into li
& them againe tho

88

" Well,"
says the
merchant,
" I don't
grieve for
my gold,
though I do
for my wife :

" I care nott ffor my
nor for my plate ec
but I mourne for *that*
that christopher wh

92

but she gave
me fair
notice, so I
musn't
grumble."

" But one thing I mu
this lady shee did t
' if shee were false to
shee cold neuer be

96

Moral :
Young
women,
love your old
loves best !

All young [wo]men,
a warning, looke, y
looke *that* you loue y
for infaith they are

100

Queene Dido.¹

“ A BALLET intituled ‘ The Wanderynge Prince ’ was entered on the Registers of the Stationers’ Company in 1564–5. This was, no doubt, the ‘ Proper new ballad, intituled The Wandering Prince of Troy : to the tune of Queen Dido,’ of which there are two copies in the Pepys Collection (i. 84 and 548). Of these copies, the first, being printed by John Wright, is probably not of earlier date than 1620 ; and the second, by Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger, after 1660. The ballad has been reprinted in Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, iii. 192, A. D. 1765 ; and in Ritson’s *Ancient Songs*, ii. 141, 1829. Its extensive popularity will be best shown by the following quotations :

You ale-knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions ; that sing Queen Dido over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot . . . you shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottom before you are aware.—*The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets*, 1608. (Percy Soc. reprint, p. 44.)

Frank.—These are your eyes !

Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love

With the old footman for singing Queen Dido ?

Fletcher’s *The Captain*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

“ Fletcher again mentions it in Act i. Sc. 2 of *Bonduca*, where Petillius says of Junius that he is ‘ in love, indeed in love, most

¹ This Song is in Print, and commonly intitled “ Æneas the Wandering Prince of Troy.”—P. Printed in the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 240;

not in the first three editions.

² From Chappell’s *Popular Music*, i. 370–1. The quotations have been already given by him, p. 260–1.—F.

lamentably loving,—to the tune of Queen Dido.’ At a later date, Sir Robert Howard (speaking of himself) says:

In my younger time I have been delighted with a ballad for its sake; and ’twas ten to one but my muse and I had so set up first: nay, I had almost thought that Queen Dido, sung that way, was some ornament to the pen of Virgil. I was then a trifler with the lute and fiddle, and perhaps, being musical, might have been willing that words should have their tones, unisons, concords, and diapasons, in order to a poetical gamuth.—*Poems and Essays*, 8vo, 1673.

“A great number of ballads were sung to the tune, either under the name of Queen Dido or of Troy Town.”

Percy gives it in the *Reliques* from the Folio, “collated with two different printed copies both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection.”

This ballad tells, with some trifling variations, the story of Æneas’ visit to Carthage, and Dido’s passion and unhappy end. Pity for his sufferings as he recounted them quickly grew into love, and “this silly woman never slept,” and she “rolled on her careful bed,” and sighed and sobbed, and drove her knife home to her heart. Thus far the ballad follows the famous Roman epic; afterwards it narrates circumstances uncommemorated by Virgil. Dido’s sister writes to Æneas (the Wandering Prince’s address at this time was “an isle in Græcia”) to inform him of the poor lady’s decease, and how with her last breath she prayed for his prosperity. The perusal of the letter much distresses him. Just as he has completed it, appears before him Queen Dido’s ghost, grim and pale, reproachful, portentous. It bids him prepare his flitting soul to wander with her through the air. The miserable deserter prays for mercy; he would fain live, he says, to make amends to some of her most dearest friends—offers “damages,” in fact; but, when he sees her inflexible, he makes a virtue of necessity, and professes himself content to die. His hour comes at once.

And thus as one being in a trance,
 A multitude of ugly fiends
 About this woeful prince did dance ;
 He had no help of any friends.
 His body then they took away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

So that even an inquest could not be held over him.

In the *Æneid* the hero does indeed see the ghost of the Carthaginian Queen ; but it is because he goes to its habitation, not that it comes to his. When in the sixth book he descends into hell, he sees the hapless Phœnician in the region or quarter of those

Qui sibi letum
 Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
 Projecere animas.

He sees her, and with tears would explain his departure from her arms. He left her, he urges, against his own will, by divine compulsion, and entreats her to stay and converse with him. But she answers him never a word.

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tuentem
 Lenibat dictis animam, lacrimasque ciebat.
 Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat ;
 Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
 Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.
 Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
 In nemus umbriferum ; confux ubi pristinus illi
 Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.
 Nec minus Æneas, casu percussus iniquo,
 Prosequitur lacrimans longe, et miseratur euntem.

Ovid in the third book of his *Fasti* describes an apparition of Dido, but it is revealed, not to Æneas, but to Dido's sister Anna, who is at the time the welcome guest of Æneas in Italy, to warn her of Lavinia's jealousy.

Nox erat ; ante torum visa est adstare sororis
 Squalenti Dido sanguinolenta comâ,
 Et ' Fuge ne dubita, mœstum fuge,' dicere, ' tectum.'

The door creaked opportunely ; and Anna, alarmed, escaped through the window, and finally threw herself into the river Tomicus.

After the
Trojan war,

WHEN ¹ Troy towne for ten yceres warr
withstood the greekes in manfull wise,
yett did their foes encrease soe ffast,
4 *that* to resist none ² cold suffice;
wast ly ³ those wall[s] ⁴ *that* were soe good,
& corne now growes where Troy towne stode.

Æneas

lands at
Carthage,
Dido makes
him a sumptuous feast,

Æneas, wandring prince of Troy,
8 when he ffor land long time had sought,
att last arrined ⁵ with great ioy,
to mighty carthage walls was brought,
where dido queene with s[u]mptuous feast
12 did entertaine *that* wandering guest.

and at it

And as in hall att meate thé sate,
the queene, desirous newes to heare
of thy vnhappy 10 yceres warr,

asks him to
tell her the
story of his
hard
fortune.

16 “declare to me, thou troian deere,
thy ⁶ heauy hap, & chance soe bad,
that thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.”

This he does,

And then anon this comelye knight,
20 with words demure, as he cold well,
of his vnhappy ten yceres warr
soe true a tall ⁷ begun to tell,
with words sooe sweete & sighes soe deepe,
24 *that* oft he made them all to weepe;

so sweetly
and patheti-
cally that all
weep,

And then a 1000 sighes he ffeih^t,⁸
& euery sigh brought teares amaine,
that where he sate, the place was wett

and at last
Dido is
obliged
to ask him
to stop.

28 as though he had seene those warrs againe;
soe *that* the Queene with ruth therfore
said, “worthy prince, enough! no more!”

¹ Although or albeit.—P. *now* added
after *when* by P.—F.

² nought.—P.

³ MS. wastly.—F. waste lie.—P.

⁴ walls.—P.

⁵ The.—P.

⁶ fet. olim pro fetcht. vid. Bibl

2 Sam. 9. 5. item 1 K^g 9. 28, &c.—P.

⁸ Arriving.—

⁷ tale.—P.

And then the darkesome night drew on,
 32 & twinkling starres on skye was ¹ spread,²
 & ³ he his dolefull tale had told.
 euery ⁴ one were layd in bedd,
 where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
 36 saue only didos boyling brest.

At night

all take
 sweet rest,
 save Dido,

This sillye woman neuer slept,
 but in her chamber all alone,
 as one vnhappye, alwayes wept.
 40 vnto the walls shee made her moane
 that she shold still desire in vaine
 the thing that shee cold not obtaine.

who cannot
 sleep,

but always
 weeps and
 moans,
 desiring
 Æneas.

And thus in greeffe shee spent the night
 44 [Till twinkling starres] ⁵ in skye were fledd,⁶
 [And now bright Phebus morn]ing beames [page 515]
 [Amidst they] clouds appeared redd.
 [Then tidings] came to her anon
 48 [How that the] TROIAN shipps we[r]e gone.⁷

In the
 morning
 she hears
 that the
 Trojan ships
 are gone.

⁸ And then the queene with bloody kniffe
 did armee, her hart as hard as stone ;
 yett something loth to loose her liffe,
 52 in wofull wise shee made her mone ;
 then rowling on her carfull ⁹ bed,
 with sighes & sobbs these words shee sayd :

She seizes
 a knife ;

but before
 killing
 herself,

¹ were.—P.
² the skye bespread.—P.
³ when.—P. ⁴ then every.—P.
⁵ Pared away in the MS. The bracketed parts of the next four lines are torn away.—F.
⁶ Till twinkling starres in the skye were fled.—P.
⁷ And now bright Phebus morning beames
 Amids the clouds appeared red,
 Then tidings came to her anon
 How that the Trojan Shipps were gone. Qu.—P.

⁸ And then the Queen with bloody knife
 Did arm her heart &c.
 Yet something &c.
 In woful wise &c.
 Then rowling on &c.
 With sighs &c.—P.
⁹ care-full, as in *Piers Plowman's* *Crede*:
 And al they songen o songe
 That sorwe was to heren ;
 They crieden alle o cry,
 A kareful note.—F.

she laments
her sad fate.

“ O wretched dido queene ! ” shee said,¹
56 “ I see thy end approcheth neere,
ffor hee is gone away ffrom thee
whom thou didst lone & hold soe dere.
what, is he gone, & passed by ?
60 O hart, prepare thy selfe to dye !

Then she
calls on
Death,
and stabs
herself.

“ Though reason sais thou shouldest fforbeare,
to ² stay thy hand ffrom bloudy stroke,
yett fancy sais thou shalt not feare ³
64 who fletchereth thee in cupids yoke.
come death ! ” quoth shee, “ resolute my smart ! ”
& with those words shee peerced her hart.

when death had peercet the tender hart
68 of DIDO, CARTHIGINIAN Queene,
& bloudy kniffe had ended ⁴ the same,⁵
which shee sustained in mournfull teene,
Æneas being shipt & gone,
72 whose flattery caused all her mone.

Her funeral
is costly,

Her ffunerall most costly made,
& all things ffinisht mournfullye,
her body ffine in mold was laid,
76 where itt consumed speedilye :
her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde,
he[r] ⁶ subiects greeffe their kindnesse shewed.

and her
sisters and
subjects
bewail her.

Her sister
writes
Æneas
a letter,

Then was Æneas in an Ile
80 in grecea, where he stayd long space,
wheras her sister in short while
writt to him in ⁷ his vile disgrace ;
In speeches bitter to his mind
84 shee told him plaine, he was vnkind :

¹ said shee.—P.

² And.—P.

³ bids thee not to fear.—P.

⁴ did [end].—P.

⁵ smart.—P.

⁶ Her.—P.

⁷ to.—P.

- “false harted wretch,” quoth shee, “thou art !
 & traiterously thou hast betraid
 vnto thy lure a gentle hart
 88 which vnto thee much welcome made,
 my sister deere, & carthage Ioy,
 whose folly bred her deere annoy.
- “Yett on her deathbed when shee lay,
 92 shee prayd for thy prosperitie,
 beseeching god *that* euery day
 might breed thy great felicitye.
 thus by thy meanes I lost a ffreind :
 96 heauens send thee such an v[n]timely¹ end !”
- When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
 perused had, and wayed them right,
 his Losty² courage then did fall ;
 100 & straight appeared in his sight
 Queene didoes Ghost, both grim & pale,
 which made this vallyant souldier for to quaile.
- “Æneas,” quoth this gastly ghost,
 104 “my whole delight when I did liue !
 thee of all men I loued most,
 my ffancy & my will did giue ;
 ffor Entertainment I the gaue ;
 108 vnthankfully thou didst me graue ;
- “Therefore prepare thy flitting soule
 to wander with me in the aire,
 where deadly greeffe shall make itt howle
 112 because on me thou tookest no care.
 delay not time, thy glasse is run,
 thy date is past, & death is come³ !”

calling him
a false-
hearted
wretch,

saying that
Dido prayed
for his
welfare,

but her
sister wishes
him an un-
timely end.

Æneas, on
reading this,

is cast down ;

and Dido's
ghost
appears,

reproaches
him for his
ingratitude,

and
summons
his soul to
fly howling
about the
air with her.

His death is
at hand.

¹ untimely.—P.

² ? Lusty or Lofty.—F.

³ thy life is done.—Child's *Ballads*.

Æneas prays
for a respite,

116 “ O stay a while, thou [lovely sprite !]¹ [page 516]
be not soe hasty to conuay
my soule into eternall night,
where itt shall neere behold bright day !
O doe not ffrowne ! thy angry looke
120 hath made my breath my liffe fforsooke.

but all in
vain ;

“ But woe is me ! all is in vaine,
& booteles is my dismall crye !
time will not be recalled againe,
124 nor thou surcease before I dyc.
O lett me liue, & make amends
to some of thy most deerest ffreinds !

and seeing
she is
obdurate,

128 “ But seeing thou obdurate art,
& will no pittye to me show
because ffrom thee I did depart,
& lefft vnpaid what I did owe,
I must content my selfe to take
132 what Lott to me thou wilt partake.² ”

he is content
to die.

Ugly fiends
dance
around him,

And thus, as one being in a trance,
a multitude of vglye ffeinds
about this woffull prince did dancce :—
136 he had no helpe of any ffreinds ;—

and carry off
his body.

his body then they tooke away,
& no man knew his dying day. ffinis.

¹ O stay a while thou gentle sprite,
Be not so hasty to conuay.
Query.—P.

MS. pared away.—F. lovely sprite.—
Child.

² to admit, to share : to extend parti-
cipation. “ So Spencer.” see Johns.—P.

Alfonso & Ganselo.¹

A COPY of this ballad occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, (reprinted by the Percy Society) to the tune of “Flying Fame”—a tune to which, says Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, “A large number of ballads have been written,” one in *Collection of Old Ballads*, and one in Evans’s *Old Ballads*.

The ballad celebrates the friendship of the two heroes whose name it bears. These stuck closer to one another than brothers. Such fast friendships between two knights were favourite subjects with the old romance-writers.² Every true knight could boast not only of a lady love, but of a “brother sworn.” And perhaps the writer of the following ballad does but echo some older poem. The generous eagerness of Alphonso to die for his friend, when overwhelming circumstantial evidence was condemning that friend to death, will remind the reader of the well-known old story *Damon and Phintias*, told by Cicero in his *De Officiis* (III. 10), and by others elsewhere.

<p>IN Stately Roome sometime did dwell a man of worthy ³ ffame, who had a sonne of ffeatures rare,⁴ 4 Alphonso called by ⁵ name. when hee was growne & come to age, his ffather thought itt best to send his sonnes ⁶ to Athens ffaire, 8 where wisdomes Schoole did rest.</p>	<p>A Roman gentleman had a son, Alphonso, whom he sent to Athens</p>
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¹ In *the* printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2, p. 145.—P.

² See *Eger and Grime*, vol. i. p. 355, l. 46, and note ⁶.

³ Noble.—O.B.

⁴ seemly Shape.—O.B.

⁵ was his.—O.B.

⁶ Son.—O.B.

to learn
letters,

He sent him vnto Athens towne,¹
good letters for to learne ;
a place to boord him with delight
12 his ffreinds did well discerne ;

where a
knight
took charge
of him
whose son,
Ganselo,

a noble knight of Athens towne
of him did take the charge,
who had a sonne GANSELO cald,
16 iust of his pitch and age.

was so like
Alphonso

In stature & in person both,
in ffauor, speech, and fface,
in quality & condityon eke,²
20 thé greed in euery case³ ;
soe like they were in all respects,
the one vnto the other,
they were not knowne, but by their names,
24 of ffather nor ⁴ of mother.

that they
were only
known apart
by their
names.

The youths
love one
another.

And as in ffauor they were found
alike in all respects,
euen soe they did most deerly loue,
28 as proued by good effects.

Ganselo
loves

a beautiful
lady,

GANSELO loued a Lady faire
which did in Athens dwell,
who was in bewtye peereles found,
32 soe ffarr shee did excell.

takes a fancy
to visit her,

vpon a time itt chanced soe,
as ffancy did him moue,
that hee wold visitt for delight
36 his Lady and his loue ;
& to his true and ffaithfull ffreind
he did declare the same,

and asks
Alphonso to
go with him.

asking of him if hee wold see
40 that ffaire & comely dame.

¹ And when he was to Athens come.
—O.B.

² Conditions.—O.B.

³ Place.—O.B.

⁴ or.—O.

Alphonso did therto agree,
 & with GANSELO went
 to see the Lady whom ¹ hee loued,
 44 which bred his discontent :
 ffor when he cast his christall eyes
 vpon her angells ² hue,
 the bewty of *that* Lady bright
 48 [Did strait] ³ his hart subdue.

Alphonso
goes,

and falls in
love with
the lady,

[His gentle Heart so wounded ⁴] was
 with *that* ffaire L[ady's ⁴] face
 that afterward hee daylye lined
 52 in sad & woefull case ;
 & of his greeffe he knew not how
 therof ⁵ to make an end,
 ffor *that* hee knew the Ladyes lone
 56 was yeelded to his ffreind.

[page 517]

and becomes
very sad,

as he knows
she's his
friend's
sweetheart.

'Thus being sore perplext in mind,
 vpon his bed hee lay
 like one *which* ⁶ death & deepe dispaire
 60 had almost worne away.
 his ffreind GANSELO, *that* did see
 his greeffe and great distresse,
 att lenght requested ffor to know
 64 his cause of heauinesse.

He takes to
his bed,

as one like
to die.

Ganselo

asks the
cause,

with much adoe att lenght he told
 the truth vnto his ffreind,
 who did release ⁷ his inward woe
 68 with comfort ⁸ in the end :

and on
hearing it,

¹ which.—O.B.

² Angel.—O.B.

³ O.B. MS. pared away.—F.

⁴ O.B.

⁵ Therefore.—O.B.

⁶ whom.—O.B.

⁷ relieve.—O.B.

⁸ to.—O.B.

at once gives
his love up
to his friend,
72 "take courage then, deere freind ! " quoth hee ;
 " though shee through loue be mine,
my right I will resigne to thee,
the Lady shalbe thine.

tells him to
put on his
(Ganselo's)
clothes,
76 " You know our ffauors ¹ are alike,
 our speech alike ² likewise ;
this day in mine apparrell then ³
you shall your selfe disguise,
& unto church then shall you goe
directly in my stead ;
and marry
the lady.
80 soe ⁴ though my ffreinds suppose tis I,
 you shall the Lady wedd."

Next day
Alphonso
does marry
her,
84 Alphonso was ffull ⁵ well apayd ;
 & as they had decreed,
he went next ⁶ day, & weded plaine
the ladye there indeed.
But when the nuptyall feast was done,
& Phebus light ⁷ was fled,
and is taken
to her bed.
88 the Lady for GANSELO tooke
 Alfonso ⁸ to her bed.

But in the
morning
92 That night they spent in pleasing sort,⁹
 & when the day was come,
a post ffor ffaire Alfonso came
to ffeitch him home to Roome.
Alphonso is
summoned
to Rome,
then was the matter plainly proued,
Alfonso weded was,
the
deception is
found out,
96 & [not ¹⁰] GANSELO, to *that* dame ;
 which brought great woe, alas !

¹ Favour.—O.B.
² also.—O.B.
³ O.B. omits *then*.—F.
⁴ Lo.—O.B.
⁵ so.—O.B.

⁶ that.—O.B.
⁷ quite.—O.B.
⁸ Part of a letter, or an *r*, follows *e* i
the MS.—F. Alphonso.—O.B.
⁹ pleasant Sport.—O.B. " O.]

- Alfonso being gone to Roome
 with this his lady gay,
 Ganselos ffreinds & kinred all
 100 in such a rage did staye
that they deprived [him ¹] of his welth
 his lands ² & rich attire,
 & banisht him their country eke ³
 104 in rage & wrathefull Ire.
- with sad & pensive thought,⁴ alas !
 Ganselo wanderd then,
 who was constrained through want to begg
 108 releeffe of many men.
 In this distresse oft wold he say
 “to Roome I mean to goe,
 to seeke Alfonso, my deere ffreind,
 112 who will releue my woe.”
- To Roome when pore Ganselo came,
 & found Alfonsoes place,
 which was soe ffamous, huge, & faire,
 116 himselfe in such poore case,
 he was ashamed to shew himselfe
 in *that* his poore array,
 saying, “Alfonso knowes me well
 120 if he shold ⁵ come this way ;”
- wherfore ⁶ he staid within the street.
 Alfonso then came by,
 but heeded non ⁷ Ganselo pore,
 124 his ffreind *that* stood soe nye ;

and
Ganselo's
friends,
enraged,
seize his
property,
and

banish him.

He is forced
to beg,

goes to
Rome,
and finds
Alfonso's
place so
grand that
he daren't
go there.

So he stops
outside.
Alfonso
passes by,
taking no
notice of
him.

¹ O.B.

² Land.—O.B.

³ quite.—O.B.

⁴ Thoughts.—O.B.

⁵ would.—O.B.

⁷ Therefore.—O.B.

⁶ not.—O.B.

This grieves
Ganselo, so

which greened Ganselo to the hart :
quoth hee, " and is itt soe ?
doth proud Alfonso now disdaine
128 his freind in need ¹ to know ? "

that he
draws his
knife to stab
himself ;
but, while
weeping,

In desperatt s[ort away he went] ² (page 511
into a barne hard by,
& presently he drew his k[niffe,]
132 thinking therby to dye ;
& bitterlye in sorrow there
he did lament & weepe ;
& being ouerwayd with greeffe,
falls asleep. 136 he fell full ³ fast asleepe.

A murderer

while soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murthering theeffe,
which ⁴ saw a naked kniffe lye by
140 this man soe ffull of greeffe.

takes up the
knife,

the kniffe soe bright he tooke vp straight,
& went away amaine,

thrusts it
into a man
he has
killed,

& thrust itt in a murthered man
144 which hee beffore had slaine ;

and then
puts it, all
bloody, into
Ganselo's
hand.

And afterward ⁵ hee went with speede,
& put this bloody kniffe
into his hand, *that* sleeping lay,
148 to saue himselfe ffrom striffe.

Ganselo is
found with
the knife,

which done, in hast away ⁶ he ran ;
& when *that* serch was made,
GANSELO with his bloody kniffe
152 was ffor the murther stayde,

¹ indeed.—O.B.

² O.B.

³ there fell.—O.B.

⁴ And.—O.B.

⁵ afterwards.—O.B.

⁶ away in haste.—O.B.

And brought befor the Magistrates,¹
 who did confesse most plaine
that hee indeed with that same kniffe
 156 the murthered man had slaine.²
 Alfonso sitting there as ³ iudge,
 & knowing GANSELOS fface,
 to saue his ffreind, did say himselfe
 160 was guilty in *that* case.

and tried
 for th.
 murder.
 He confesses
 that he
 committed
 it.

Alphonso is
 the judge;
 and to save
 Ganselo,

"None," quoth Alfonso, "killed the man,
 my lords,⁴ but only I;
 & therfore sett this poore man ffree,
 164 & lett me iustly dye."
 thus while for death these ffaith-ffull freinds ⁵
 in strining did proceed,
 the man before the senate came
 168 *which* ⁶ did the ffacte indeed,

vows that
 he killed
 the man.

Just then
 the real
 murderer,

Who being moued with remorse
 their ffaith-ffull ⁷ harts to see,
 did prone ⁸ before the judges plaine
 172 none did the deed ⁹ but hee.
 thus when the truth was plainly told,
 of all sides ioy was seene;
 Alfonso did imbrace his freind
 176 *which* had soe wofull beene.

struck with
 remorse,

proves
 his own
 guilt.

Alphonso
 embraces
 Ganselo,

In rich array he clothed him,
 as fitted his degree,
 & helpt him to his lands againe
 180 & fformer dignitie.

and helps
 him to his
 old lands, &c.

¹ Magistrate.—O.B.

² flain.—O.B.

³ with the.—O.B.

⁴ Lord.—O.B.

⁵ One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

⁶ That.—O.B.

⁷ friendly.—O.B.

⁸ say.—O.B.

⁹ Fact.—O.B.

And the
murderer is
pardoned.

the murtherrer he ¹ ffor telling truth
was pardoned ² att that time,
who afterward lamented much
184 this ³ foule & greinous crime. ffinis.

¹ O.B. omits *he*.—F.

² Had pardon.—O.B.

³ *Hia*.—C

[“*All in a greene Meadowe*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 1
follows here in the *MS.* p. 518-19.]

Balowe :¹

THIS exquisite song is given in the *Reliques* from the Folio, “corrected by² another [copy] in Allan Ramsay’s *Miscellany*,” and of course touched up by Percy himself without notice, Scottified throughout. There are many versions of the song; and of them we may particularise seven, in order of date as printed, or copied into manuscripts. On several of these versions Mr. Chappell remarks below :

1. In Brome’s comedy of *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, printed in 1632, acted somewhat earlier,³ occurs a version of two stanzas found neither in our Folio nor Ramsay’s *Tea-table Miscellany*. They are no doubt an imitation of one of the MS. versions now printed, and which have an earlier cast than Brome’s lines.

Peace, wayward barne ! Oh ! cease thy moan !
Thy farre more wayward daddy’s gone,
And never will recalled be,
By cryes of either thee or me :
 For should wee cry
 Untill we dye,
Wee could not scant his cruelty.
 Ballow, ballow, &c.

He needs might in himselfe foresee
What thou successively mightst be ;

¹ This Song is in Allan Ramsays Collection call’d the Tea-table Miscellany, printed at Glasgow, 1753, in 4 Parts. It is there call’d Lady Anne Bothwell’s lament.—And consists of 13 Stanzas. Of which only the 1st 2^d 3^d & 7th are the same with this:—In the printed copy: the 2^d & 3^d, are put 3^d & 2^d & the 7th comes in 4th, the intermediate being omitted:—after which follow 8 other. The last St. of this is something different from the Printed.—P.

² “compared with” 2nd and 3rd editions of the *Reliques*; “corrected by” 4th ed.: no notice of any comparison or correction in the 1st ed.—F.

³ Robert Chambers, in a note to his *Scottish Ballads* (ed. 1829, p. 118), says that it is to be found in *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, 1606.—W.C. ? a misprint for 1706. the date of the reprint of Brome’s play; we cannot find any notice of a book or play of this name in 1606.—F.

And could hee then (though me foregoe)
 His infant leave, ere hee did know
 How like the dad
 Would bee the lad,
 In time to make fond maydens glad?
 Ballow, ballow, &c.

2. Our Folio version, out of the first stanza of which a couplet has disappeared.

3, 4. In John Gamble's book, 1649 A.D., a musical MS. belonging to Dr. Rimbault, is the copy of *Balowe* given in the left-hand column below,¹ which Dr. Rimbault has allowed us to transcribe. By its side, on the right, we put the copy from Elizabeth Rogers's *Virginal Book*, the Additional MS. 10,337, A.D. 1658, to which Mr. Chappell has called our attention.

[*John Gamble's MS. Book*, 1649 A.D.]

[*Addit. MS.* 10,337, p. 6 from the end.]

1
 Ballowe, my babe, lye still and sleepe,
 itt grieves me sore to see thee weepe!
 when thou art merry, I am glad;
 thy weeping makes my hart full sad.
 ballowe, my boy, thy mothers ioy,
 thy father breeds thee much anoy;
 ballow, ballow, ballow, ballow.

2
 balow my babe, ly still a while;
 and when thou wakest, sweetly smile;
 butt doe nott smille as ffather did,
 to cozen maidens, god fforbid!
 butt now I ffear *that* thou wilt leer
 thy ffathers flattringe hartt to bear.
 balow &c.

1
 Baloo my boy lye still and sleepe,²
 itt grienes me sore to see the weepe:
 Wouldst thou bee quiet ist² be as glade.
 Thy morninge, makes my sorrow sad:
 Lie still my boy. thy mothers Joy,
 Thy father Coude mee great a-noy:
 La loo, Ba loo, la loo, la loo, la loo
 la loo, la loo,
 Baloo, baloo, Baloo, baloo; Baloo
 Baloo.

2
 When he began to court my loue,
 and with his sugard words did moue
 His flattering face and feigned cheare,
 To mee that tyme did not appeare,

¹ Pinkerton prints a version in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, vol. i. p. 86, and says:

"In a 4to MS. in the Editor's possession, containing a collection of poems by different hands from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, when it was apparently written (pp. 132) there are two *Balowes* as they are styled, the first *The Balow Allan*, the second *Palmer's Balow*; this last, is that commonly called Lady Bothwell's Lament, and the three first stanzas in this edition are taken from it, as is the last from *Allan's Balow*. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's edition, and several stanzas

of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing Scottish poems."

Pinkerton's MS. (temp. Car. I. 1625-49) is now in the possession of Mr. David Laing, and he has kindly compared for us with Pinkerton's text. The latter he declares to be "utterly worthless." In the MS. the ballad *Palmer's Balow* consists of six stanzas nearly verbatim with the text you have given from Gamble's MS., 1649."

² Stops, hyphens, &c., all in the MS.—F.

³ I should.—F.

*Gamble's MS. Book, 1649 A.D.]**[Addit. MS. 10,337, p. 6 from the end.]*

3
 e beegan to court my loue,
 red words hee did mee move,
 inge¹ fface & flattringe leares
 to me in time apeares;
 I see *that* crewelty
 itther ffor my babe nor mee,
 balow &c.

4
 t chose, butt euer will
 ll to thy ffather still;
 nge hath parlur'd² my hartt,
 an noe waies ffram him partt;
 or woe, wher-eare hee goe,
 t shall nere departt him fro.
 balow.

5
 ll ffarewell the ffalsestt youth
 r kistt a womans mouth!
 er maide ere after mee
 st unto thy crenelty!
 well thou, iff onco shee bow,
 r abuse, thou carstt nott how.
 balow &c.

6
 r my greifs I now & sware,
 d all others to fforbeare;
 her kiss, nor cull, nor clapp,
 ll my younglinge in my lapp.
 l my hartt, leaue off to moane,
 ep secuerly all alone.
 balow &c.

But now I see, that Cruell hee
 Cares nether for my boy, nor mee,
 Baloo baloo.

3
 But thou my darlinge sleepe a while,
 and when thou wakest sweetlye s nile,
 yet smile not as thy father did
 ozen³
 To Cusen mads, nay god for-bid

re³
 But yett i feare that thou willt heare
 Thy fathers face and hart still beare
 Baloo //: //: //:

4
 Now by my greifs I vow and swear
 the and all others to forbear
 I'le neuer kisse nor Cull nor Clapp
 But lull my youngling in my lapp,
 Cease hart to moane, leaue of to groane,
 and sleepe securely hart a-lone.
 Baloo //: //: //:

Watson's copy in his *Comic and Serious Scots Poems*,
 i. 1711, p. 79. It is called "Lady Anne Bothwell's *Balow*,"
 contains 13 stanzas.

Allan Ramsay's copy in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.
 is called "Lady Anne Bothwell's *Lament*." It is Watson's
 on with emendations, and some stanzas transposed. Like
 on's, it consists of 13 stanzas; the Folio of 7. There are,
 rcy notes, only 4 stanzas common to both copies; stanzas
 3, and 7 of the Folio version occur with but slight varia-
 in the other one.

¹ MS. *fameinge*.—F.

² ? for *purloin'd*.—F.

³ So in MS.—F.

7. The version in Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810. 'The m
Balow.'

The *ordinary* account of the original personages of this ballad is that given by Prof. Child in the fourth volume of his *English and Scottish Ballads*.

The unhappy lady (he says) into whose mouth some unknown poet has put this lament, is now ascertained to have been Anne, daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. Lady Anne is said to have possessed great beauty, and Sir Alexander was reputed the handsomest man of his age. He was first a colonel in the French army, but afterwards engaged in the service of the Covenanters, and came to his death by being blown up, with many other persons of rank, in Douglass Castle, on Aug. 30, 1640. The events which occasioned the ballad seem to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. Of the fate of the lady subsequent to this period nothing is known. See Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 1 and *The Scots Musical Museum* (1853), iv. 203

But on this statement Mr. Chappell has been good enough to draw up, at some trouble, the following:

"*Baloo* is a sixteenth-century ballad, not a seventeenth. It is alluded to by several of our early dramatists, and the tune is to be found in an early Elizabethan MS. known as William Ballet's *Lute Book*,¹ as well as in Morley's *Consort Lessons* printed in 1599. The words (see above) and tune are together in John Gamble's *Music Book*, a MS. in the possession of Mr. Rimbault, (date 1649,) and in Elizabeth Rogers's *Virginal Book* in the library of the British Museum (Addit. MS. 10,333). The last is dated 1658, but the copy may have been taken some few years after. *Baloo* was so popular a subject that it was printed as a street ballad, with additional stanzas, just as 'Lodging it is on the cold ground' and other popular songs were

¹ This highly interesting MS. which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. I. 21) contains a large number of the popular tunes of the sixteenth century . .

'Queen Maries Dump' (in whose name it was probably commenced) stands in the book. Chappell's *Popular Music* i. 86, note b.—F.

hened for the same purpose. It has been reprinted in that by Evans, in his *Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative*, 1810, vol. i. p. 259. The title is 'The new Balow; or, enches Lamentation for the loss of her Sweetheart: he g left her a babe to play with, being the fruits of her folly.' particular honour of having been the 'wench' in question first claimed for 'Lady Anne Bothwel' in Part iii. of *Comic Serious Scots Poems*, published by Watson in Edinburgh in . Since that date Scotch antiquaries have been very busy in hing into the scandalous history of the Bothwell family, to find hich of the Lady Annes *might* have been halla-balooing. May we not release the whole race from this imputation? sole authority for the charge is Watson's Collection!—the book that ascribes to the unfortunate Montrose the song of dear and only love, *take heed*,' and tacks it as a second to his 'My dear and only love, *I pray*.' Shade of rose! how must you be ashamed of your over-zealous ate! Let us examine whether the spirit of 'Lady Anne wel' has more reason to be grateful. Among the stanzas ed to her by Watson, are the two following, which are not found in any English copy:

I take my fate from best to worse
That I must needs now be a nurse,
And lull my young son in my lap.
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap:
Balow, my boy, thy mother mild
Shall sing, as from all bliss exil'd.

ie second we find the inducement supposed to have been d by Lady Anne's lover:

I was too credulous at the first
To grant thee that a maiden durst,
And in *thy bravery thou didst vaunt*
That I no maintenance should want: [!]
Thou swear thou lov'd, thy mind is moved,
Which since no otherwise has proved.

Comment is unnecessary. Can any one believe that such

lines were written by or for any lady of rank? ¹ Yet they were copied as Lady Anne's by Allan Ramsay, and polished in his usual style. They have been polished and repolished by subsequent editors, but to little avail, for they remain great blots upon a good English ballad.² There is not a Scotch word, nor even one peculiar to the north of England, in the whole of Watson's version.

"The remainder of Ramsay's copy will be found in the English ballad reprinted by Evans. Omit stanzas 5 and 7 of Ramsay (which are given above) and compare with Evans in the following reversed order:—Verse 2, 9, 3, 15, 10, 1, 14, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

"The acumen of Scotch antiquaries has rarely been exercised *against* claims that have been once put forth for Scotland. Such matters are left for us lazy Southrons to find out."

The sad lady and her lover are thus still to seek.

Excepting the two stanzas added in Watson's copy, the piece is, we think, singularly beautiful—the work of no common poet, whoever he was. It is marked by a most touching simplicity and truthfulness. The poor forlorn woman speaks from the abundance of a full heart. The words she utters fall as naturally as her tears. Her spirit is of the gentlest and tenderest; and she makes her plaint most gently and tenderly. She cannot bring herself to speak bitterly of him who has betrayed and left her. She regards him still with an ineradicable fondness:

¹ The verse is accordingly altered in R. Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 135, to

I was too credulous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
By faith unchanged, unchanged thy love;
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Chambers says that his "copy of the

Lament is composed out of that which appeared in Watson's Collection, with some stanzas and various readings from a version altogether different, which was published by Dr. Percy."—F.

² Other portions of the ballad have been treated in the same way. Even the late Professor W. E. Aytoun, not content with such changes as "O gin" for "I wish," (to make it more Scotch) must needs change "With fairest *tongues* are falsest minds," into "With fairest *hearts* are falsest minds."—W.C.

I cannot choose but ever will
 Be loving to thy father still.
 Where'er he goes, where'er he ride,
 My love with him doth still abide.
 In weal or woe, where'er he go,
 My heart shall ne'er depart him fro.

What a moving lealty of soul ! What a passing constant loving-ness !¹

May we do ourselves the pleasure of quoting here an old Greek song, of which "Balow" much reminds us—the Lament of Danaë, written by Simonides? The circumstances are indeed different. Danaë has been sent out to sea in a boat by her father with only her child with her. (Compare Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*.) This aggravation of her sufferings is wanting to the deserted lady in *Balowe*. The father is in one case a god ; in the other a mortal. But each woman's one care and comfort is her child. Each bids her darling sleep as she herself weeps and watches tenderly over its slumbers. Of each the characteristic is a sweet patience, a touching meekness of nature.

δτε λάρνακι [δ'] ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἀνεμος τέ μιν
 κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
 δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς
 ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλλε φίλαν χέρα
 εἰπέ τε· ὦ τέκος, οἷον ἔχω πόνον·
 σὺ δ' αὖτως γαλαθηνῶ
 στήθεϊ² γνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ
 δώματι χαλκεογόμφῳ νυκτιλαμπεῖ
 κυανέῳ τε δινόφῳ ταθείς.
 Λυαλέαν δ' ὑπερθε τεῶν
 κόμαν βαθεῖαν παριόντος
 κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
 οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων,
 κείμενος ἐν πορφυρέῳ χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
 καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὖδας·

¹ Mr. Robert Chambers's opinion, if it be entitled to the name, may be compared: "The editor at first thought of excluding the ballad altogether from his collection, as, although the poetry is exquisitely beautiful, the subject is one which it is

by no means agreeable to reflect upon. He, however, afterwards saw reason to change his resolution, in the fine moral strain which pervades the unfortunate lady's lamentations."—F.

² Al. τ' ἤτορι, al. ἤθει, al. μείδει.

κίλαμ' εἶδε βρέφος,
 εἶδέτω δὲ πάντες,
 εἶδέτω ἔμετρον κακόν·
 μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο.

ὃ τι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος εἶχεται
 τεκνέφι δίκην, σίγγνωθί μοι.

(Ed. Schneidewin.)

Baby, sleep!

Your father
 has wronged
 me.

When he
 courted me,
 I did not see
 his falseness,

but now I do.

Darling,

don't smile
 like your
 father did.

But I cannot
 help loving
 him still.

BALOW my babe, lye still & sleepe !
 itt greenes me sore to see thee weepe.
 balowe my boy, thy mothers ioy,
 4 thy ffather breeds me great anoy.
 balow, la-low, la-la-la, ra-row, fa-la, la-la,
 la-la, la-la-la, la-low !

When he began to court my loue,
 8 & with his sugred words me mone,
 his ffaynings false & ffattering cheere
 to me *that* time did not appeare ;
 but now I see most cruellye
 12 he cares neither for my babe nor mee.
 Balow &c.

Lye still my darling, sleepe awhile,
 & when thou wakest thoule sweetly smile
 16 but smile not as thy father did,
 to cozen maids : nay, god forbid !
 but yett I ffearre thou wilt goe neere,
 thy fathers hart & fface to beare.
 20 Ballow &c.

I cannott chuse, but euer will
 be louing to thy father still ;
 where-ere he goes, where-ere he ryds,
 24 my loue with him doth still abyde ;
 in weale or woe, where-ere he goe,
 my hart shall neere depart him ffroc.
 Ballow &c.

- 28 But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
to ffaynings false thy hart incline.
be loyall to thy louer true,
& neuer change her ffor a new.
- 32 if good or faire, of her haue care,
ffor womens baninge is wonderous sare.
Ballow &c.

Only, pretty
one,
be true to
your love;
never
change.

- Bearne, by thy face I will be ware ;
- 36 like Sirens words Ile not come neere ¹;
my babe & I together will line ;
heelee comfort me when cares doe greene ;
my babe & I right soft will lye,
- 40 & neere respect ² mans crueltye.
Ballow &c.

Live and
comfort me.

- ffarwell, ffarwell, the falsest youth
that euer kist a womans mouth !
- 44 I wish all maids be warned by mee,
neere to trust mans curtesye ;
for if wee doe but chance to bowe,
theyle vse vs then, they care not how.
- 48 Ballow &c.

May all
maids take
warning by
me, never to
trust a man.

ffinis.

¹ Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my
paine. Percy in *Reliques*.—F.

² quite forgeit. Percy in *Reliques*.—F.

[“*Old Simon the Kinge*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 124,
follows here in the *MS.* p. 519-20.]

Gentle Heardsman.

THIS poem is printed in the *Reliques* "from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics." We are not quite sure that the hand of time was always more to be dreaded than the hand of the Bishop.

A lady who has killed her lover with her caprice and boldness, determines to get her to some secret place and fast and pray till she dies. The picture of the forlorn figure—young of years, fair of face, weak (that is, youthful, immature) of wits, green of thoughts—begging her way to Walsingham, remorseful, hopeless, is prettily drawn. Goldsmith has borrowed from her speech in the ballad recited by Mr. Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The Stranger, standing "confess'd a maid in all her charms," tells how she had trifled with the affections of her Edwin:

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die :
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.

There the likeness ends. The eighteenth century poet could not bear to let the poor thing pass away from the scene still dejected and unhoping. The sentimental bosom of his time could not abide such dismal endings. The poet in this case, as his contemporaries in many another, gives it relief and comfort at the expense of probability :

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wond'ring fair one turned to chide—
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see,
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign :
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true :
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Contrast this gushing *finale* with the concluding stanzas of the older ballad, in their quietness and intensity at the same time :

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
 But keepe my secretts, I thee pray.
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Show me the right and readye way.

Now goe thy wayes, and goe before,
 For he must euer guide thee still :
 Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
 And soe faire Pilgrim ffare the well.

And the contrite pilgrim moves sadly away towards her appointed goal.

"Tell me
the way to
Walsing-
ham."

"GENTLE : heardsman, tell to me—
of curtesy I thee pray,—
vnto the towne of walsingham
4 which is the right and ready way."

"It's bad,
and hard for
you to find."

"vnto the towne of walsingham
the way is hard ffor to be gon,
& verry crooked are those pathes
8 ffor you to ffind out all alone."

"Not bad
enough for
me,"

"weere the miles doubled 3th,
& the way neuer soe ill,
itt were not enough for mine offence,
12 itt is soe greuous and soe ill."

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is ffaire,
thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
time hath not ginen thee leane as yett
16 for to committ soe great a sinne.¹"

and so you'd
say if you
knew my
sin.

"Yes, heardsman, Yes, soe woldest thou say
if thou knewest soe much as I;
my witts, & thoughts, & all the rest,
20 haue well deserued for to dye.

I am a
woman,

"I am not what I seeme to bee ;
my clothes & sexe doe differ ffarr ;
I am a woman, woe is me !
24 [A prey]² to greeffe & irksome care,

MS. sime.—F.

¹MS. torn away here and in the
following lines.—F.

N.B. Since I first transcribed this

song for the Press, part of the Leaf ha
been worne away. It was once exactly
as I have represented it in my Book
—P.

- " [¹ For my] beloued & well beloued
 [My wayward cruelty could kill:
 [And though my teares will nought avail, (page 523)
 28 [Most dearely I bewail him still.
- ² " [He was the flower of noble w]ights;
 [None ever more sincere colde] bee;
 [Of comelye mien and shape he] was,
 32 [And tenderlye he lov]ed mee.
- " [When thus I saw he loved m]e well,
 [I grewe so proude his paine t]o see,
 [That I, who did not kn]ow my-selfe,
 36 [Thought scorne of such a youth] as hee,³
 and scorned.
- " And grew so coy, & nice to please,
 as womens lookes are often soe;
 he might not kisse, nor hand fforsooth,
 40 vnless I willed him soe to doe.
- " Thus being wearyed with delayes
 to see I pittied not his greeffe,
 he gott him to a secrett place,
 44 & there hee dyed without releefe.
 I weered him out,
 and he killed himself.
- " And for his sake these weeds I weare,
 to sacrifice my tender age,
 & euery day Ie begg my bread
 48 to vndergoe this pilgrimage.
 For his sake
 I go this pilgrimage.

¹ This and the following pieces in
 ackets were supplied by Percy, in the
Signes i. 73-4.—F.

²-³ Note by Percy on a separate slip,
 th an irregular line (but no dots)
 urking the broken edge of the leaf:

. still

.oble wights
ere . . . bee
e hee was

.e loved mee
ned me well
me to see
know myselfe
as hee

and grew so coy & nice to please

N.B. This shows the state of the Leaf
 as it was at first, before part of it was
 worn away—i.e. when I first got the
 Book.—P.

and desire to
die as he did.

52 "Thus enery day I ffast & pray,
 & euer will doe till I dye,
 & gett me to some secrett place ;
 ffor soe did hee, & soe will I.

Tell me the
way to
Walsing-
ham."

56 "Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
 but keepe my secretts, I thee pray ;
 vnto the towne of walsingam
 show me the right & readye way."

"God go
with you !

60 "Now goe thy wayes, & god before,¹
 for he must euer guide thee still :
 turne downe *that* dale, the right hand path,
 & soe, ffaire Pilg[r]im, ffare thee well ! ffinis.

Turn to the
right.
Farewell !"

¹ See the Glossary for a reference to Mr. Dyce's note on this phrase.—F.

[*"Thomas you cannott," printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 116, follows here in the MS. p. 521. Part of it is on a fragment apart from the MS., being p. 522. Then follow Percy's "A List of the Ballads & other Pieces in this Book. Dec. 20th 1757" on the two fly-leaves, as printed (with additions) in my "Proposal" for the publication of the MS., and the following P.S. and N.B.s at the end of the List:*

P.S.—Properly 191 Pieces or Fragments. See the Additions inserted after N^o 5, N^o 9, and N^o 12, and N^o 162, which had not been discover'd when the above List was first made in 1757, or 8. (Percy)

¹ N.B.—I have, since this P.S. was written, found another Fragment in Page 55, which makes the Number 192. Perhaps more Fragments may be yet discovered distinct from the rest.—Yes; 3 more on the Subject of Robin Hood in Pages 7, 13, 20. In all 195. (Percy.)

² N.B.—I have drawn a Red Line under such Ballads as I have seen in print. The vols. refer to the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 12mo. 3 vols.² A Black Line under such as I printed in my *Reliques of Anc^t. Poetry*, 3 vols. (Percy.)

Lastly, inside the back cover of the MS. is Percy's "An Alphabetical List" of the Poems, referring by the numbers 1, 2, &c. to the former Contents-List. The following fragments from the end of the MS., and one complete poem in a different hand, are pinned on a separate piece of paper.—F.]

¹ This paragraph is written length-
wise up the inner edge of the last page

of the Contents-List.—F.

²⁻² This paragraph is in red ink.—F.

¹ I am . . .

SAY: what is a wom[ans hart] . . .
that calmes &
 is itt light he
 4 & or is itt
 out alas out
 my mother h

lay I [h]ome

 8

. . . what is a womans hart?
 . . has all, yett all has part;
 . [r]ound or square, or soft or hard,
 12 . itt in the fforging marde
 [out ala]s &c

[Tell me, my] loue & are all women true?
 [Some ar]e no doubt, but they are very ffew.
 [Most think that if their] ffaith & loue last long,
 16 [Then must t]hey doe all others wronge.
 [out alas &c]

[Why do] I loue? what are those ffemale sexe
 [*that*] doth mankind soe much perplex?
 is itt water, ffire, earth, or aire,
 20 *that* makes these creatures seeme soe rare? ffinis.

This follows "Thomas you cannot," on a fragment of p. 522 of the MS.—F.

Coridon

[On p. 522 of the MS.]

. ly shepard swaine
 . vpon the storadyan plaine
 . ent to keepe his fflockes of sheepe
 4 . hts he did obtaine
 . his eye he did espye
 . wlyous traine to passe
 . [a]fter a deere which ffollowed neere
 8 which they had hard in chase.
 after them came amaine a faire mayd,
 which did moue corydon through the sun for to
 run,
 thinking to haue stayd her: but he frained¹ her
 12 & still prayd her, but dismaid her,
 & shee thought his sight to shunn.

 Ere they ended had their race, they came vnto a
 place
 where Pann did sitt his ffitt in a garland made of
 bayes;
 16 but when the godds perceined the maid,
 thé tooke her ffor diana;
 both ffor bewty & attire the like was neuer any;
 which did moue him to loue her to follow,
 20 att which sight, in a ffright backe againe rann the
 swai[n,]
 where his fflockes were grazing, Pann sate praising,
 but still gazing and amazing,
 ffearffull to behold the mayd.

¹ frayed, qu. P. frained = asked.—F.

- 24 ffrom his fface shee fled with feare lest the godds
 shold find her th[ere]
 with footmanshipp shee him out steppe, till shee
 came to riuer cleer[s] . . .
 but when shee see shee cold [n]ot flee
 nor cold no further ac[ape] . . .
 25 but *that* shee [might] . . .
 to . . .
 . . .

[Siege] off Rouen.

[On page 523 of the MS.]

THIS is a fragment of a late copy of the old poem on Henry V.'s famous siege of Rouen, which was begun on July 30, 1418, and ended, after a most gallant defence, by Henry's triumphal entry into the city on January 16, 1419. The poem professes to be, and no doubt is, by an eyewitness, l. 21-3.¹ The first part of it was first printed by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare in vol. xxi. of the *Archæologia*, p. 48-78, from an incomplete MS., Bodley 124 (where Mr. G. Parker says he cannot now find it), and the second part was afterwards printed (with a portion of the first part, that is, from l. 636) by Sir F. Madden in *Archæol.* vol. xxii. p. 361-84, from a complete MS., Harl. 2256, the prose chronicle of *The Brute*, collated with a rather older but less accurate MS., Harl. 753. Other MSS. are Bodley 3562 (formerly E. Musæo 124), and Lord Leicester's MS. 670 at Holkham (*Madden*, p. 351). The fragments of our Folio are here completed from a late MS., Egerton 1995, bought at Lord Charlemont's sale in August, 1865, "supposed to be in the hand of Gregory Skinner, Lord Mayor of London in 1451."² The poem, says Mr. Hazlitt in a note, "must have been written about two years after the battle, as the author speaks throughout of Thomas Earl of Dorset as Duke of Exeter, to which dignity he did not attain till 4 Henry V." But as the 4 Henry V. was March 21, 1416, to

¹ It will be admitted, I believe, by all who will take the trouble to compare the various contemporary narratives of the siege of Rouen, that in point of simplicity, clearness, and minuteness of detail, there is no existing document which can compare with the poem before us. Sir

F. Madden in *Archæol.* xxii. 353.—F.

² Sotheby's Catalogue, referred to by Mr. Hazlitt, *Early Pop. Poetry*, ii. 92. The reader will perceive that the Charlemont or Egerton MS. is not unique, as Mr. Hazlitt supposed it was.—F.

March 20, 1417, it is clear that Mr. Hazlitt was induced to attribute the date of Rouen to Agincourt by his prior erroneous statement that the Charlemont or Egerton MS. exhibited a different narrative of the same event which is commemorated in the ballad he reprints of "ye batayll of Egingecourte & the grete sege of Rone by kynge Henry of Mon-mouthe"; for the writer of that ballad wisely says,

. . in this boke I cannot comprehende
 The greatest batayll of all, called y^e sege of Rone;
 For that sege lasted .iiij. yere and more;
 And there a rat was at .xl. pens,¹
 For in the Cytye the people hongered sore;
 Women and chyldren for faute of mete were lore,
 And some for payne bare bones were gnawynge,
 That at her brestes had .ii. chyldren soukyng.
 Of the sege of Rone it to wryte were pytye,
 It is a thing so lamentable . .

E. Pop. Poetry, ii. 107-8.

As the poem is printed from the best MSS. in the *Archæologia*, as above-said, and as the Early English Text Society have a new edition of it in their list, I have not thought it worth while to complete the Folio late copy by printing all the long late Egerton MS. here.—F.

[GOD that dyde a-pon A tre²]
 [And boughte vs with hys blode so]e ffree,
 [To hys blys tham] bringe
 4 [That lystenythe vnto my] talkinge!
 [Oftyn tymys we] talke of diueres trauells,³
 [Of saute, Sege, and of grete ba]ttells⁴

¹ And flesche, save horseflesche, hadde they none:
 They ete also bothe dogges and cattes,
 And also bothe myse and rattes,
 And also an hors quarter lene other fat,
 And a hundrede schyllynges hyt was worth at;
 And also a hors hede at halfe a pownde,
 And a dogge for ten schyllynge of mony sounde:

*For fourty pens they solde a ratte,
 And for two nobels they solde a catte:
 And for six pens they solde a mowse,
 ffew few was lefte in any howse.*

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 63.

² From Egerton MS. 1995, fol. 87.—F.

³ of trauayle.—Eg. MS.

⁴ batayle.—Eg. MS.

- [Bothe in Romans and in rym]e,
 8 [What hathe ben done be-fore thys tyme ;
 [But y wylle telle you nowe pre]sent—
 [Vnto my tale yf ye] take tent¹—
 [Howe the v. Harry oure leg]e,
 12 [With hys ryalte he sette a sege
 [By-fore Rone, that ryche Cytt]e,
 [And endyd hyt at hys o]wne to bee² ;
 [A more solempne sege was n]euer sett ;
 16 [Syn Ierusalem and Troy] were gett,³
 [So moche folke was neuyr] seene⁴
 [One kyng with soo many vndyr heuyn]e :
 [Lystenythe vnto me A lytylle space,
 20 [And I shalle telle you howe hyt was ;
 [And the better telle I may,]
 ff[or at that sege with the kyng I lay,]
 & [there to I toke a-vyse]
 24 [Lyke as my wyt wolde suffyce,
 [Whenne Pountlarge with sege was wounne
 [And ouyr sayne, then enter was be-gunne.]
 the duke of [Exceter, that hende,]
 28 to Rowne the king [yn sothe hym sende,]⁵
 & Herrotts with him, to *that* Citye
 to looke if itt wold yeeleden bee,⁶
 & alsoe ioy to looken the⁷ ground
 32 all⁸ about the Citty round,
 & how they might best lay a seege ;
 but they wold not obey their leege.
 when the duke of great renowne
 36 was come before *that* royall towne,
 he displayd his banners great plen[tye,]⁹
 & herotts into the citty sent hee,

¹ wylle tent.—Eg. MS.² owne volunte.—Eg. MS.³ was gotte.—Eg. MS.⁴ sene.—Eg. MS.⁵ To Rone yn sothe oure kyng hym sende.—Eg. MS.⁶ yf that they yoldyn wolde be.—MS.⁷ alle soo for to se that.—Eg. MS.⁸ That was.—Eg. MS.⁹ baners on A bent.—Eg. MS.

- to warne them on paine of death
 40 'that they our king shold not green[e,]
 nor [be] with-standing of his might,
 but deliuer this citty soone in his sight.
 & soe hee told them withouten bad,
 44 he wold no ffurther till hee *that* hadd;
 ffor ere hee went ffarr ffrom this place,
 hee wold itt winne by gods grace.'
 but *that* they ffrenchmen make no answer,
 48 but bade them on their wayes to ffare,
 & made assignment with their hand
that he shold there no longer stand,
 & shotten out ordinance with great en[vye,]
 52 & maden ware dispiteouslye.
 then came fforth *Knights* keene
 on horsbace with armour sheene,
 & there mustered the Duke againe.
 56 on both partyes many were slaine,
 & this was done without delay;
 to pont large the duke tooke the way,
 & told the *Knight* of *that* citty
 60 how itt stode, & in what degree.
 to my talking &¹ you will take heede,
 I shall tell you of accursed deede,
 & how sinfully² the ffrenchmen did thore³
 64 or our king came them before,
 ffor all the suburbs of *that* ffaire towne,
 both kirkes & houses, droue them downe,
 & att port Hillary the hend,
 68 a parish church they all to-rend;
 of St. Hillary was the same
that after the port bare the name;
 and att the same port⁴ downe thé drew
 72 a church *that* was of S^t. ANDREW,

¹ for *an*, if.—F.² MS. *sufully*; and it transposes lines
and 63.—F.³ *Nota de malicia eorum*, says the
Egerton MS.—F.⁴ At porte Causses.—Eg. MS.

- & alsoe an abbey of S^t. GERUAIS,¹
 for there the duk[e o]f Clarence lodged was
 att the port d[e Pounte] downe thé beate
 76 [A] c[hyrche of oure la]dy [swe]te,
 [² And othyr of Synt Kateryn, that maydyn meke,
 [And of Synt sauynoure a nothyr eke ;
 [And of Seynt Mathewe they drewne downe one,
 80 [And lefte there-of stondyng neuyr a stone ;
 [At Martyrvyle a-doune they mynde
 [Of Synt Mychelle a Chyrche fynde,
 [And of Synt Povle a nothyr thoo,
 84 [And mynede³] down [a nothyr a lytylle fro.] [^{page 524}
 the hedges, garden[s and streys, of MS.]
 [They drewe hem in-to the Cytte euery pece,]
 bushes & bryars both the[y brende,]
 88 & made them bare men [as⁴ my honde.]
 & yett there was a proud a[raye]
 round about the Citty gay ;
 well was itt ordered ffor the [warre]
 92 with all the defence *that* might [darre ;]
 for the walls all were able,⁵
 & the diches deepe, defencab[le ;]⁶
 the diches *that* were the walls [a-boute,]
 96 all the lands sayd there about,⁷
 hitt was deepe, & therto w[yde,]
 with a strong trench o[n euery syde,]⁸
 [A trenche hyt was *with* a depe dyssende,]
 100 *that* was made the diche to de[fende,]
that no man shold come them [nere]
 but in their danger hee [were ;]
 ffor who soe come the [trenche *with*-yn,]
 104 harmelesse they might [not oute wyne.]

[last line of
which any
part is
visible on
p. 523 of
MS.]

¹ Iamys.—Eg. MS.

² Supplied from Eg. MS.—F.

³ Bodl. MS. ? onynde, Eg. MS.—F.

⁴ made hyt as bare as.—Eg. MS.

⁵ fulle varyable.—Eg. MS.

⁶ depe and fensabylla.—Eg. MS.

⁷ The londe syde whythe ovte.—

MS.

⁸ A trenche sewynge in euery
—Eg. MS.

& all the ditches through ¹
 pittffalls were then b ²
 & euery pittfall a s[perre hyghthe,]
 108 for therin shold sta[nde noo man to fyghte,]
 & all was for to [make hem clere]
 that no gunnes ³ [a-boute them were ;]
 & ffrom the p[yttefalle vnto the walle]
 112 that was high [and stowte with-alle,]
 itt was a[s thycke of caltrappys sette] ⁴
 as m[eyshys be yn a nette.]
 within the [Cytte after the walle] [l. 119 Eg. MS.]
 116 mortar ⁵
 with carts
 as a
 that

[Gap : of 52 lines in the Egerton MS., of 50 in the Bodley MS.]

120 [⁶ Of prynchode and no]blé the flow[r]e ⁷ [page 525 of
 Percy Folio ;
 l. 176 of Eg.
 MS.]
 [Thoughe alle pryncys of hon]our are sett,
 [Nexste the beste he myghte] be sett. [l. 178 Eg. MS.]

¹ And alle that dyche thorowe oute
 by-dene,
 Pytfalldes hyt was evyr-more bytwene,
 And every pytfalldes of a spere of heyth,
 For no man therin scholde stond to fyzt
 in fethe.—Bodley 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 51.

² The Diche was brode and depe
 And fewe myghte fro many man hyt
 kepe ;
 The bottom of the Diche with-yn
 Was pyttefallyd ij. fote evyr by-twyn.
 —Eg. MS.

³ MS. *mn* for *nn*.—F. noo man.—Eg.
 MS.

⁴ As thycke of caltrappys hit fulle
 was sette.—Eg. MS.

⁵ With-yn the Cytte after the walle
 Welle countymuryde hyt was well
 with-alle,
 With erthe soo thyke and so brode
 That a carte myghte go þer vpon lode
 That poynt they made in there werre

That noo gvnne shulde not hym
 derre. [l. 124].—Eg. MS.

Then follow 52 lines more in the Eg.
 MS.—F.

⁶ And at the ende then towarde the
 Weste,

The Dewke of Clarence toke there hys
 reste,

Fore at an abbey there he gan lende
 That was beten downe and sore schende,
 At the Porte Causes that gate byfore,
 And kepte inne the Frenschemen wyth
 grete power :

There wanne he warschippe and grete
 honowre,

Off prynchode he myzte be called a flowre,
 For when alle prynces are ymette,
 Next to the beste lete Clarence be sette.

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 53.

⁷ Of prynchode he may bere a floure ;
 Thoughe alle pryncys were I-mette.
 Lines 176 and 177 of Eg. MS.—F.

- [At the northe syde by-t]weene,
 124 [There was loggyd Excetyr þe ke]ne,
 [And at the Porte Denys] he lay,
 [Where freynysche men yssuy]n out ouery day.
 [He bet hem in at euery sch]amffull brunnt,¹ [l. 163 Eg. MS.]
 128 [And wanne worschyppe] as hee was woont
 [Of alle pryncys manhode to] report,
 [Set hym for on of] the best sort.
 [Bytwyne hym and Claren]ce then,
 132 [Erle Marchalle, a man-]full man,
 [Loggyd hym next the castell]e gate,
 [And kepythe hyt bothe erly] and late.
 [And forthe in the same] way,
 136 [The lorde Haryngton] here he lay.
 [Talbot, from deumfrount] when he come,
 [He loggyd hym next] that² groome.
 [The Erle of Vrmounde] then lay hee
 140 [Next Clarence with a grete meanye,
 [And Cornewale, that comely knyghte,
 [He lay with Clarence bothe day and] night,³
 [And many knyghtys in a froun]t
 144 [Thatnowe comenot] in⁴ [my mynde to counte.] [l. 202 Eg. MS.]

 uze

[Gap: 56 lines in Bodley MS. 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 55-6.]

5. w en . w . . [p. 526 of Folio MS. l. 267 Eg. MS.]
 148 & he gran[te]d them comp[assyon,⁶]

¹ at euery brounte.—Eg. MS.
² ? MS. thy. that gome, Eg. MS.,
 and adds two lines.—F.
³ ? MS. might.—F.
⁴ ? MS. in t.—F.
⁵ But be-lyve comawndede owre Lege,
 For to go to Caudybeke and sette ther a
 sege.
 And when he come the towne before,
 They bygan to trete wythout eny more;
 And as Rone dyde, so thay wolde done,

And grantede hyt in compocassyone,
 And selyde hyt uppe-on thys condissio[n]
 That in the water of Sayne wythou
 lette
 Owre schyppis to passe forth wyth
 frette.
 Bodley MS. 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 5
⁶ That he that dede wolde doo
 He grauntyd hem in compassyon
 —Eg. MS. l. 266, 267.

- soe that then without lett
 our shipps might passe with our [frette.]
 then passed our shipps forth in [fere,]
 152 & cast their Anchor Rowne fu[lle nere,]
 as thicke in soyne as they neu[er did stonde;]¹
 then were the beseege by watte[r and by londe.]
 & when *that* warwicke *that* end [hadde made,]
 156 then to the king againe hee ro[de,]
 betwixt St. Katherins & the [kynge]
 there he ordered his lodgin[g.²]
 well entred the Abbey w[as,]
 160 & soone yeelded, by gods gr[ace;]
 & after within a litle space³
 he lodged att the port M[artynvace,⁴] [l. 280 Eg. MS.]
 there as spitefull warr[e there was.]
 164 euer they came forth o[wte in pat place,]
 but then be dreuethe [hem yn a-gayne]
 manfully with migh[te and mayne;⁵]
 & Salsbury was fain⁶ [to ryde,] [l. 283 Eg. MS.]
 168 & yett hee turned⁷ [and dyd a-byde,
 [By Huntynghdon there lende]
 till the scege wa[s at an ende,]
 & the Gloster, *that* [gracyus home,]⁸
 172 from the [sege of Chirboroughe when he [l. 288 Eg. MS.]
 come]

[Gap : of about 70 lines in the Egerton MS., of 55 in the Bodley.]

¹ in sayn as they myghte stonde.—Eg. MS.

² He loggyd hym and was byggyng.
—Eg. MS.

³ whyle.—Eg. MS.

⁴ Martynvyle.—Eg. MS.

⁵ Lines 163–166 occur two pages back in the Egerton MS. For them here, Eg. has :

Muche worschyppe there-fore to hym
was,

And soo hathe ben in euery place.—F.

⁶ Saulsbery that was synyde.—Eg. MS.

⁷ Yet he returnyde.—Eg. MS.

⁸ So in Eg. MS., but read *gome* as in Bodley, 124,

And then Glowsetre that worthy gome.
—F.

- warryour aght¹ [p. 527 of MS.]
 Knight
 t noble Knight
 176 he was full right
 [Mon senoure P]ewnes, this² was hee, [l. 253 Eg. MS.]
 [Captayne of the p]ort of St. Hillarye;
 [The Bastard of Teyn]osa,³ a warryour wight,
 180 tive of much might,
 [And of alle the] men⁴ that were without
 [Of alle the Cytte ro]und about;
 [And euery on of the]se Captaines had
 184 [V. M¹ men and moo in l]ade;
 [And they nomberyd] were within,⁵
 [Whenn oure sege] did begin,
 [To .iiij. CCC. M¹ an]d ten,
 188 [Of wymmen, chyldryn,] and men;
 [Of pepylle hyt was a gr]eat rowte,⁶
 [A kyng to lay a se]ge about.⁷
 [And there-to they were fulle] hardy indeede⁸
 192 [Bothe in foote and eke in] steede [l. 372 Eg. MS.]
 er⁹ men⁹
 did know

¹ Mon senyour Antonye A werryour
 wyghte, [l. 247]
 He was leuetenaunt to that knyghte
 Herre Ehanfewe was captayne
 Of the porte de pount de sayne; [250]
 Iohan Mawtrevers that man,
 Of the porte of castelle was captayne.
 —Eg. MS.

And Mowne-Syr Antony, a werryour
 wy3te,
 He was levetenawnte under that kny3te.
 And Hery Camfewe, he was captayne
 Of the Porte de Pownte of Sayne.
 And Johan de Matreways, that nobylle
 man,
 Of the Porte of the Castelle he was
 captan.

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 59.

² Pennewys thenne.—Eg. MS.

³ The Bastarde of Teyne in that
 whyle [l. 255]
 Was captayne of porte Martynvyle

And gaunt Iaket or Iakys of werryys
 wyse

He was captayne and alle so the
 pryce.—Eg. MS.

⁴ skarmoschys.—Eg. MS.

⁵ And whenn they wolde rayse alle the
 comynalte

Many a thousande myghte they be;
 Men nomberyd them with-yn.—Eg.

MS.

⁶ a proude store.—Eg. MS.

⁷ a sege be-fore.—Eg. MS.

⁸ MS. ded indeede.—F. hardy in dede.
 —Eg. MS.

⁹ And als prowde men as euyr I save,
 And poyntys of warre many one dyd
 shewe.

Whenn they yssuyd owt, moste co-
 mynly

They come not owte in one party;
 At ij. gatys, or iiij. or alle, [l. 377]
 Sodynly they dyd owte falle.—Eg.

. to come out
 e port

MS. There are 33 pages more in the Egerton MS.

Men nombred of hem that were withinne,
 Ffurste when owre Sege gan to beginne,
 Unto four hundred thewsande and ten,
 Off wymmen, off chyldren, and also off
 men :

Off peple that was prowde store,

A kynge to lay a Sege tofore.

And therto they war fulle hardy in dede,
 Bothe on fote, and also on stede,

And the prowdest men that ever y
 knewe,

And many poyntes of werre they wolde
 shewe.

But when they wolde come owte comenly,
 They came nott owte alle on a party,
 Nother at two gates, nor at thre, but at
 alle

Sodaynly they wolde out falle :

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. p. 59-60.

There are above 18 pages more in
 vol. xxi., in all 946 lines ; the rest, up to
 l. 1312, are (with the prior lines from
 l. 686) in *Archæol.* xxi. p. 371-384.—F.

[Such a Lover am I¹]

THIS song declares that the speaker is a lover of such a temper that he varies, to use a mathematical phrase, directly as his mistress; whereas lovers, for the most part, vary inversely as their idols. If she smiles on him, he is delighted; if she refuses him, he ejects her from his thoughts. He is no woman's slave. Of lovers, as of the Jews, it may be said that sufferance is the badge of all their tribe. This gentleman tears off and throws away his badge. Should Cupid and Venus trouble him,—

Mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, are far superior divinities, to his thinking.
We have seen no other copy of this song.

I shan't die
for a girl's
refusal.

SUCH a Lover am I :

'Tis too late to deny

That for a refusall I never can dye ;²

4 Yet my Temper is such,

And that's very much,

My Passion Re-Kindles at every Touch ;

If once my
mistress is
unkind,

But if once I doe find

8 My Mistress vnkind,

I forget her.

Why then her past favours are quite out of mind.

I don't cry
and bother
myself.

My Courage Il'e Keepe,³

'Tis Childish to weepe ;

12 I'le not be disordered, awake nor a-sleepe ;

¹ This song is written in a different and later hand. It has initial apostrophes, and some commas. Though it is with the fragments, it was never part of

the MS.—F.

² Line 3 is written as two in the MS.—F.

³ ? MS. Illeepe.—F.

- For if like a fond Swaine
 I should pine & complaine,
 She'l scornfully Trivmph, & laugh at my payne,
 16 Or if I shold crave
 In Revenge the Cold Grave :
 He that Dyes for a woman, can nere be that brave.
 Hang Cupid and Venus! nere mencion them
 more !
 20 Such pitifull Powers I scorne to adore !
 Since I by Kind Nature my Libertye have,
 'Twere base that such Bugbares should make me
 their slaves :
 I manfully acknowledge my selfe farr above
 24 That childish Idolety, miscalled Love.
- Mars, Baccus, Apollo, are much more divine,
 Their Biusinesse farr Nobler, much brisker their
 wine.
 A wedded Condicion contributes noe ease ;
 28 Wife, Children, and Servants, disorder their
 peace.
 When heartye ffreinds fayl, my true Comforts of
 Life,
 I then may turne desperate, & thinke of a Wife.
- If I did pine,
 she'd laugh
 at me.
 Only
 cowards
 crave death
 for a
 woman.
 [back.]
 Hang
 Cupid ! |
- If I'm free,
 why should
 I make
 myself
 Love's
 slave ?
 I'm above
 that
 nonsense.
- Bacchus
 before
 Venus!
- When my
 friends fail,
 then I'll turn
 desperate
 and marry.

Appendix.

I. LEOFFRICUS.

[Bodl. MS. 240, p. 359, col. 1, by John of Teynemouth.]

Item de euentibus illius temporis cap. 99.

¹Haraldus et tostius filij gedwini dum apud Windesoram vinum regi propinassent. capillis et manibus mutuo confligebant. quorum infortunium venturum statim prophetavit rex edwardus. Haraldus comes uolens visere fratrem suum et nepotem qui apud ²Willielmum ducem normannie obsides erant tempestate actus delatus est pontunium. Quem consul terre tradidit duci Willielmo. Haraldus antequam euadere posset. iuravit duci quod filiam eius duceret. et Angliam ad opus eius seruaret. ³Mortuo Henrico .2. imperatore. successit Henricus 3^{us} qui regnavit annis 50. Stephanus .9. abbas de monte cassino. sedit post victorem mensibus .8. Benedictus .10. sedit papa mensibus .9. qui violenter intrusus postmodum cessit. ⁴Circa hec tempora godina comitissa, couestriam a graui seruitute liberare affectans, leofricum comitem assiduis precibus sollicitauit ut sancte trinitatis dei quod genitricis intuitu villam a predicta seruitute absolueret. Prohibuit comes ne de cetero rem sibi dampnosam inaniter postularet. Illa autem virum indesinenter de petitione premissa

exasperans. tale ransom extorsit ab eo "Ascende," inquit, "equum tuum nuda a ville inicio usque ad finem, populo congregato. et cum redieris postulata impetrabis." Genere godina deo dilecta. equum ascendens nuda crines capitis et tricas dissoluens. corpus totum preter crura inde velauit. Itinere completo. A nemine visa ad virum gaudens reuersa est. Leofricus uero couentriam a seruitute liberauit. cartam suam inde factam sigillimunimine roborauit. et cito post obiit. et apud couentriam, in monasterio quod ipse construxerat, sepultus est. ⁵Vbi et brachium sancti Augustini doctoris habetur, argentea techa inclusum. quod egelnothus Archiepiscopus rediens a roma apud papiam urbem aliquando emit .100. talentis argenti. Hic leofricus reparauit et ditauit monasteria leonense iuxta Herefordiam. ⁶Wenelocense et in Legcestris sancte Werburge. sanctique iohannis. Wigornense quoque et euisham[ense] In Alamannia scotorum monasterium combustum est. quod quidem incendium. quidam monachus paternus nomine diu ante predixerat. Hic propter propositum reclusionis exire nolens. se comburi passus est.

II. NUT-BROWN MAYD.

COMPARE with this the Carol on the Virgin Mary, No. VIII. in the Sloane MS. 2593, leaf 5, printed by Mr. Wright in his *Songs and Carols* for the Warton Club, 1861, p. 11.

¹ 1620. 1056. 14.
² infra cod. libro. c. 110.
³ 1621. 1057. 15.
⁴ Flores historia.

⁵ cum brachium sancti Augustini magni doctoris.
⁶ nota de Leomenstria iuxta Herefordiam.
⁷ 16. 1058. 1632.

Wommen be boþ^e good *and* trewe,
Wytnesse of marye.

Of hondes *and* body *and* face arn clene,
Wommen mown non beter bene,
In euery place it is sene,
Wytnesse of marie.

It is knowyn, *and* euer was,
þer a womman is in plas,
Womman is þ^e welle of gras,
Wytnesse [of Marie.]

þey louyn men with herte trewe,
Ho wyl not chaungyn for non newe;
Wommen ben of wordys fewe,
Wytnesse [of Marie.]

Wommen ben trewe with-out lesyng,
Wommen be trewe in alle þing,
And out of care þey mown vs bryng,
Wytnesse of marie.

There are several satirical songs against women in Mr. T. Wright's *Carols and Songs* for the Percy Society, 1847, in his *Ballads temp. Philip and Mary* from a MS. at Oxford, for the Roxburghe Club, and in vol. iv. of Mr. Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*. Mr. Hazlitt notices songs in praise of women. There is one in *Reliq. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 275; and as Roberd of Brunne says,

. . . no þyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys loue yn gode manere.
A gode womman ys manys blys
þere here loue ryȝt and stedfast ys:
þere ys no solas vndyr heuene
Of alle þat a man may neuene,
þat shuld a man so moche glew
As a gode womman þat loueth trew.
Ne derer ys none yn Goddys hurde
þan a chaste womman wyþ louely wrde.

Handlyng Synne, p. 62, l. 1904-13.

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GLOSSARY.

all the words are explained in the notes where they first occur. The words are therefore put shortly here. Generally, only one reference is given. French words are from COTGRAVE, except where another authority is named. 307 means vol. 1, p. 364, line 307; ii.265, vol. 2, p. 265.

ABO

364/307, above, outside
 e you / ii.155/186
 ckement, i.430/249, a compact
 .358/127; i.359/173, a wadded
 ilted tunic worn under the hau-
 —*Planché*, i.108
 ng, i.155/342, boasting
 p, ii.399/184; *afterclappe*, i.435

 i.93/85, gain, get to
 .26/215; 46/819, gone
 iii.154/70, agast
 l, ii.489/2036, angered
 .469/1515, frighten, terrify
 i.450/901, acknowledge, confess
 fore, iii.281/103, together. Per-
 all on fire.—P.
 32/247, ale
 , ii.58/7, aliens
 , iii.241/146, aliens.—P. *Alliant*
 ly, one that is in league, or of
 ed with one.—*Blount*, 1656
 143, purse, money-bag
 i.215/61, alien
 , iii.240/127, ancestry
 , i.303/77, ensign, flag
 e, ii.480/1789, heroes of old
 63/171, an
 /405; ii.44/1, an
 6/159, if
 i.369/463, if . . and
 /899, that, who
 p. part., i.26/5
 31/305, one
 ght, i.152/241, at once
 ii.559/49, pleased
 i.428/187; 472/1602, at once
 153/287, bend, yield
 ii.568/274, own estimation?
 , i.191/263, bent to, performed

AXS

apud, ii.265, in
archboarde, iii.407/91, ship, or side of a
 ship
arkward, i.386/1029; 387/1055, ? awk-
 ward, ugly
armin, ii.476/1678, ermine
arming, i.517/18
array, ii.570/305, armour
arsoone, ii.434/516, saddle
arsowne, ii.429/363, Fr. *arçon*, saddle-
 bow
as, iii.286/252, thus, like
aslake, i.152/247, slacken, stop. A.-Sax.
aslacian, to slacken, loosen
assignment, iii.535/49, signs
assise, ii.439/651, measure, manner, way
assoyled, iii.101/674. *assoil*, to acquit,
 clear, or pardon: to absolve.—*Bul-*
lokar's Dict.
a-steere, i.357/112, astir, on the *qui vive*
astyte, i.108/193, at once, quickly
astyte, or *tyte*, ii.430/379, quickly
att, i.391/1173, from
att device, i.158/435, elegantly, splendidly
attild, i.228/318, prepared, made ready
attilda, i.221/180; 228/318, made ready
attilde, i.385/992, dealt, struck
auant, i.150/192, boast. Fr. *avanter*
avant, iii.71/366, boast. "I avaunte or
 bostemyself," *je me vante*.—*Palsgrave*
avanted, iii.253/481, advanced, raised
avantiing, i.160/506, boasting
avayle, iii.226/279, pull down, from Fr.
à val.
avoyde, I go out of a place, I avoyde out
 of it. *Je vuide*.—*Palsgrave*
awise, i.233/410 ? miswritten for "a
 noise."
awondred, i.466/1412, astonished
arry, i.143, ask, A.-Sax. *acsian*

BAC

backedere, iii.6/61, knight
bachelours, iii.59/78, knights
badgers, ii.205/31, corn-dealers
bail, i.161/534, bale, sorrow
baine, i.94/108, ready
bale, Prov.: when bale is att hyest, boote is at next, i. 171/133
ball, ii.229/43, bale; iii.57/21, sorrow, misery
ban, i.96/158, curse
band, i.81/26, bond, agreement
bandog, i.30/58
bandshipp, ii.564/177, ? bondship, villenage, or fellowship. Sc. *band*, bond, obligation.—*Jamieson*.
bane, iii.21/53, perhaps lane.—*P*.
banly, iii.66/247, kindly
bann, i.55/31, curse
barathron, iii.76/406, the Latin *barathrum*, an abyss, used to signify hell.—*Dyce*
barine, ii.438/629, bosom
barnes, iii.59/81, children, human creatures.—*P*.
barrison, ii.580/561, for *warrison*, gift, reward
barronrye, i.158/442, collection, or jury, of barons
barronrye, i.277/118, baronry
basnett, ii.435/545, iii.45/788, a light helmet, like a scull cap. Fr. *bassinet* . . . the scull, sleight helmet or headpiece, worne in olde time, by the French men of armes.—*Colgrave*, 1611
bashed, i.225/252, abashed
buttell, iii.439/47. Column, military formation
baylye, ii.367/717, district
baysance, i.159/476, obeisance, bow, salutation
beads, gold, for prayers. i.365/331
beanes, iii.413/208, beams.—*P*.
bearing (arrow), iii.98/601; 413/211, ? well-feathered for far-shooting, like a "good carrying cartridge."
bearne, iii.56/14; 73/407, child human creature, man, &c.
be deene, ii.224, Dutch, *bij dien*, forthwith
bedone, ii.305/8, done over, ornamented
beene, ii. 583/626, baine, ready
beeten, i.227/304, lighted
beyan, i.448/843, grow, swell
begin the dais, ii.379/1028, take the first place at it:

BID

Qwene Margaret *began the deyse*;
 Kyng Arthus, wyth-owtyn leas,
 Be hur was he sett.
Syr Tryamour, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc. 1846, p. 55, l. 1636-8
 Two kyngys the deyse began,
Syr Egyllamoure and *Crystyabelle*
 than
Sir Eglamour, p. 173, l. 1259-60
begon, i.115/595, gone over, done over, dressed
begon, i.394/1279, covered, ornamented with
behappned, i.356/73, happened to
beheard, i.236/23, 31. *heard*, i.309/229
behoves, iii.25/165, is of use to
beloeue, ii.71/355, be leal, loyal, true
beline, i.21/48, suddenly; 223/212 quickly
belyeth, i.458/1177, belies, tells lies, against
benhow, i.36/21, 54/20, bend bow, bow that will bend
benche, iii.329/209, ?
benefize, ii.573/367, benefice
bent, iii.59/63, bent, where rushes grow, the field. *bent*, ii.341/20, dwelling?
beraye, iii.24/138, bewray
bere, i.383/924, noise. cp. *bray*, iii.62/144
beronen, i.213/31; iii.63/172, ran over with, covered
beseeke, i. 163/596, Northern form of *beseech*, i.162/554
besene, well bysene, *bien accousté*.—*Palgrave*, p. 844, col. 1.
besett, i.445/745, charged, exhorted
besids, i.379/802, from off
bespake, i.175/11, spoke to
besprent, ii.184/5, besprinkled
bethought, were, i.460/1226; i.463/1317, thought
hethought, was, i.486/2056, had planned
betide, "Baillez luy belle, Goodly betide him; some bodie spit in his mouth, for now he hath it sure.—*Colgrave*
betraigne, i.459/1185, betrayed
bett, i.361/238, remedied, relieved
bett, ii.485/1928, beat, perfect
bett, iii.36/490, better, larger
bett, i.168/53, lighted, A.-Sax. *betan*, to light a fire
bettell, ii.574/408, tell of, betray
hwep, ii.373/858, lamented, wept for
bickered, i.213/27, fought, Welsh *bicra*, to fight
bidon, i.356/79, stayed; 368/455; 440/580, remained

BIG

bigged, iii.72/383, built
bigglye, iii.72/390, mightily
biled, ii.306/34, drew near
billaments, ii.330/66, ornaments?
bine, iii.67/254, ? for *pyno* (see *byne*); or
 trick, slaughter
birth, iii.66/231, bulk, burthen
birtled, ii.310/173, cut up
bisse, iii.428/119, white silk; *bissus*,
 qwhite silke. Gloss. in *Rdliq. Ant.*
 i.7, col. 1. "Pure white sylke, *soye*
lissine."—*Palsgrave*. *bissines*, silken
 words.—*Cotgrave*
bitter, iii.28/255, A.-S. *bitel*, beetle
blacke, ii.403/54, ? blacking
blanchmere, iii. 41/652, ? a kind of fur
blanke, ii.164/12, a half-sous, half-penny
blanked, i.228/328, pierced point blank
blarked, iii.326/132; 337/412, blanked;
llank, pale and won, that is, out of
 countenance.—*Phillips*
blaundemere, ii.420/129, a kind of fur
bled, i.362/246, bled dry, bloodless
blee, ii.306/50, colour, hue
blee, iii.59/65, complexion; S. *bleoh*, color
blenched, iii.57/32, shrunk, started, leaned
 towards
blend, i.236/30; 134/18, mixed
bleue, i.162/555, believe
blinn, iii.67/254; *blinne*, i.175/7; 248
 /10, A.-S. *blinnan*, to cease
blood-irons, i.56/53,59, lancets
blushe, iii.72/388,
blushed on, ii.72/382, blushed at
blythe, iii.38/551, A.-S. *blisse*, glad
board, ii.298/69, lodge and feed
bole, iii.57/32, (country word) the main
 Body, or Stock of a Tree.—*Phillips*
bombard, iii.253/491. Fr. *Bombarde*. A
 Bumbard, or murdering peece.—*Cot-*
grave
bondsman, ii.557, note. See Essay on
Bondman in vol. ii.
bone, i.381/881, village, Flemish *bonne*,
 Sw. *boning*, Du. *wooning*, Germ. *woh-*
nen. From the same root as *waine*.—
Brockie. ? like *bane*, i.377/749, A.-S.
bana, *bona*, 1. a wound-maker, a killer,
 manslayer; 2. destruction.—*Bosworth*
bookes-man, i. 237/39,43; cp. *kookes-*
man, l. 65
book-othc, i.232/395, book-oath
boolish, iii.58/58, perhaps tumid, swel-
 ling, rounded
boome, i.66/122, I suspect "lodly boomo"

BRE

is an error of the copyist for "lodly
 loono."—*Brockie*. log?, dwarf
boote, i.47/6, compensation, A.-S. *bót*
bord, i.93/83, table
bord, ii.372/837, side
bore, i.213/27, boar, Richard II.'s badge
bore, i.452/967, ? *lore*, lost
borrowe, i.472/1612, surety
borrowed, ii.532/161, rescued
botc, i.474/1661, bit
bourd, i.379/811, jest
bourde, ii.557/10, merry tale
bouted, i.374/651, bolted, sprang
bowles, i.98/220, knobs
bowles, iii.287/293, bowls of wine
bowne, i.218/113, prepare, address; ii.
 298/57, dress; i.384/948, prepared;
 iii.65/216, ready, prepared
bowned, i.396/1325, made ready
bowmeth, i.219/145, goes, journeys
bowsing, ii.54/61, free-drinking
bradd, i.221/176, moved quickly, flew
bradd, iii.63/175, to draw, to pull
bradde, i.453/989, broadened, spread
bradden, i.228/312, flew
braggatt, ii.563/141, honey and ale fer-
 mented. See a recipe from the *Haven*
of Health in Nares
braid, ii.381/1090, dropt, fell; ii.65/
 188, leapt
brake, ii.119/1112, cut up
brake of fearne, i.27/11, in bracken or
 fern
brasyd, i.115/655, embraced
brawders, iii.59/63, embroideries
bray, i.97/192, move quickly
brayd, i.222/191, attack
brayd, iii.360/1002, ? flourished about
brayd, i.495/2349, instant, (on a) sud-
 den
brayde, att a, iii.90/366, suddenly
bread, ii. 105/740, breadth
breade, ii.533/187, pulled
breaden, ii. 329/35, braided?
break, ii.358/486, cut up; see *brake*
bred, i.213/24, spread out
bredd, i.229/332, attack
breme, i.92/36; iii.57/34, fierce
breemlye, iii.71/364, fiercoly, furiously
breest, *speares in*, ii. 240/63 ? not for *rest*
 but up to the breast; so in *Maleore's*
Mort Darthur
brether, ii.206/56, brethren
breuelye, iii.68/283, *bremely*.—*P.* ? brief-
 ly.—*K.*

BRE

brewice, ii.574/389, broth, pottage
bringer-up, i.332/332
broche, iii.60/94, an ornament, jewel, clasp.—P.
brodinge, iii.6/63, *brode*, to prick. G.D.—P. ? breadthe : cp. l. 76.—F.
broked, i.356/82, rejected, lost ?
brooke, ii. 388/1279, enjoy, possess
brooke, iii. 13/167, broke, i.e. enjoy.—P.
brotherlinge, i.426/134, nincompoop : *britheling*, worthless, a rascal. Cp. O. Eng. *brothel*.—H. Coleridge
bruche, i.184/58, brooch
brushed, i.388/1075, spouted. Cp. the complaint *water-brush*, a vomiting of watery fluid
bryar, iii.26/188. Pronounced *lrere* : see *Levins*, col. 209, l. 15
bryke, i.232/401, ravine, fissure, breach or break in the surface, Dan. *bræk* : or, unploughed land, Du. *braak*.—*Brockie*
buchett, iii.345/634, budget
buff, i.517/14, a leather coat
buffe, i.83/76, ? for buske, arm
builded, i. 27/11, beilded, sheltered : Old Norse *bæli*, place of shelter or refuge
burgen, iii.59/71, burgeon, the same as *bud*
burne, i.91/12, man
burnet, ii.569/284. Fr. *brunette*, fine blacke cloth, whence, *Aussi bien sont amourettes sous bureau que sous brunettes* : Prov. Loue playes his pranks as well in Cotes as Courts.—*Cotgrave*
busk, i.91/9; iii.47/843, to prepare, dress ; a simple adoption of the deponent form of the Icelandic verb *bua* ; *at buast* for *at buasc* contracted from *at bua sig*, to make oneself ready, dress oneself.—*Wedgwood*
busked, iii.97/575. Scot. *buskit*, dress'd, decked
busled, ii.122/1202, hurtled. *buslery*, a tumult.—*Hallirell*
but if, iii.67/254, unless.—P.
butt, ii.232, note *
by, iii.3/5, of; iii.27/242, about, concerning
by, shold by, should go by, hold to, i. 157/405
bydecne, i.472/1614, at once, forthwith
bye, iii.53/16, abye, A.-S. *abigean*
bygan the dese, i.115/602, took the highest place at the table. See *began*

CHA

byne, ii.86/160, pyne, punishment
cainell bone, i.387/1041, the clavicle or neckbone. See *cannello-boon* in *Babess Book Index*
caltrappys, iii.537/113, Fr. *chaussetraps* : f. A Caltrop or iron engine of warre, made with foure pricks or sharp points, whereof one, howsoever it is cast, ever stands vpward.—*Cotgrave*
can, i.455/1049, knowest ; ii.429/353, know. "I can skylle of a crafte or science. *Je me congnais*. . Thou cannest skylle of cranes dyrte, thy father was a poulter."—*Palgrave*, p. 475, col. 1
candle, i.248/4, ? candle
cankred, i.48/33, ill-tempered
cantell, ii.430/388, corner, piece
capull, i.214/33 ; ii.562/130 ; 567/234, W. *keffyl*, a horse
carded, i.125/9, played at cards
carfull, iii.503/53, care-full
carle, ii.559/47, churl, peasant
carles, ii.576/452, churl's
Carlist, i.117/183, ?
carpe, i.212/5, tell
carped, i.216/83, uttered ; iii. 66/231, complained
carued, iii.71/347, pierced
cast, i.369/491, device, trick
causye, ii.428/320, causeway. Fr. *chausée*, a woman that wears breeches, also, the causey, banke or damme of a pond or of a river
cease, iii.36/494, seize, give possession
cercott, ii.421/138, surcoat
certar, ii.428/335, certes
chaffe, iii.103/42, ? for *chuffe*, a term of reproach
chaffing, i.56/55, heating
chalengeth, iii.132/123, Fr. *challenger*, to claime, challenge
chalishing, i.389/1116, bother, fuss. "Sir Gray-Steeles desired that there should be 'noe *chalishing*' for his death, that is, no procession of priests at his funeral, no religious rites. *Chalice*, the communion cup. He did not want to be chaliced."—*Brockie*
champaind, i.158/458, ? ornamented in some way
chandlers, ii.70/311 ; *chandlours*, ii.567/248, candlesticks
chape, ii.582/606. "I *chape* a sword, or dagger. I put a *chape* on the sheathe"

CHA

'Je mets la bouterolle.' What shall I gyve the to *chape* my dagger."—*Palsgrave*
charke-bord, iii.409/114, ? same as *arche-bord*, l. 91
cheape, ii.539/369; *cheepe*, i.179/102, A.-Sax. *ceap*, a bargain
cheere, i.446/768, state, condition
cheue, ii.563/152, thrive
chest of tree, ii.461/1263, chestnut tree?
chiualrye, i.494/2314, chivalrous, magnificent, fighting
choppes, ii.570/314, blows?
christall, iii.75/446, kirtle. ? petticoat
christendome, i.452/962; ii.369/753, christening
Christentie, i.45/139, Christendom
chune, ii.537/314, chin
charle, iii.33/402, a slave, a vassal.—*P.*
clommed, i.225/258, starved: *clen* or *clam*, the latter is in Staffordshire the more common, the former considered the more correct. *Clam'd* is very hungry; *Starved*, very cold; the two are never confounded, and *starve* is never used in connection with hunger.—*E. Viles*
clergye, i.365/350; ii.488/2020, learning
clitt or *clutt*, i.15/18, clouted: see i.48/12
clippeth, i.153/272, A.-Sax. *clypian*, to call
close, i.225/249, clewes, valleys
clothes, ii.134/1568, tablecloths
clouted, iii.225/241, patched
clowes, i.232/391, clefts in the sides of hills
coate-armor, ii.192/50, tabard
cockebotte, iii.160/99, kockebotte for a shyppe, *cocquet*.—*Palsgrave*. *Nassellette*: f. A small skiffe, scull, or cocke-boat. *Nasselle*: f. A skiffe, wherrie, or cock-boat.—*Cotgrave*
cockward, i. 65/94, 106, cuckold
coice, iii.97/564. Qu. chose.—*P.*
cold, i.70/198; 457/1125, knew
cold, i.111/89; 385/980, did
colled, ii.493/2151, curled
colour, iii.60/89. Qu. collar
combrance, i.448/825, encumbrance, ill-doing, stratagem
comen, i.220/150, coming
cominent, i.29/47, read convent, convent, lot
comunye, i.66/125, communing, consultation

CUM

confounde, ii.386/1213, perish
contrition, ii.547/585, lamentation
cooasten, i.224/235, marched
coparsonarye, i.275/64, coparceny
coppe, i.28/20, head
cordiant, i.185/91, of Cordovan leather
coste, ii.558/38, province?
couer, ii.543/467, recover
couett, ii.67/235, courtt?
countenance, grimace, "Wrinkled as ones face is by makynge of a *countenance*, m. et f. *froncé*.—*Palsgrave*, p. 330, col. 2
counter, vb. i.358/144, encounter, fight
counter, sb. i.382/895, attack
countred, iii.255/545, encountered
course, *corpes*, i.462/1295, 1297, corpse
course of warr, a, ii.292/49, tilt, joust
courtnolls, ii.151/80, courtiers
couth, i.433/339, known
cowle-tree, ii.440/680, cowlstaff, a big pole. Fr. *tiné*, a Colestaffe or Stang; a big staffe whereon a burthen is carried betweene two on their shoulders.—*Cotgrave*
cowthe, ii.557/14, knew
coye, i. 233/414, man
coyfe, ii.430/394, hood of mail
coyle, ii.52/2, fuss. Fr. *carymari*, *carymara*. Fained words expressing a great *coyle*, stirre, hurlyburly, or the confused muttering of a rude companie.—*Cotgrave*
coyse, ii.53/29, ? coyle, fuss, or Fr. *cause*, chat, and thence carouse
creame, iii.74/438, chrism, sacred oil
creepers, ii.151/68, lice
cricke, ii.323/12, louse
crinkle, ii.308/114
cristinty, i.41/48, Christendom
croche, i.514/155, crouch
crowde, ii.422/149, a kind of fiddle
crownackles, ii.451/983, note; spearheads
crownall, ii. 451/993, coronel; see note¹, p. 451
crownalls, ii.477/1712, spearheads
crope, i.360/188, crept
crowt, ii.308/114, curl up
cryance, iii.7/82; MS. *cryamce*, fear; Old Fr. *criente*, crainte
cth for *tch*, i.23/73; ii.139/76, macth, i. 228/316
cuchold, ii.310/150,161, cuckold
cumber, i.197/416, distress, torture

CUR

cursing, i.435/415, state of excommunication, heathenness

cut-tailed dog, i.20/17, note ²

Whistles *Cut-tayle* from his play,
And along with them he goes.

1627.—*Drayton's Shepheards Sirena*.
cutted, i.27/10; i.29/44, short-frocked,
generally *curtal*. Fr. *Roussin*: A Cur-
tall or strong German horse.—*Cot*.

dain, i.366/371, ? corner, or hole, spying-
place

dained, iii.66/226, ordained, bade.—*Sk*.
The context wants the meaning—was
told to.—*F*.

dale, ii.76/482, share

dange, i.359/166, dashed, struck

danger, ii.566/207, endanger

danger, i.472/1611, power

danger, i.471/1598, difficulties, hesitation

daredst, iii.74/419

darr, ii.73/395, hurt

daynty, iii.68/281, delight

dead, i.100/258, death. Mr. Peacock
says, a Lincolnshire woman told him
that she "would rather be nibbled to
dead with ducks, than live with Miss
—; she is always a nattering."—*Mirk*,
p. 73

deane, i.444/693, injury ?

deared, iii.69/312, destroyed, injured

dearfe, i.213/25; fierce, 'great, bold, O.N.

diarfr, Sw. *djerf*, strong, bold.—*Morris*

dearne, i.464/1356, A.-S. *dearn*, secret

decke, ii.403/58, pack of cards

deede, iii.134/184, death

deene, ii.559/48, e'en, evening

deere, i.364/320; iii.238/79, A.-S. *dar*,

daru, destruction, injury

deere, i.481/1879, injure

degree, i.369/478; ii.103/674, the *pas*,
place of honour

delay, ii.382/1107, an appearance: Fr.

delay, in Law, a day given for appear-
ance, or for the bringing in or amend-
ing of a plea.—*Cotgrave*

delfe, i.445/732, delven, buried

delicates, ii.285/145, delicacies

deliuerlye, i.358/135, nimbly

demeaning, ii.442/727, walk or ride; Fr.

demener, to stirre much, mooue to and
fro, remoue often

derfe, i.228/329, fierce; i.213/32, hard;
iii.70/325, cruel

desease, ii.561/106, harm

DRA

device, at, i.159/485, elegantly; ii.240
/125, neatly, correctly

deske, i.427/148, dais

desoures, ii.451/989, discours, tellers

desse, iii.40/629, dais, the upper part of
the Hall, where the high table stood.
—*P*.

difformyd, i.117/700, misshapen, put out
of shape

dight, i.466/1434, make ready

dyght, iii.44/736, deck'd, dressed

dight, i.355/54, conditioned

dight, ii.543/468, used up

dild, iii.107/122, yield it, requite

dilffull, iii.257/603, doleful

dill, iii.4/22, grief, A.-S. *déol*, deceit,
trouble ?

ding, ii.361/537, batter

dinge, i.236/22, beat, knock

dint, ii.423/183, 192, charge, thrust

dint, iii.34/436, *dent*, impression, mark.

—*P*. *Dint*, an impression or mark.—
Phillips (by Kersey); and so Shak-
speare:

His tenderer cheek receives her soft
hand's print,

As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any
dint.

Venus and Adonis, l. 53-4.—*E.V.*

discreeme, iii.495/7, ? discreene

discrecue, iii.4/19, describe, discover

dish-meate, ii.576/463, sweets; 'peire
dischmetes ar dressid with hony not
claryfied.'—Russell in *Babees Book*,
150/514

dispence, i.286/392, dispensation

distance, ii.115/996, dispute, difference

distayned, i.357/89, worsted, vanquished

distere, ii.456/1107, destrier, war-horse

disworship, i.156/392

doe, i.449/877, put

doe away! ii.569/297, go along with you!

dole, i.428/181, sorrow, misfortune

donge, ii.361/531, battered

donge, ii.384/1172, dashed, charged

dop, iii.103/21; *dope*, i.e. do open.—*P*.

doubt, i.48/14; iii.74/439, fear

doubtfull, iii.259/649, fearful, dreadful

dought, ii.332/122, enjoyed

doughtilye, iii.75/447, valiantly, reso-
lutely, undauntedly

downe, iii.25/183, perhaps *done*.—*P*.

doxie, Fr. *Gueuse*: f. A woman begger,
a she rogue, a great lazie and lounie
queane; a *Doxie* or Mort.—*Cotgrave*
drayned, i.221/174, dawned

DRE

dreadfullye, i. 470/1563, in great dread
dree, iii.73/397, endure, hold out, A.-S.
droogan, Goth. *driugan*, to serve as a
 soldier, fight, to hold out in fighting.
driht, iii.57/38, great, noble, fine, A.-S.
driht
droughten, i.214/35, A.-S. *drihten*, the
 Lord, God
drouyers, ii.8/32, drivers of the deer
druryes, iii.60/87, lovelinesses, graces
drye, iii.67/263; *dry*, *drien*, o[ld] w[ord],
 suffer, Coles's Eng. Dict. 1677.—V.
dunge, iii.65/211, dang
dungen, i.213/32, beaten, Scotch *ding*,
 to beat, Isl. *daengia*.—Jamieson
dunish, iii.133, 160. ? *dunny*, deaf, stupid
dunned, i.228/329, resounded

easing, iii.267/113. See note
easment, i.361/222, 230, attention, doc-
 toring
easments, i.362/260, attentions, care
eft, iii.434/75, quick, ready
eke, for 'epe,' bold, i.226/282
elke, i.226/282, ilke, same
elkes, ii.577/468, wild swans, or ? omelettes
emes, ii.431/434, uncle's, A.-S. *eain*, uncle
enfante, i.443/669, get with child by
enginy, ii.29/36, scheming
epe, i.223/220; 229/340; 231/371, bold
error, ii.423/196, running, haste; or
 anger?
-es, 2nd pers. sing. 'slayes thou' i.20/21;
 see *gables*
ethe, i.396/1352, easy
euerche, i.486/2070, every
eues, ii.437/601, eaves, overarching trees
euyes, ii.75/450, ivies
examiter, iii.318/39, hexameter
eze[n], i.28/39, hose?

faikine, i.43/90
faine, iii.79/69, glad
faire, iii.75/450, fair thing
fulling, iii.197/5. This transitive sense
 of the verb to fall is common in Staf-
 fordshire, where people always speak
 of *falling* a tree instead of *felling* it.
 —V.
fame, ii.80/12, evil report, disrepute
famed, ii. 100/570, defamed
fanc, ii.383/1137, vane, weathercock
farden, iii.63/165, i. e. fared, passed,
 went, were.—P.

FFO

fare, ii.355/402, went
fare, i.472/1608, doing, business, object
farr, i.232/404, ? fare, go
farren, i.391/1165, fared
fate, *fute*, i.30/51, whistle
faugh, i.228/315, fallow ground. Scotch,
fauch, "Tenants' fauch gars lairds
 lauch."—*Brockie*
fay, i.94/92, faith, Fr. *foi*
fayrye, ii.472/1540, enchantment
feare, i. 158/454; 178/72, company
feared, i.378/756, frightened
felly, i.325/123, savagely
fend, i.21/32, ward off; ii.61/78, defend
fended, i.365/346, guarded, fought
fettle, i.221/163, in constant use in Staf-
 fordshire, 'to prepare or get ready.'—
E.V.
fere, i.355/41, mate, lover
ferle, i.233/413, wonderful; or *ferse*,
 fierce
fet, i.149/166, fetch
fett, ii.328/19, fetch
fettled, i.221/183, set to work quickly
fettled, i.231/388, prepared
fettlen, i.227/304, get ready
few, i.213/17, ? for *fele*, many
ffaine, iii.31/340, glad
ffaley, ii.588/766, ? ferley, wonderful
ffare, ii.547/583, going-on, grief
ffarley, ii.229/36, wondrous
ffarrand, ii.572/353, 358, looking
ffaxe, iii.326/121, faxe, hair. A.-S.
fear
ffayre, iii.59/64, i. e. fair thing, fair crea-
 ture, see l. 450.—P.
ffcald, iii.285/239, a truss of straw.—P.
ffearelh, iii.68/282, frighten
ffcute, ii.545/533, natty, handy
ffcere, in, iii.44/763, together
ffciht, iii.502/25, fet, fetched
ffelcy, ii.451/994, savage?
ffelled, ii.435/548, feelled, felt
ffere, iii.77/20, companion
ffettled, ii.230/60, made ready
fflar, iii.266/93. A.-S. *fear*, hair of
 the head
ffleeringe, iii.73/412, ? fleinge
fflome, ii.425/251, river
fflomes, ii.577/468, cheesecakes
fflourished, ii.485/1913, ornamented
fflome, iii.263/5, sea, qu.—P.
fflood, ii.385/1195, lady, dame
fflood, i.456/1084, imp, child
ffootmanshipp, iii.531/25, running, speed
ffor, iii.291/420, through

FFO

fforbott, iii.113/313, see Vol. I. p. 18, note. "I fende to Goddes forbode it shulde be so: a *Dieu ne playee qu'aynsi il adwiengne*."—*Palgrave*, p. 548, col. 1
fforceth not, iii.370/29, doesn't mind
ffore, iii.285/228, fared
fforfare, ii.459/1200, destroy
fforlore, iii.45/790, lost
fforthinketh, iii.96/548, repents. "I repente me, I forthynke me. *Je me repens*."—*Palgrave*, p. 686, col. 2
Forthink, o[ld], to be grieved in mind.—*Coles's Eng. Dict.* 1677
fforthought, iii.333/304, repented of
fforward, agreement, ii.461/1271
ffounded, ii.544/493, tried
ffraine, iii.61/130, to ask or desire.—*Phillips*
ffrankish, ii.590/826, ? liberal, or French
ffreake, iii.62/157, freke, *homo*, a human creature.—*Lye*
ffreane, ii.534/224, ask
ffreededge, ii.564/176, condition ?; but *freelage*, an heritable property as distinguished from a farm.—*Jamieson*
ffreelye, ii.385/1195, A.-S. *freolic*, noble, lordly
ffrom, iii.265/76, ? frame: cp. *ffrane*, l. 153
ffroterye, ii.577/468, fritters
ffrowle, ii.588/771, hit, punch
ffild, i.441/594, defiled
ffilings, ii. 276/118, 124, defiling, dirtying
fflaugh, i.71/227, flew
ffleame, i.472/1624, A.-S. *flyman*, banish
ffleamed, i.435/426; ii.133/1526, banished
fflorences, i.393/1232; 396/1350; ii.89/238, florins
fflyte, ii.322/9; 324/41, 57, scold, quarrel
ffooder, i.172/160, German *fuder*, a wine-tun. l. 162, "God will send to us auger" = God will enable me to tap you, draw your life blood.—*Blackley*. *Ein fuder oder stückfass rheinischen weins, so sechs ohm oder zwey hundert und vierzig stübchen hält*, a tun of Rhenish wine; a great fat containing two butts or 240 gallons.—*Ludwig*
ffooder, i.216/94, A.-S. *foðer*, a mass, load
fforce, i.100/266, matter, consequence
fforce, i. 288/455; need, necessity
ffordoe, i.157/408, destroy
fforefend, i.100/277, forbid

GAR

fforefendant, i.150/191, forfend, forbid
fforefore, i.91/33, vanquish ?
fforfowhte, i.360/179, tired out with fighting
 Thus lasted longe that ilke Melle be-twene hym and Me full Sekerle, tyl that I was so *fforfowhte* that non lengere stonden I Mowhte.
Seynt Graal, ii. 208, l. 765
fforlaine, i.464/1369, lain by, violated
fforlaine, ii.86/168, lain with, adulterated with
fforlore, i.150/194, entirely lost
fformen, i.213/30; i.220/167; 369/492, foemen
fforshapen, i.117/752, misshapen
fforth of, i.356/80, from
fforth-wise, i.444/714, forthwith
fforward, i.229/335, ? advance, attack; or, as in note *
fforwardes, i.114/536, agreements; A.-S. *foreweard*, an agreement
fforward, ii.192/43, foreguard, advance-guard
ffosters, ii.116/1037; ii.117/1058, for-esters
ffowle, i.223/231, bird
ffox, ii.54/43, make drunk
ffraye, that, i.365/341, at that seizure
ffreake, i.214/50, warrior
ffrened, ii.385/1201, frained, asked
ffronse, iii.366/last line, a sore in a hawk's mouth
ffrythes, i.357/105, fords, passages, Germ. *furth*, *furt*; Scan. *förd*; Swed. *färj*.—*Brockie*. cp. *ryding places*, i.383/937. *Vadum* a forthe, *Red. Ant.* i.9, col. 1.
ffurbrished, i.391/1192, sorely bruised
ffurley, ii.68/280, wonder
ffurley, i.384/974; ii.68/275, wondrous
ffute, i.30/51, whistle, cp. *Cleveland*, *whewt*, *whewtle*, to whistle; to pipe as a bird does.—*Atkinson*
ffuting, i.30/54, whistling
ffyle, i. 445/727, defile

gables, i.454/1027, gabblest, talkest stuff and nonsense
gainest, iii.65/208, *gain*, clever, handy, ready, dextrous.—*Johnson*
gallyard, ii.579/530, a lively dance
garr, i.91/23; ii.564/173, make, cause
garrison, i.484/1998, reinforcement ?
garsowne, ii.474/1607, boy, youth

GAT

gate, ii.206/58, ford
gate, iii.279/38, begat
gates, ii.229/46, ways, paths
gaule, ii.306/41, gules, red
gavelocke, i.489/2138, staff, an iron crowbar or mace. Gothic *gaflack*, weapon, club.—*Brockie*
gaynest, iii.73/412, quickest
gengells, ii.288/213, gentle folk
gent, i.160/500, gentle, gracious
gentles, ii.573/382,385, gentlefolk's
gentrise, ii.559/65, gentlemanlike behaviour
gentryes, i.159/461, gentrise, grace
ghesting, i.64/66,68, lodging, entertainment
giffe, i.169/85, if
gilt, i.450/907, sinned: A.-S. *gyltan*, to make or prove guilty
ginne, i.239/88, trick
girthers, i.385/995, girding leathers, straps
giue, i.519/81, if
gladedd, i.357/111, became glad, rejoiced
glased, ii.538/326, glanced, struck
glashet, ii.333/137, glanced, sprang
glawe, i. 57/75, sword
gleads, ii.568/264, kites
gleed, i.65/113; iii.252/477, live coal
glented, iii.72/384, glanced
glenten, i.215/71, went quickly
glode, iii.57/28, glided
gloring, i.217/103, shining
gnaw, iii.334/328, gnawed
godly, i.215/55, goodly, well
godsmen, ii.543/484, almsmen
godspenny, i.176/20, 179/105, earnest-money
gogled, i.16/26, waggled; iii.62/147, joggled, wagged, shook
gold chaines, i.509/13, servants who wore gold chains
gone, ii.373/859, dead
good, i.251/82, truly
gorgere, ii.478/1726, throat-armour
graine, ii.323/29, crimson
graine, i.75/12, fork of a tree. See Mr. Peacock's note, i., see Notes
graines, ii.570/319, prongs
gramarye, ii.604/144, 164; 607,265, magic
grame, i.441/614, get angry
grame, ii.72/386, vexation, ii.448/893, torture

GRY

granado, ii.41/16, fire grenades into;
granado sb, l. 20
grange house, i.338/482
grantesse, ii.346/163, agreement, pledge?
grasse, iii.279/64, fat
graunt, i.114/531, agreement
greathes, i.215/55, makes ready
greave, ii.91/311; 440/661, grove
gree, i.380/833; ii.346/154; first place, prize
greece, iii.92/421. Fr. *graisse*, fat
greete, i.58/100, grit; i.357/109, gravel
green (applied to a man's face), i.356/69
grett, iii.343/579, greeted
griffon, ii.370/776; 371/800,805; see *gripe*
grill, ii.487/1995, fierce
grinde, ii.336/25, polish
gripe, i.148/105, γρυψ, *gryps*, a griffin.
A gryphe hyghte *Griphe*s, and is accounted amonge volatiles, Deuteronomi, xiiii. And there the Glose saythe, that the grype is foure fotedde, and lyke to the egle in heed and in wynges. And is lyke to the lyon in the other parte of the body, and dwelleth in those hylles that ben called Hyperborei, and ben mooste enemyes to horses and men, & greueth them moste, and layeth in his neste a stone that hyght *Smaragdus* agaynste venemous beastes of the mountayne.—*Trevisa's Bartholomæus*, bk. xii, ch. xix, leaf 171, col. 2, ed. 1535. See Mr. Ruskin's contrast of the ancient and modern sculptured griffin in his *Modern Painters*, iii. 106
grise, ii.439/648, horrible
grislye, i.467/1468; 469/1505,1510, 1513, A.-S. *grislic*, horrible, dreadful
grisse, i.391/1179, A.-S. *agrysan*, fear, *gryre*, horror, terror
griste, ii.540/389, ? power, A.-S. *grist*, grinding
grith, i.230/266, protection
groomes, i.93/85, men; iii.26/204, 60/84
growden, iii.256/578, ? fighting
grounding, i.57/75, ground, sharpened
gryme, iii.65/225. ? *foregrim*, i.e. very grim; A.-S. *grim*, fury, rage; *grymetan*, to rage
grype, i.169/73; iii.63/173, griffin, see *gripe*

GRY

gryse, ii.448/902, grey fur?
guests, i.232/402, Scotch, *guest*, *ghaist*,
 English, ghost.—*Brockie*
guilt, i.172/168,170, gilt
gurde, i.216/93; Sc. *gird*, to move with
 expedition and force.—*Jamieson*
gurding, i.228/323, letting fly, shooting
gynne, i.480/1854, engine; i.491/2223,
 wile, device
gysarmes, ii.457/1166, "guisarme, a
 lance with a hook at the side."—
Planché

habergion, i.358/128; i.364/309, dim. of
hauberk, the little throat-guard.—
Planché, i.110

hailow, i.150/173, A.-S. *halig*, holy
halch, i.110/65; iii.284/190, salute, O.N.
heilsa, say "hail" to. *hay'æ*, or greet, *je*
salur. I halse one, I take hym
 aboute the necke, *Jaccole*.—*Palsgrave*,
 p. 577

halched, i.217/98; i.301/27; i.306/146-7;
 372/581, saluted

haled, ii.13/180, drew

handfasted, i.394/1274, betrothed

hanecell, ii.192/37, greeting, gift

happen, i.359/146, fall, strike

harbarrowes, ii.71/342, lodges

harbor, ii.560/78; 581/573, lodging,
 entertainment

harhorowe, ii.69/294,300, lodging

harke, ii.482/1851, hearken to

harllot, i.152/260, scamp, worthless fel-
 low

harlotts, i.445/726,737, loose fellows,
 scamps

harold, i.304/106, herald

harrowed, ii.349/241, broke open and
 despoiled

harrowes, ii.73/414, breaks open and
 despoils

hart, tooke his owne to him, i.163/606,
 took courage

harvenger, i.38/5, harbinger, courier,
 "one sent on to prepare harbourage
 or lodgment for his employer."—*Wedg-*
wood

hattell, i.224/237, nobleman

hawe, ii.579/530, hay, a winding country
 dance, a reel. It was also a winding
 in-and-out figure in a round country
 dance.—*Chappell*

hawere, i.149/150, Fr. *avoir*, possessions

hawtinge, i.92/56, halting?

HYN

he, i.477/1757, they

head, give one's horse his, i.358/124

head, iii.192/75, A.-S. *hæfdian*, to be-
 head

headed, iii.321/8, beheaded

heare, iii.63/158, hair

heate, ii.305/18, a promise

heathennest, i.63/56; *heathinness*, ii.184
 /125; *heathynesse*, i.498/3, heathen-
 dom

hecke, iii.285/232, the lower half of a
 stable door

hee, i.92/56; 147/102, high

heede, iii.24/134, perhaps keep.—*P.*

heese, iii.139/63, he will be, or must be

heire, i.97/179, higher

hend, ii.345/120, bid

hend, i.152 244, gentle

hendlye, i.427/147, gently

hent, i.100/263, seized; i.28/29,35, caught,
 took

herrott, i.230/353, herald

hett, iii.355/877, promise; i.443/666,
 671, promised

highinge, ii.110/876, haste

hight, i.439/558, was named

hind, i.159/463; i.162/577, hend, gentle

his, i.387/1042, i.390/1153, ii.375/921, is

hoe, ii.489/2058, hold, stop

hoglin, ii.360/529, dear little hog

hold, iii.25/161, to its . . . hold, i.e. held.
 —*P.*

hollen, i.109/55, A.-S. *holen*, holly

holte, iii.58/55, a wood, a rough place.

Holt (Sax.) a small Wood, or Grove;
 whence the Street call'd *Holborn* in
London had its Name.—*Phillips* (by
Kersey). Fr. *Touche de bois*. A houl; a
 little thicke groue or tuft of high
 trees, especially such a one as is neere
 a house, and serves to beautifie it, or
 as a marke for it.—*Cotgrave*

home, iii.28/258, on whom

homly, i.67/153, home, close, tight

hony, i.151/203, love, sweetheart

hore, ii.473/1585, mud, dirt

hose, i.67/153, cuddle

houed, ii.383/1151, iii.31/358, halted

houzle, sb. i.57/88; *houzle*, vb. i.172/
 178, to administer the Sacrament:
 A.-S. *hūselian*

kurt, i.67/153, heart

hyde, i.362/263, a lady's skin

hynd, iii.61/107; *hynde*, iii.70/340, hend,
 gentle

hyndes, iii.68/279, servants

IAC

iacke, iii. 415/255, leather tunic over the armour
ierffaucon, ii.451/977, gerfalcon
iest, ii.549/632, story
iетted, i.42/71, marched showily
iетters, ii.568/275, strutters
if, iii.203/174, even if
ilke, i.56/52, same (time); i.73/278 time
Imupetelasze, iii.300/118, qu. MS.—*F. himpettelaze*, corruptly written for *immortalize*.—*P.*
incontinent, i.286/384, forthwith
inde, ii.455/1105, Fr. *indé*, m. *Indico*; light Blue, Blunket, Azure
inestimable, i.288/461, not to be estimated or valued
ingling, iii.314/15, perhaps jingling
inholder, i.283/78, innkeeper
inne, ii.563/136, house
insame, ii.434/501, together: A.-S. *sám*, together
intertalked, ii.35/2
illye, ii.295/130, pleasure
ioyinge, i.230/352, joining
irke, i.177/54, angry, A.-S. *yr*
irke, i.361/232, dread
is, ii.423/188, are
is, i.155/341, his
is (for the possessive 's) i.161/548
ishucles, i.290/513, issueless
ishulese, i.274/31; i.290/496, issueless
Isl, iii.45/780, I'll, I shall
ist, ii.218/2; 219/30; 223/145, I'll
it and *itt*, as genitives, for *its*, ii.248/34 ii.251/131
Judaslye, ii.258/96, Judasly, traitorously
iunpe, iii.369/13, Iust. . . . due, right, even, *jumpe*, levell, straight.—*Cotgrave*. See *Othello*, A. ii. s. 2.
iuster, ii.292/62, joustier
I-wis, i.19/10; 333/343, &c.: every *I* is hyphened to its *wis* wherever this word is printed, under the belief that it stands for the A.-S. adverb *gewis* certainly; but in the passage where it is used with *as*, "as I wis," ii.583/627, the words are of course separate, a pronoun and verb
i-wis, i.146/59, A.-S. *gewis*, certainly. But see "as I wis" ii.583/627
i-witt, i.453/981, A.-S. *gewitan*, understand
iacke, iii.415/255, leather tunic over the armour

KYT

jack, i.311/296, a sleeveless tunic
jig, ii.334
jolly, ii.422/155, merry
journey, iii.239/88, a day's work
jousts and tournaments, i.85/9, note 1
jury, i.196/397

kayred, ii.62/117, passed over
keere, iii.74/436, turn
keered, i.229/333, turned; A.-S. *œrran*
kell, ii.67/255; 502/12; 503/44, a net for a lady's hair, for Bredbeddle's wife
kempe, ii.606/219, *kempere man*, ii.605/215, magician?
kempes, ii.527/5, warriors
kempys, i.90/6, A.-S. *kempa*, *compa*, a soldier, warrior
ken, iii.62/131, to inform. See *Witt*, l. 120
kend, ii.457/1152, taught, showed
kcre, i.229/347, return
kered, i.222/192; iii.61/118, turned
ketherinckes, i.219/131,135; 230/351, Cateranes, Katheranes, Highland robbers; Gael. and Ir. *caetharnach*, a soldier.—*Jamieson*. Highland or Irish soldiers. Gaelic, *cath-fheara*, fighting-men, warriors, Scotch caterans, kerne.—*Brockie*
kin, ii.233/143, relation
kindle care, ii.539/360
kirtle, iii.180/100. Kyrtille is not upper petticoat, but our modern gown, a waist and petticoat. A kyrtille and mantle completed a woman's dress.—*Crit. Rev.* Jan. 1795, p. 49
kissed, i.449/857, the whore's euphuism for having connection with her, current in London as well as in the North.—*Atkinson*.
kithe, ii.233/143, acquaintance
kithe, iii.74/436, A.-S. *cyð*, a region; *cyððe*, a home, native country
kithen, iii.73/392
knaue, i.438/511, male
knaue, iii.23/97, a boy, a male child; ii.547/573, page, lad
knouledge, i.163/585, acknowledge, confess
kut, iii.130/77
kyrcth, iii.66/230, A.-S. *cyrran*, to turn
kythe, iii.58/47, region, A.-S. *cyð*

LAB

labordd, ii.69/301, worked, travailed
labored, ii.85/134, toiled through, performed
labored, i.307/185, sailed
lack, iii.69/303; *lacketh*, iii.69/298, A.-S.
laccan, *geleccan*, to take, catch, seize
laine, iii.190/26, conceal
laine, ii.75/469, concealment
laine, i.452/970, lay?
lake, i.300/7, fight
lake, iii.69/302, play, sport. To *lake*, to play.—*Ray's North Country Words*, 1674
lake, i.363/281, fine linen. *Laecken* is said to be Flemish for a kind of fine linen used for shirts, bleached very white, perhaps milk-white. The German *lei-laken*, Dan. *leie-lagen* (*leie* = bed), Swedish *bädd-lakan* = bed-sheet. Dutch and German *laken*, cloth in general.—*Brockie*
lambes wools, ii. 152/105, a drink of ale and roast apples
land, ii.226/214, lord, like *state*, noble
lank, i.226/269, ? lean, thin, poor (is their praise)
largnesse, iii.293/478, largesse
lass, i.451/984, lies
laten; Cornish dial. *lateen*, tin, iron tinned over:
 “Well then, down a great shaft goes the man in *lateen*,”
 the ghost of Hamlet's father in armour.—*Spec. of Cornish Dialect*, p. 18
lathe, ii.593/896, barn; not A.-S. *Leð*,
Lathe, district or division peculiar to Kent
lauding, ii.593/895, praise
laweracke, i.383/922, lark
laug, ii.532/155, laugh
launche, ii.427/311, lance, thrust; ii.430/386, rush
launderer, ii.450/965, washerwoman; Fr. *lavandiere*, a laundress or washing woman
laus, ii.37/5,6, ?
lawnde, iii.92/419, a clear space in a forest.—*F. Lawne*, a plain, untilled ground.—*Bullock's Dict.* 1656. Not far from here—just on the border of Shropshire in fact, is a considerable tract of waste land. It is very rugged and uneven, with pits or pools here and there, some containing water. It is studded with gorse bushes and other prickly shrubs: a more *uneven*

LEE

place you could scarcely find, yet this tract is called Oaken *Lawne*. Oaken is the name of a village not far off. The old dictionaries define *lawnd* “a piece of ground that never was tilled,” some add (in a forest). I was much surprised when I first saw the place and heard its name—nothing more unlawfullike in appearance could be conceived.—*Viles*
lay, iii.9/115, law
layeth, iii.66/228, loathsome, deadly
layine, ii.436/575, concealment, reservation
layke, i.231/380, A.-S. *léc*, play, sport
layne, i.493/2282, concealment
lazar, *lazer*, i.167/11,13, leper
layned, ii.277/139, leaned
lead, i.197/412; *leade*, i.99/239,255, cauldron, copper; Gaelic *lachd*, a pot, kettle.—*Morris*
lead, ii.375/921; *leade*, i.359/162; 388/1069, leaved, left
lead, ii.528/47, carry as a load
lead, ii.585/671, swear
leadand, i.393/1253; i.397/1362,1372, leading
leaetenant, i.319/27, lieutenant
leake, iii.67/249, A.-S. *léc*, play, sport
leame, ii.546/546; *leames*, i.228/309, A.-S. *leoma*, ray of light, beam, flame
leane, iii.214/74, Old Norse *leina*, to conceal. *Leane* is a Cheshire pronunciation for *layne*, conceal.—*Dr. Robson*
learing, i.182/5, A.-S. *lér*, *lér*, lore, learning; *leran*, to teach
lease, ii.504/69, ? leash, thong, cord. Bowe, arrowes, swordes, bukler, hornes, *leisha*, gloues, stringe, and thy bracer. (‘Gere’ that ‘a Gentylmans Servant’ is not to forget. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, 1767, p. 87)
leasinge, i.439/547, iii.96/528, lying, lies
leath, ii.297/10, soft, supple
lee, i.92/47, ? lea, meadow
leeches, i.361/224, doctors
leeching, iii.5/38, from the French *allegier*, to assuage, mitigate, allay, solace
lead, i.318/10; 319/26; iii.69/315;
leede, i.215/58, A.-S. *leod*, a man
leeft, iii.95/514; Fr. *Cher*: m. Deare, *leeft*, well-beloved
leete, i.149/140, let go, lose
leue, i.370/514, dear

LEE

leeve, i.56/58, believe
leggs, ii.154/158, curtseys, bows
lemman, i.152/235; ii.299/88, love, sweetheart; i.444/713, mistress, concubine
lene, i.305/120, 134, conceal; Old Norse *leyna*, to hide
lenge, i.361/221, linger, delay
lenging, i.369/463, ? delaying, wanting, refused
lent, ii.388/1268, ? landed, or remained
lent, iii.64/188; 239/97, short for *lenged*; thus *were lent* = abode, dwelt; *lend*, to dwell, remain, tarry.—*Halliwell*
lerd, ii.424/211, learnt; A.-S. *lêran*, to teach, instruct
lere, iii.63/170, countenance, complexion
lesse, i.439/558, lies
lett, ii.377/984; iii.245/256, hinder. I *let*, I forbyd, or stoppe one to do a thinge. *Je cohibe*.—*Palsgrave*
lett, i.359/151, leave; i.365/334, left
lotted, i.158/446, hindered
louer, i.94/95, liefer, rather
liddor, iii.67/249, A.-S. *lyðre*, *lyðer*, bad, wicked
liggand, i.365/334, lying
light, i.171/150, alighted
lightfoote, ii.151/85; 152/89; 156/208, venison
lighted, ii.283/95, alighted, dismounted
light att a lott, i.219/139, determined by lot
light woman, i.443/660; 444/722, prostitute
lightt, ii.60/54, for *lythe*, joint
lin, i.55/40, cease, A.-S. *linnan*. If Wantonis knew this, she will neuer *lin* scorning.—*Wit and Wisdome*, p. 30, l. 30
lin nor light, i.373 597, limb and lith (joint, and then body?) *lin nor light* = lung nor light. *Lungs an' lights* are a common term in Scotland for what butchers call the pluck, the other intestines being comprehended under *gut and ga'*. But the true reading here appears to have been *limb nor lith*.—*Brockie*
lind, ii.455/1099, lime-trees; Fr. *Til*: m. The Line, Linden or Teylet tree.—*Cotgrave*
line, i.362/251, linen, petticoat
line, ii.580/555, linen

LOS

list, i.38/1, A.-S. *llystan*; lithe, Icel. *hlýða*, to listen
list, iii.57/37, ? for lift, left, left alone
list, i.149/164, desired; A.-S. *llystan*, to desire, covet, list
lite, i.212/9, few
lith, i.479, *ym and lith*, a common expression in Scotland, in speaking of full-length statues or portraits,—“Of gude free-stane, in limb an' lith.” It is literally limb and joint = bone and sinew. From *lith* come the English words *lithe*, *lither*, &c. The root signifies smooth, supple.—*Brockie*
lithe, ii.373/872, A.-S. *liðe*, mild, gentle
lithe, iii.77/17, attend, hearken, listen
lither, i.249/33, 250/47, wicked
liuer, i.17/46, and note¹, nimble. Quyeke or *delyver* of ones lymmes, *agil*, *deliure*.—*Palsgrave*. I foote a daunce or morisque, I shewe myselfe to be *delyver* of my lymmes in daunsyng.—*Ibid.* p. 553, col. 2
liuerance, ii.219/31, pay
liuerness, ii.532/170, nimbleness
liverr, i.432/306, wages, pay, Fr. *livres*
liucrye, ii.545/536, allowance of food
liucryes, ii.580/552, allowances of meat and drink for the night
liues, iii.9/115, leeves, i.e. believes
liuings, i.370/508, properties
liuor, ii.219/36; 220/53, deliver
lode, on, ii.11/123, heavily
lodly, i.66/122; *lodlye*, iii.63/162; 283/182, loathly
lodlyest, i.154/324, most loathly or ugly
lome, i.168/47, man, object
longe of, iii.325/116, cp. *Cotgrave's* “*A toy n'a pas tenu*. Thou wert no hinderance . . it was not *long of thee*.”
longed, i.226/280, iii.73/394, belonged
longed, i.144. We talk in Cleveland thus: not only “a dog *belonging* his master,” but his master “*blonging*, 'longing his dog.” “And with him the dog *belonging* him” would be everyday Cleveland. I believe there is also a form *leng*, tarry, stay.—*A.*
longed, iii.58/60 62/136, abode, dwelt; A.-S. *lengian*.
loofe, i.229/336, A.-S. *lof*, praise
lope, i.17/43, 44, leapt
losse, i.226/269; iii.69/305; ii.85/132, 443/719, *los*, praise, fame; ii.416/23, reputation

LOS

looty, iii.505/99, ? lusty or lofty
lote, i.471/1567, lighted, alighted
lothelich, iii.69/303, loathsome
lounge, ii.374/883; *lough*, ii.384/1163;
lought, i.190/215, laughed
lout, i.95/142, blow
loved with, for *loved by*, i.153/265
low, i.78/70, hill
lowde and still, ii.114/990
lowe, ii.235/186, hill
lowte, i.102/316, A.-S. *hlutan*, to bow;
 ii.75/456, stoop; *lowted*, ii.460/1243,
 iii.59/70. *A capo chino*, with head
 bending, that is, reverently stooping
 or *louting*.—*Florio*, p. 4
lowte, i.375/672, abuse, blackguard
lowtest, i.162/562, most humble
lucett, ii.402/88, ?
lumpryd, i.114/555, lolling
lurden, iii.85/242. *Lourdant*: m. A sot,
 dunce, dullard, grotnoll, jobernoll,
 blockhead; a lowt, lob, lusk, boore,
 clown, churle, clusterfist; a proud,
 ignorant, and unmannerly swaine.—
Cotgrave
lyed, i.151/217, lay
lyer, ii.448/903, shoulders, body; A.-S.
lira, the flesh, muscles
lynde, iii.90/376. *Lynde*, tre. *Tilia*.
prompt. parv.—*Tilia*, a tree bearing
 fruit as great as a bean, round, and
 in which are seeds like to anise seeds.
 Some call it linden or teil-tree.—
Gouldman's Dict. 1664
lyne, a, ii.228/6; of *Lyne*, ii.231/88, of
 the line or linden tree
lyre, ii.493/2151, 568/255, body
lyte, i.434/385, little
lythe, listen to, ii.527/3
lythe, i.480/1860, A.-S. *lið*, a limb,
 joint

magre, iii.367/9, Fr. *malgré*, illwill
maidenhead, ii.343/74, maiden state
mailes, i.386/1009, plates of mail
maisterye, ii.382/1104, being the best
 joustier
make, ii.274/74, 82, mate, match, love
makles, i.214/46, matchless; A.-S. *maca*,
 a mate
maklesse, i.227/292, matchless
mammetts, ii.466/1383, images of idols
man, iii.144/213; 238/82, maun, i.e. must
margarett, ii.449/941, pearl
mangerye, iii.268/168, eating, feasting

MIS

manhood, i.450/883, a man; i.457/1121,
 reputation
manner, ii.585/678; 590/802, dwelling-
 place
margarett, ii. 449/941, pearl
marx men, i.233/415, men of the March
 or Border
masked, i.212/3, ? maked
mastery, i.99/226, superiority; or for
mystery, trade, tricks of trade, Fr.
mestier
masterye, ii.133/1538, power, sove-
 reignty
masteryes, ii.116/1026, conquering; ii.
 232/107, game?
may, ii.387/1237, A.-S. *mæg*, son, kins-
 man
may, iii.254/524, me. In and near
 Newcastle, Staffordshire, *me* is to-day
 pronounced *may*.—*V.*
meane, i.102/332, make mention, tell
meanye, iii.60/98. Fr. *Ménie*: f. A
 meynie, familie, household, household
 company, or servants.—*Cotgrave*
meate, ii.545/528, food
meate-fellow, i.393/1256; ii.572/347,
 companion at table
meaten, ii.353/328; iii.99/633, measured
meete, iii.225/242, A.-S. "*mide* and
mate," great and small
meetter, i.361/222, more need
mele, ii.86/180, mingling, adultery
mell, ii.59/37, meddle, speak
meny, i.222/194, following, host, army
merke, ii.561/103, dark
merke, i.93/69, A.-S. *mirc*, darkness
merlion, i.169/82; 171/128, merlin, the
 smallest kind of hawk
met-yard, i.58/104, measuring-rod
midd, iii.89/343, middle, midst
middlearth, i.92/40, earth, this world
Millaine, i.359/169, Milan steel and work
min, iii.282/140, mention
mind, i.227/292, remembrance
mine, i.214/34, mention
minge, i. 319/23, mention, say
minged, iii.7/94, mentionedst
minion, i.63/45, spruce
minned, iii.71/349. The alliteration and
 sense both show it should be *minned*.
mem is miswritten *min*.—*Sk.*
mint, ii.130/1444, minded, aimed
mise, iii.340/493: Fr. *mise*, expense, dis-
 bursement
miskin, ii.324/39, forget
misnurtured, ii.569/301, ill-bred

NIS

misside, i.446/778, abused (her sister like mad)
miste, i.76/25, miss, omit
molatt, iii.279/57, mullet
monand, ii.277/156, moaning
mood, i.57/85, help
moods, ii.11/123, for *woode*, wild
moone, ii.381/1096, month
more, i.232/398, hill
mores, iii.57/40, moors. *Mores* or *maurs*, a word used in the northern parts of England for high and open places; in other parts, it is taken for low and boggy grounds.—*Phillips* (by Kersey)
morespikes, iii.253/493, a large pike.
mote, i.222/199, may
mould-warpe, i.303/79, mole. See that there be no *mouldye warpes* castyng in the medowes. 1539, *Fitzherbert's Surveyenge*, chap. xxv. p. 78, ed. 1767
mountenance, i.373/620, amount, quantity
musters, iii.68/277, devices, tricks
myn, i.231,295, say; i.328/231, mention
myny, i.386/1025, ? for *many* (and *many* for *mail*)

n̄ = m, ii.65/note 1

naked, iii.432/14, unarmed
narr, ii.538/339, nearer
nay, i.427/142; 449/880, ne, not
neave, i.30/56, fist, O.N. *hnēfi*
nebb, iii.63/169. The whitish horn-like knob at the tip of the beak of a duck or goose is, in Staffordshire, called the neb.—*V.*
neere-hand, i.362/246, nearly, almost. *hand* is the corruption of an old termination.—*Morris*
neere hand, i.359/158, close
new-fangle, ii.306/35
nicked, i.215/53, refused
nille, ii.402/37, needle
nithing, ii.593/880, niggardly
noblē, iii.537/120, nobility
nomen, i.362/255, maimed, deprived of one finger
nomm, iii.32/399, taken, undertaken, or taken upon him
nones, iii.34/443, for the nones, made on purpose for this adventure.—*P.*
note, ii.484/1897, ? for *rote*, 'dulcimers or dowble harpe called a roote, *barbitos*.'—*Huloet*, 1552, in *Halliwell*

PAL

num, 156/363, dazed, stupified, slow; "a *num* hand"—a slow, fumbling workman: "noo, *num* heead, wherestee gannan?" = Now, stupid, &c. Cleveland dialect.—*A.*
nume, i.480/1853; iii.23/110, took; Sax. *niman*, to take
nursery, ii.450/966
nurtcrye, ii.96/466, nurture, training, good manners

obaid, i.149/163. Fr. *obeir*, to yeeld vnto submissiuelly, to be subiect vnto.—*Cotgrave*.

obayd, i.162/577; i.163/603, bowed
of, iii.61/112, by; ii.422/169, for; i.148/134, ii.267/35, 369/485, on; i.362/243, off

on, i.387/1049, an, if

on live, iii.292/454, alive

opposed, i.437/496; 444/718; 448/848 and note 4, apposed, questioned

or, i.163/590; iii.22/72; iii.71/367, ere, before

ordinance, ii.41/21; iii.253/487. Fr. *Artillerie*, f., *Artillerie*, Ordnance.—*Cotgrave*

ore, ii.468/1445, mercy

oste, iii.58/57, host

ostler, i.382/910; i.389/1124, ? chamberlain, or horse-keeper

other, iii.6/65; iii.289/361, next.

ouerfrett, ii.68/272, studded

ouerhand, ii.427/293, upper-hand, victory

ought, iii.391/11, out, *interj.*

out-ſ-out, i.155/336, extremely

outbraved, ii.10/81

outcept, ii.563/156, except

out-horne, iii.89/345, ? *nouthorne*, a neat's horn. *Nowt* cattle. *Wright's Gloss.*—*Sk.*

outrage, i.422/655, copulation, rape. Fr. *müiere*: Malapert, outragious, euer doing one mischiese or other.—*Cotgrave*

outrake, ii.222/129, excursion

outsyde, iii.143/172, on one side: the expression is still used in Northamptonshire.—*P.*

owne, (he is in *owne*), iii.373/41, ?

paine, ii.94/389, pains, endeavour

pale, i.93/81, pall, hangings. L. *pallium*

PAL

- pallett*, ii.582/594; 588/750, scull-cap
pane, ii.370/798, skin
pannell, ii.155/174, the treeless pad or pallet, without cantle, with which an ass is usually rode. "Pannell to ryde on, *bats*, *panneau*." Palsgrave. See Tusser, p. 11.—*Halliwel*
paramour, i.149/142, ii.60/47, in love, in affection, as a lover
parle, i.502/120, parley
part, iii.292/454, depart
partake, iii.506/132, to admit, to share: to extend participation
patten, i.513/136; *patent*, 514/153, grant by letters patent
pattering, ii.807/82, mumbling
pay, i.66/129; 96/165, pleasure; ii.476/1668, satisfaction
payment, ii.575/428, spiced
paynture, ii.476/1681, painting
pee, i.81/33, piece
peece, iii.42/700, a cup. I don't like to be too positive about anything; but, with respect to "*a piece of wine*," I still believe that "*piece*" in that connection means—if not a cask (its proper meaning)—at least a vessel of greater capacity than what we now understand by cup.
"Une pièce de vin, a piece—a cask—of wine." Tarrver's [excellent] *Dict. Phraseol.*, &c.
"PIECE s. for cask, or vessel of wine. The expression is borrowed from the French, in which language it is still used in that sense.
'Home, Lance, and strike [i. e. tap] a fresh piece of wine.' B. and Fl. *Mons. Thom.* v. 8." Nares's Glossary.—Dyce
peeses, iii.327/149, cups:
 The keruer anon withouten thouzt
 Vnkouers þe cup at he hase bronzt.
 Into þe couertoure wyn he poures owt.
 Or into a spare *peece*, withouten doute
Boke of Cortanye, in *Babees Book*, p. 325, l. 792
peerre, iii.4/16, peer, equal, mate, match
peerltly, i.218/126, quickly, readily;
pearl, brisk, lively.—*Halliwel*. It's not *perltly*, but boldly, straight-forwardly. "A bonny, pawky, *pearl*, lahtle chap," said a regular Yorkshireman to me one day about my eldest child, a baby boy of 10 or 12 months, who crowed, and chuckled, and laughed at the speaker's homely good-humoured-

POT

- looking face, "a handsome, lively, bold little fellow,"—not afraid of strangers, in other words.—*Atkinson*
penman, i.312/316, secretary, scribe
pentarchye, iii.125/12, pentateuch
perish, ii.460/1247, pierce
pertlye, i.222/198, quickly
pesanye, ii.478/1726, gorget?
peytrelle, i. 351, horse's breastplate
picke, i.332/316, pitch
picklory, i.36/16, a colour
pight, i.147/102, pitched
pight, i.284/332, planted, fixed
pight, iii.35/458, struck. *Parre*, to put, to set, to lay, to place, to pight.—*Florio's Ital. Dict.* 1611
picefforke, ii. 570/319, pitchfork. And if the grasse be very thycke, it wolde be shaken with handes, or with a shorte pykforke. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, p. 25, ed. 1767
pinder, i. 32/1. And if thy horse breake his tedure, and go at large in every man's corne and grasse, then cometh the *pynder*, and taketh hym, and putteth hym in the pynfolds, and there shall he stande in prison, without any meate, vnto the tyme thou hast payde his raunsome to the *pynder*, and also make amendes to thy neyghbours for distroyenge of theyr corne. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 95
pie, ii.297/31; 298/51, difficulty, trouble
pin, i.249/38; 250/64, boss or knob
pinn, ii.331/98; 297/35; 298, 54; 299/93, ? high point, or fancy, humour
pitk, i.359/149, strength, vigour
planere, iii.31, 363, full
play, i.150/183, copulation
play, i.443/683; 444/703, fornicate
pleasure, ii.336/34, give pleasure to
plee, i.386, 1025, fold
plewed, iii.223/195. Fr. *plier*, to plait, plie, bend, turne, wrie.—*Colgrass*
pockye, ii.45/35, very
polaris, ii.245, note, col. 2, ? tax-collectors: "And have wynted at the *pollyng* and extorcion of hys unmesurable officers."—*Hall's Union*, 1548 in *Halliwel*.
ponell, i.147/103, knob, apple-like ornament
possee, ii.490/2063, power
potewer, ii.305/21; ? bag, case, or—ii. 47/866—a pocket or pouch. It ma

POU

be from *poke*, or *palk*, both forms of *pouch*. See note in *Piers Ploughman's Crede* on *Powzhe* in the glossary.—*Sk.*
pouthered, iii.126/50, salted
poynt of time, in, i.387/1060, near time's up, nearly done for
poyntment, ii.533/200, pledge
praisment, i.153/289, praise, bragging; i.162/561, boast
praty, i. 115/616, very, extremely
present, i.62/72, present himself to, see note⁴
prest, i.485/2032, quickly
prestlye, iii.64/203, readily
price, i. 485/2021, ? prize or praise
prick, iii.97/582, ? the wooden pin in the centre of the target
prickes, ii.232/114, long-range targets? In shooting at butts, or broad arrow marks, is a mediocrity of exercise of the lower part of the body and legs by going a little distance a measurable pace. At rovers or *pricks*, it is at his pleasure that shooteth, how fast or softly he listeth to go: and yet is the praise of the shooter neither more nor less, for as far or nigh the mark is his arrow when he goeth softly, as when he runneth.—*The modernised 1834 edition of Sir Thomas Elyot's Book named the Governour*, 1564, A.D. p. 91
prime, ii.529/61; iii.87/286, four A.M. in summer, 8 in winter
priuitye, i.461/1252, secret
prize, ii.352/299, the call blown when a hart was killed
proched, i.228/325, progged, jobbed, pricked

quarrell, i.511/78, questions
quell, i.438/499; 453/994, A.-S. *cwelian*, to kill
quell, i.472/1601, killed
queme: I queme, I please or I satysfye. (Chaucer in his *Caunterbury tales*.) This worde is now out of use.—*Palsgrave*, 1530 (ed. 1852)
querry, ii.8/41, quarry
quest, i. 196/393, jury; iii.86/275, search; searchers collectively, also an impanel'd jury. See Johnson.—*P.*
quicke, i.443/659, alive
quilletts, ii.187/80, quibbles
quintfull, iii.62/155, quaint?

REU

quitt, iii.251/443, quite, requite.

race, i.231/385, rush; if it is not a misreading for *care*
radd, iii.288/327, furious, O. Fr. *roide*, fierce
radlye, i.221/179, A.-S. *hrædlie*, immediately, speedily
railinge, iii.72/376, gushing
Raines, i.364/305, fine linen or cloth made at Rennes in Brittany
raines, i.384/975, reins
raked, i.221/168, Sc. *raik*, to move expeditiously.—*Jamieson*
random, iii.34/445, precipitation
randome, i.478/1820, violence
range, i.381/856, wrang, wrung
ranger, i.338/475
rasen, i.398/1422, overthrew, destroyed
reason, i.364/212, arson, bow (of a saddle)
ratch, ii.454/1076, 1081, a sporting dog
raught, i.385/978, reached, handed
rave, iii.27/219, rathe
rawnke, iii.219/94. (See note.)
rawstye, ii.236/224. ? Sc. *rawlie*, moist, damp
rayed, ii.531/145, arrayed
rayled, i.93/8, decked, i.213/26, adorned, A.-S. *hrægel*, a garment.
To a chamber she led him vp alofte,
Ful wel beseine, there-in a bed ryzt
softe,
Rychly abouten apparailled
Withe clothe of golde, all the floure
irailed
Of the same, bothe in lengthe and brede.
The Story of Thebes, quoted in *Domestic Architecture*, v. iii, pt. 1, p. 111
rayling, iii. 57/24, decking, glorious
reacheles on, ii.234/151, careless of
reade, i.232/404, ordered
rebound, ii.108/812, blow, thrust
recreate, ii.564/161, home
reede, i.157/411, counsel, A.-S. *ræd*
recme, i.467/1466, A.-S. *ream*, *rem*, cream
religious, ii.542/438, monks
renegatoe, ii.45/25, renegade
renisht, ii.601/29, 30, got ready, harnessed, arrayed
repayre, ii.564/164, dwelling, abode
resse, i.446/780, rush, violence
retyre, i.518/53, retreat
rcuarted, ii.548/605, recovered

REW

reward, iii.366/3 (from bottom), look
ribble, ii.422/151, a small fiddle played
 by a bow
riche, iii.75/455, ? rule, control. A.-S.
ricsian. Or, *riche* = *rithe*, *rihte*, set
 right.—*Sk.*
ridge, ii.359/493; 367/708, back
riggs, i.219/143, ? rinckes, men; Scotch
rinks, *rings*, *ranks*, Germ. *reib-en*.—
Brockie
right, i. 389/1103, righted
right-wise, iii.236/8, righteous, A.-S.
rihtwis
ring, i.227/303, man
rise, ii.464/1340; iii. 189/8, branch,
 bough, A.-S. *kris*, the top of a tree,
 a thin branch; iii.59/66, a twig—
 Germ. *reis*
rise, ii.460/1231, rife, frequent
rined, i.62/32, arrived, travelled
rocker, i.233/412, rock
rockett, ii.40/6, outer coat
roken, iii.336/399, revenged
romans, ii.366/684; 380/1066, romance
rooke, iii.290/370, a ruck, a heap
rookes, i.383/923, reeks, mists, vapours,
 Scotch, *rooks*, thick mists, (*Jamieson*),
 from Dutch, *rook*, Scotch, *rook*, *reek*,
 Swedish, *rök*, *riuk*, Danish, *røg*, *ryg*,
 A.-S., *rec*, *reoc*, Icelandic, *reik*, Germ.
rauch.—*Brockie*
rote, "An instrument of the harp kind,
 resembling in form an ancient lyre.
 See one in *Popular Music*, ii. 767."
Chappell
rotke, i.370/513, wroth
roughe, ii.560/70, rough, stormy
rought, ii.441/701, reached, hit
rought, ii.67/236, reached, took in, un-
 derstood
rought, i.384/966, wrought, ii.374/878;
 iii.66/239
round (bowstrings), iii.86/270
rounded, i.44/107, whispered, A.-S.
runian, to whisper
rouse, ii.64/160, boast
roue, iii.142/139, row, roll
roue, ii.548/606, be at peace
rowed, i.391/1181; 392/1217, redness,
 gore
rowne, ii.561/99, whisper
rowned, i.321/77, whispered
rowing, ii.578/494, 497, 501, whisper-
 ing
route, ii.583/619, blow, crack: cp. *route*
 as a verb:

SCA

Fresly smyte thy strokis by-dene,
 And hold wel thy lond that hyt may
 be sene;
 Thy rakys, thy rowndis, thy quarters
 abowte,
 Thy stoppis, thy foynya, lete hem fast
route.
*On Fencing with the Two-headed
 Sword*, *Rel. Ant.* i. 309
rouze, i.154/304; 155/358, boast
rud, i.361/217; 379/795, ruddy cheek
rudd, ii.306/51; iii.59/66, complexion,
 A.-S. *rudu*, ruddiness
radlie, i.221/172, radlia, quickly
radlye, i.382/899; iii.71/355, radlye,
 quickly; ii.63/147, readily
rule, i.155/334, measure, disposition
run, ii.557/14, round?
ryalte, iii.534/12, royal host, army
ryke, ii.568/263, kingdom

sacring, i.161/526, consecration of the
 elements at the mass
sadd, ii.532/168, firm, fixed
sadd att assay, iii.244/233, steadfast in
 trial
saddest, i.215/59, most stable, trust-
 worthy
sadlye, ii.380/1050, firmly; iii.70/322,
 seriously, composed, still.—*P.*
safteye, iii.128/32, reward promised
said, ii.92/336, essayed, tried
saine, iii.79/74, said: common in Staf-
 fordshire, but pronounced more as if
 written *sen*.—*V.*
sail: were sailed, for had sailed, i.95/120
salle, i.385/996, saddle
salt, ii.181/4, salt-cellar
sand, i.160/518, went
sandall, i.146/69, thin silk or linen
sarazen, i.425/73; 479/1829, Saxon
sarke, i.359/174, shirt
sarpentine, iii.253/489, Fr. *serpentin*.
 the artillery, called a serpentine or
 basiliskoe
saute, iii.533/6, assault
sawes, i.109/225, sayings
say, ii.276/128, essay, try
say, iii.45/774, saw
sayke, iii.105/75, such
scadech, i.221/170, ? destructive, harmful,
 but see i.224/243
scantlye, ii.197/184, scarcely
scarlotts, i.223/210, for 'harlots,' ras-
 cals

SCA

scarsnesse, i.307/178, scarcity, want
scattered, i.224/243; see 221/170
scurke, ii.12/143, struck
scrike, iii.159/81, shriek
scot, i.242/9, misprinted with a capital letter for "scot," *scat*, shot, rate, tax, tribute, money. "Scot and lot;" Matt. xxii. 19, "*soont mij den schatting-penning*." "Show me the tribute penny." "Pay your shot, gentlemen!" *Brockie*
scott, i.112/477, witch?
scray, i.20/14, leafage?; *scray* is *scrub* = shrub, A.-S. *scrobb*, a shrub. There is a piece of land near here (Brigg, Lincolnshire) called Corringham *Scroggs*: in the 6th Henry VIII. it was spelt "Scrobsse." In John Leyden's ballad of L^d Soulis (Scott's *Border Minst.* vol. 4. p. 253) we have
 "And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
 A *scrog* bush there beside."
schrobbe, a busshe, *arbrisseau*.—*Palsg.*
scale, ii.221/96, sail
sealed, ii.85/142, sailed
sealing, i.302/56, sailing
seasons, iii.318/40. Beyond all doubt an error for *scasons* (the well-known verses, called also *chol-iambics*).—*Dyce*
securly, i.114/520, certainly
seeding, ii.150/38, boiling
sea, i. 282/264, ? fee
seed, i.447/811, *semen*
seege, i.228/313; i.220/163, A.-S. *secg*, a man
seege, i.216/84, besiege
seeth, i.87/56, sith, since
seile, ii.578/502, bliss
seized, iii. 30/330, put into possession
sekyr, i.114/528, sure
selcamar, i.351/41; *selcamoure*, i.384/971, an Indian stuff; ? *serica mori*, mulberry silk.—*Brockie*
selcoth, i.449/875; 451/931, strange; *selkoughth*, iii.60/96, *Sa.* seldom known, *Coles's Eng. Dict.* 1677
selcothes, iii.64/181, rarities
selfeer, i.177/49, ? seller, cf. l. 53. Prof. Child reads "landles feer." See Notes, vol. i.
sellcoth, i.215/72, strange; A.-S. *selcuð* for *seld-cuð*, seldom known, rare, wonderful
sensyng, ii.165, incense-burning

SHO

scent him, i.240/121, betook himself
sented, i.355/38, consented
sercote, iii.41/651, sur-coat
sermocination, ii.525, col. i.
serrett, iii.11/126, ? closed fist
scrud, i.450/906, deserved
served, ii.435/547, ? for "greeved"
servelle, i.106/47, perhaps the Old French *cerveller* = cut the throat, sever the cervical veins.—*Brockie*
sett, i.216/86, ? for *hett*, promise
shadding, ii.31/39, lying in the shade
shake, i.111/441, pace
shales, ii.227/1, husks; not Elyot's *shayles*.
 The good husband, when he hath sown in his ground, setteth up clouts or threads, which some called *shayles*, some blenchars, or other like shews, to frighten away birds which he foreseeth ready to devour and hurt his corn.—*Elyot's Governour*, ed. 1834, p. 75
shame, in, ii.439/646, insame, together
shamey, ii.456/1158, shamefully
shames, i.228/320. *shalms*, a wind instrument, from Lat. *calamus*, a reed. The Musicians . . At great feasts, when the Earles service is going to the table, they are to play upon Shagbute, Cornett, *Shalmes*, and such other instruments going with winde.—*R. Braithwait's Rules and Orders for the House of an Earle*, ed. 1821, p. 44. Shalms are now called Clarionets. See *Popular Music*, i.35, note b.—*Chappell*
share, ii.540/384, shearing; A.-S. *sear*, sheared
shawes, i.228/322, groves, woods
sheer, iii.58/59, pure, clear
sheild, ii.576/460, ? a broad piece of pork or bacon
shent, iii.29/293, marred, spoiled, &c.; 72/370, destroyed
shimered, iii.58/59, glimmered; A.-S. *scymrian*, to shine, glitter
shimmer, ii.108/807, shiver
shire, i.229/330, Cheshire
shivers, *went all to*, ii.535/243
shoggs, i.218/118, moves, goes; Fr. *berser*, to rocke, in a cradle; to *shog*, or swing up and downe.—*Cotgrave*. To *shog* is to trot. in Staffordshire: "Let me see her *shog*," said the *vet.* who came to see my lame mare the other day. The groom changed her pace from a walk to a trot.—*E. Viles*

SHO

shogged, iii.191/56, moved. See vol. i. p. 218, note ^a
shontest, ii.75/460, finchest
shooters, i.46/141
shoots, i.332/323, shots (with arrows)
shop, i.57/73, ? shot, with a slip shutter before it
shope, iii.241/166, shaped
shotten, i.64/26; 55/39, went quickly
shoure, i.375/665, scold, threaten; Scotch
shore, to threaten.—*Brockie*. ? show of fight, bravado.—*F*.
shower, ii.112/929, A.-S. *scōr*, battle, fight
showing horns, iii.227/311
shredds, ii.227/1, twigs
shread, ii.585/672, cut, crack, hit
shroggs, ii.232/111, stunted shrubs. See *scrag*
shv, i.355/45; *shb*, ii.379/1030, related
shb, iii.36/508, kin, relations
side, ii.566/223, broad, or long; iii.63/176, long. And also to see mens seruanes so abused in theyr aray: theyr cotes be so *syde* that they be fayne to tucke them vp whan they ryde, as women do theyr kyrtels whan they go to the market or other places, the whiche is an ynconuenient syght.—*Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 98
sigh, ii.323/30, sorry, miserable ?, straining (cloth), says Mr. Dyce. See Notes
sikd, i.356/60, sighed; ii.68/263, ? sickened or sighed
siking, i.382/272, sighing
silly, ii.283/75, poor
siluen, ii.502/1, silver; see 503/39
sinne, i.364/314, since
sirrups, ii.578/507, syrups
sist, i.236/27, sighed
sithr, i.161/228, afterwards; ii.480/1781 ? for *swithe*, quickly
sithe, i.438/521, either *sithe*, since, afterwards, or *swithe*, quickly
sithe, iii.24/130, time; i.149/162, iii.30/324, times
skill, i.116/168, faint; Old Norse *skil*, reason; i.163/611, reason, cause
skye, i.438/508, 518, cloud; Old Norse *sky*, (but see Professor Child in Notes); i.470, 471. I feel almost sure it is connected with or corrupted from *acis*, *acine*, or some cognate word, a phantasm, vision, spectre.—*Atkinson*
slade, ii.229/50, an open place

slake, i.
slauen,
grim,
slawish,
slawe, in
slight,
slode, iii
slor, ii.5
slorpe, i
slorve, i.
slorven,
smire, i.
smocke,
mype
Ma
robe.
1609
swapped
swep
swell, ii.
soft, i.2
soine, ii
sond,
mess
sonde, i
sonce, i
soonde,
sooned,
soones,
fail,
sooth, i
sore, i.
315,
griev
sonce, i
trott
sound,
sonde,
sonde,
sonse, i
sonter,
sonle,
sonce,
sonter,
149,
The
bath
for t
note
is li
this
byti
tha
that
vpp

SPA

smytte downward/and sowneth vpw-
warde. And in the harpe the holow-
nes of the tree is byneth. . . Stringes
for the sawtry ben beste made of
laton, or ells those ben good that
ben made of syluer.—*Trevisa's Bar-*
tholomæus, lib. xix. leaf 383, col. 1,
ed. 1535
sparhawk, i.160/517, sparrow-hawk
sparkells, ii.459/1223, sparks
sparred, i.447/815, shut, barred
spartle, ii.440/675, sparkle, spark
speere, i.178/80, ? hole in the wall for
enquiries to be made through
sperred, ii.528/31, enquired
spill, i.236/18, kill
spilt, iii.326/124, ? splent (cf. splinter)
spirituality, i.96/160, spiritual or clerical
lords
spite, i.77/54, respite, grace
splents, i.384/959, *see* note ¹
spole, iii. 415/251, Fr. *espaule*, a shoulder
spousage, i.442/656, wedlock
spousing, i.443/688, marriage
spowted, i.374/652, shot, rushed
sprent, ii.65/194; 532/167, sprang
springalls, iii.256/573: *springal*, an an-
cient military engine for casting stones
and arrows.—*Halliwell*
spurred, i.446/759, sparred, shut
spurred, i.394/1259, asked
spyrryng, i.109/223, enquiring; A.-S.
spirian, to enquire
squires, i.229/337, for *swyres* (cp. *sweere*,
l. 345), *see* iii.11/132; not A.-S.
swira, *sweora*, a neck, but *squire*
squier, ii.373/876, baby boy
srow, i.460/1221, shrew
-*st*, i.20/28 (*see* note ⁴), shalt, must;
youst, ii.219/47, you shall. *See* *Ist*,
thoust
stackered, i.388/1076, staggered
stage, i. 376/713, time
stake, ii.538/342, ? stuck, or for *strake*
staleworth, iii.27/235; 60/105, stout,
lusty, strong
states, iii.251/442, nobles
statuinge, ii.563/155, ordinance
staunche, ii.427/308, resist, stop
steade, iii.24/142, place
steale, i.147/98, stalk
steddie, i.99/238, ? *stede*, place; *stithy*
is a smith's anvil
stecere, i.357/112; i. 363/298, stir, the
move
stent, ii.475/1654, stint, stop

SWE

stent, ii. 461/1267, portion, property;
stente, or certeyne of valwe, or deede,
and oper lyke (of value or dette).—
Taxecio. Promptorium
sterne, iii.158/49, A.-S. *steór-ern*, the
steering-place, the stern
steuen, i.148/135; ii.236/208; iii.73/408,
voice, A.-S. *stefn*
steuen, i.395/1310, ? stuffs, garments, &c.
steven, ii. 232/110, time. *See* *vnsett*
stint, i.439/538, stay, stop; A.-S. *stint-*
an, to be weary
stond, i.98/201; iii.21/45; A.-S. *stund*,
a short space of time; Du. *stond*,
Dan. and Sw. *stund*, Germ. *stunde*
stonde, iii.86/272, time, moment
store, ii.559/55, Sc. *stoor*, strong, rough
store, ii.579/536, big
stoure, ii.420/115, space of time
stower, i.96/149, stir, fight
stowre, i.365/352, battle; iii.89/356,
fight, conflict; ii.299/97; 300/107,
hurry, rush
stowre, i.96/151, strong; A.-S. *stór*, great
vast; ii.484/1885, strong, fierce
strand, i.360/187, shore, *met.* stream;
i.367/413, ? the 'riuere' of l. 415;
ii.534/209, stream or sea. *Strand*,
1. a rivulet.—*Douglas*; 2. a gutter.
—*Wallace*. *Jamieson*
stranger, i.182/13, extraordinarily gifted
person
stray, i.385/1001, his saddle
strayned on, ii.286/184, sang
strond, i.426/111, land, country
strond, ii.85/144, sea. *See* *strand*
studd, iii. 370/28, a thorn
sumpter-man, ii.568/271
sunne, iii.481/ ?
surbat, iii. 366/17 . . . *surboted* or riven
of their skin.—*Topsell*. *Hall*! —*surb-*
bating, f. a galling or over-heating
the soles of the feet.—*Coles's Eng.*
Dict. 1677.—*V.*
swaine, i.185/100, thread or ornament
swapt, i.311/289, struck
swarned, iii. 413/209, swarmed, i.e.
climbed.—*P.* MS. may be *swarued*.
—*F.*
swæe, iii.256/575, qu. perhaps flee.—*P.*
Sway (and fall).—*F.* In Stafford
and its vicinity *ay* is continually pro-
nounced like *æ*, e.g. *pes* for *pay*, *dee*
for *day*, *lee* for *lay*, *bull-baiting* for
bull-baiting, &c. At Newcastle, how-
ever, a few miles off, the very oppo-

SWE

site prevails, may for me, hay for he,
&c.—*V.*
swoeres, iii.58/54, squires
swoeuens, ii.228/13, dreams
swelt, iii.70/337, to die
swicke, ii.537/297; A.-S. *swican*, to de-
 ceive
swilled, i.73/278, shook
swire, ii.467/1482; iii.70/337, neck
swithe, i.102/314, quickly
swine, i.130/7, copulate with
art, ii.524, *scilicet*, namely

tables, take up *the*, iii.97/569
takells, iii.125/23, tackle, qu.
talke, iii.65/225
tame, ii.417/36, dead
tane, i.152/253, taken, come
tane sworne, i.192/289 (taken) sworn
tap, iii.297/47, top
taughe, iii.30/320, tough
teddar stakes, iii.283/185, tethering
 stakes
teemed, iii.221/144, A.-S. *teām*, issue,
 offspring, anything following in a
 row or team: *teāmian*, to produce,
 propagate
teone, i.153/274, A.-S. *teōna*, injury,
 wrong, insult; iii.83/192, vexation
teone, ii.471/1524, vex, trouble
teone, ii.92/336, ? for *keone*, as in l. 342,
 or *teen*, angry.—*Halliwel*
teenful, iii.68/174, full of injury, do-
 struction
teenously, i.321/88, grievedly
temporallic, i.96/161, lay lords
tenants to the booke, i.223/228, ? copy-
 holders
tent, ii.208/111, take charge of
tented, i.363/278, plugged up, dressed
tenting, i.363/283, plugging, dressing
tenting, i.187/139, tending, taking care
 of
tents, i.363/277, plugs of silk in wounds
ter, ii.466/1381, tar
thakked, ii.164, thwacked, beat
thee, ii.346/150, thrive
there, ii.424/213, where
therefore, iii.349/712, on that account
thick, iii.106/113, that
thinke, i.451/928, things, necessities
thinke, ii.425/238, fume, fret: cp.
thought, anxiety
tho, iii.28/263; 61/115; 108/175, then
tho, i.97/195, the, thrive

TOT

thoe, i.359/119, suffer
tholed, iii.56/1, qu. *tholedst*, sufferedst
thore, iii.22/68, there
thought, i.157/425, anxiety
thouse, ii.324/54, thou art
thoust, i.77/59, 81/27, 150/188-9, 168
 52, 187/130; ii.205/24, ii.218/16, 329
 /32, 331/102, 291/13-15 (3 times).
 thou shalt
thratt, ii.565/181, threatened
thraw, i.92/34, bold
thraw, ii.251/106, throe, pang
threape, ii.324/61, strive
threw, i.99/251, wriggled about
thrild, i.249/38; 250/54, knocked
thringe, iii.253/494, A.-S. *þringen*, to
 rush
throe, i.358/144, fierce; ii.75/461; iii.
 282/151; A.-S. *þrā*, bold
throstlecocke, i.121/19, thrush, merle
throw, i.463/1328, A.-S. *þrak*, time, space
throwe, ii.72/364, eager
thrub-chadler, i.66/123; *trub-chandler*.
 i.68/172, a tub or barrel? It may be
tuba ciadlaaigh, Irish, tub used in
 giving milk to calves.—*Brookie*. I
 have met with *trubchandlers*, but have
 searched for it now unsuccessfully. I
 take it to mean some kind of shallow
 tub, from *trub*, squat (v. *Littleton*) and
chandler, a kind of vessel used per-
 haps by candle-makers, a kind of vat,
 but I cannot in any dictionary I have
 here (about 100) find the word *chand-*
ler thus used.—*E. Viles*
thytill, ii.570/322, thwitle, knife
tike, i.30/66, dog, O.N. *tik*
tilden, i.216/91, pitched (tents)
tint, ii.490/2066, lost
tinge, i.192/272, bit
tipen, iii.64/194, dip
tise, i.440/587, entice
to, i.226/276, too
to-brast, ii.429/362, burst in pieces
toke[n]inge, i.461/1254, a token
too-too: excessively. See Mr. Halli-
 well's collection of examples in
 his edition of *The Marriage of Wit*
and Wisdom (Shakespeare Soc.) p. 71-6
toote, ii.535/235, to it, to fight
top (on a mast), i.302/60, and note
topcastle, iii.408/106. *Topcastles*, lodg-
 ings surrounding the mast head.—
Hal.
toting, ii.53/16; *tote*, to bulge out (Som-
 erset). large, fat (Glouc.)—*Halliwel*

TOT

tolorne, i.436/464, torn up
toward, ii.422/163, going on, that has happened
towne, ii.564/178, tone, the one?
trace, ii.579/531, ? proper step
traine, i.447/806, embryo. Comp. ordinary expr. "put in train" = "trained him on," provincial, and other like.
 —A.

traine, i.214/52, harass
traitorye, ii.218/7; 267/43, treachery
tranckled, i.62/33, went slowly
transpose, ii.60/52, transfigure
trauncell, ii.94/410, travail, childbearing
trattle, iii.133/142?
tree, ii.221/88, suffering
tree, ii.559/54, wood
treene, ii.181/1, wooden
trinde, ii.117/1073, tind, branch of a deer's antler
trothelesse, ii.240/45, untrusty
truce, take, ii.114/972
trumpetts, ii.474/1604, trumpeters
truncheon, i.356/57, a broken shaft (of a spear)
truse, iii.56/11, trusso, package
trusse, i.482/1931, pack
trustilie, i.149/155, faithfully
turke, i.91/14, and noto², a dwarf
turnamentrye, ii.342/41, tourneying
turtle, ii.81/21; 84/104, turtle-dove
twatling, ii.156/215, peddling, pottering
twinke, iii.339/461, a wink; see *Shak.*
Temp. Act i. Sc. 2.—V.
tydand, iii.217/36; 353/880, tidings
tydants, i.232/404, tidings
tyke, ii.541/407, tick, dog-louse
type, ii.293/70, ? separate
tyred, i.146/71, attired, dressed, adorned
tyte, i.458/1167, quickly

uglyest, iii.62/152, most fright-causing
vmstrode, ii.61/75, bestrode; iii.238/68.
 Umstrid, astride, astridlands. *Ray's Words not generally used*, 1674.—*Viles*
vnbethought, i.76/35; 177/62; 236/17, bethought
vncoth, i.367/405, unknown
uncouth, ii.378/991, strange
vnderthane, i.368/446, undertake
vndernome, i.477/1780, understood, perceived
vndight, i.150/178–9, undressed
vne, i.64/66, one

VIS

vnfaine, i.93/88 unfain, sorrowful
vnfolded, i.366/379, closed
vngracious, i.224/246, difficult of access
vnheld, ii.492/2130, open
unmackley, iii.11/133, ill-shapen, clumsy in appearance, *unmake like*. *Brocket's North Country Words.—Viles*
vnnethes, ii.478/1721, hardly, scarcely
unrid, iii.63/171, large.—*Halliwell*
vnryde, i.468/1501, "unrude, vile."—*Jamieson*
vnsett steuen, ii.386/1230, and note; ii.232/110; ii. 561/192, unappointed time
vnsett, i. 331/292, umsett, surrounded
vnskill, ii.558/41, senselessly
vnskillfullye, ii.560/84, without reason
vnsoughte, i.111/435, A.-S. *unseht*, unhappy
unsteake, iii.265/73, unfasten, open
untill, i.75/6, unto
vnyceld, ii.530/106, unwieldy?, or unyielding, stiff
upbraided with (for by), i.331/308
upon, i.185/83, to
upon, be, iii.129/53, cp. our "I'll be down upon you"
uttered, i.228/324, pulled

vai[r], you, 53/12, read "your vaines"
vacand, ii.545/523, empty
valoure, ii.422/168, worth
valours, ii.368/739, skill, worth
vaward, i.215/68, van, leading division of an army
venere, i.106/20, deer
venison, iii.13/165, all for his warryson, i.e. reward.—*P.*
ventale, ii.132/1498; *ventayle*, ii.478/1726, face armour of different shape and material to the visor.—*Planché*
venturer, i.308/216
verditt, i.155/351, verdict
verome, i.470/1535, (? randome, see 478/1820,) pace, rush; ? *gyrum*, circuit, veering.—*Brockie*
vew, ii.324/47, ?
vew-bow, i.58/103, yew-bow
veve, i.332, note⁶; *veiwe*, ii.230/59; iii.256/572, yew.—*Wilbraham's Cheshire Glossary*
vice, i.148/116, devices
vile, ii.462/1319, ? for "fole," numerous
vis, iii.78/51, ? MS., for *vus* or *us*, us
vised, i.447, taught, advised

VIS

visor, ii.478/1724
visulye, iii.58/45, fortè *winlye*, i.e. pleasantly, jucunda. Lye.—P. ? *viewlye*.—F.

waches, i.383/944, watchers
waile, i.163/615, weal
waite, ii.94/388, expected; *waiteth*, iii.67/250, is used for *waitest*; this agrees with *tholed* for *tholedst*, in l. 1.—Sk.
wake, iii.268/144, A.-S. *wæccan*, to watch
waken, ii.331/96, ? watching or waking
waleth, iii.69/296, afflicteth, A.-S. *welan*, to afflict, vex
walker, ii.306/53, fuller, whitener
walling, i.387/1057; ii.592/854, boiling, passionately. Walling = yelling, howling, jowling, bellowing, wailing, squalling, squealing. The root forms a component part of most languages.—*Brockie*
walts, iii.69/299, A.-S. *wæltan*, to roll, tumble
wanhope, i.445/739, despair
wappeth, iii.65/217, rusheth, fluttereth
war, iii.272/5, see note
warder, ii.241/65, a kind of truncheon or staff of command. See *Nares*
warle, i.146/59, weariness
warne, ii.107/779, A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of
warned, iii.67/269, forbade
warre, i.427/158, beat, drive
warre, i.429/207, A.-S. *werian*, to protect, defend
warre, ii.533/190, worse
warryson, ii.589/790, reward
warth, iii.66/248, to go
wary, iii.67/255, curse. I warrye, I banne or curse. *Je mauldis*. This is a farre northren terme.—*Palsgrave*
wate, i.227/287, clever, wise
waward, i.216/89, vanguard
wawe, ii.458/1184, wall, shelter
way, i.218/114, wight, man
wayes, i.229/331, men
way-gate, i.366/380; 374/648, by-going, passage
wayte, iii.68/287. Qu. *wate*, Scot. i.e. wott.—P.
wayted, iii.58/48, Old Fr. *gaiter*, to spy about
wed-bed, i.235/9, marriage-bed

WON

wed, i.384/952; *wedd*, *weed*, i.367/421 420, A.-S. *wed*, pledge
weede, i.99/234, garment, A.-S. *wæd*
weene, i.454/1024; 457/1144, doubt
weldded, i.148/112, possessed
weldeth, iii.56/13, governeth
wellaway, ii.52/6, lamentation
weme, ii.221/82, womb, circle
wend, iii.43/722, go
wend, iii.236/13; *wende*, i.447/812; *wenden*, i.456/1082, thought
wendes, i.462/1280, thinks
whales bone, ii.369/748; iii.20/16; iii.268/154, ivory
whall, ii.378/1012, walrus
whalles-bone, ii.342/23, ivory
what, ii.380/1070, why
what devill! ii.364/625; ii.588/795, what the devil! devil take you!
when, iii.64/196, wan
whether, i.469/1525, weather
whighest, i.23/77, nimblest
white, i.327/216, A.-S. *witan*, to blame
who, i.230/355, what or whose
who and that, rel. i.376, note °
whom, i.249/21, home
whore, i.327/214, hoar
whylye, iii.364/7, wilye
wight, i.386/1031, 387/1047, quick; i.331/287; iii.65/217, nimble
wightilye, ii.65/194, nimbly
wilfull, ii.231/95, wishful, desirous to know?
wilsome, ii.371/802; 558/36, wild, lonely
wince, ii.580/545, winche, kick
wininge, i.487/2091, woning, dwelling
winlye, iii.74/428, A.-S. *wynlice*, joyously
winne, iii.238/62, A.-S. *win*, pleasure
winne, iii.68/293, pleasant; iii.56/5, joyful
winne, i.178/78, get to
winne, iii.39/590, to go, to depart
wishe, i.481/1904, 482/1943, ii.548/608.
wisse, teach, instruct
withsay, i.373/590, deny, refuse
witt, i.152/238, know
witt, iii.61/120, to tell
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won, ii.564/175, wone, dwell
woning, i.164/632, dwelling

WOO

wood, iii.81/139, furious
woodhall, i.383/922, ? witwall or golden ouzle. *Loriot* (French) a Bird called a Wit-wal, Wood-pecker, or Green-finch.—*Phillips* 1671
woodweete, ii.228/5, wodewale, bryd *idem quod* reynefowle or wodehake (or no-thac. *Picus*) *et lucar*. Promptorium.
witwall, the great spotted woodpecker
woone, i.332/314, dwelling
woone, ii.537/313, win, get
woonen, i.441/605, dwell
wooninge, iii.26/191 ; 38/567, dwelling
wore, ii.533/196, worse
worme, ii.367/694, dragon
worth, i.122/note, col. 2 ; ii.89/255 ; 230/63, be to. A.-S. *weorþan*, to become, be
worthes, iii.56/9, goes
wracke, i.101/294, A.-S. *wrac*, vindictive punishment, mischief, evil
wrapp, iii.266/97, wrapper
wrath, i.485/2032, rathe, early
wreake, iii.44/758, revenge
wrecke, i.375/673, avenge
wright, i.425/94, iii.66/238, right
wrist, i.15/14, foot. In old Frisian, hand-wrist and foot-wrist occur, and the same use is found in Middle High German, &c. Ger. *riester* denotes both wrist and instep.—*Child*

ZEL

wriths, ii.223/135, twisted, took
wrocken, i.194/348 ; *wroken*, i.358/137 ; ii.228/12, revenged
wrought, i.70/205, rought, reached ; i.474/1672, seized
wrought, iii.65/215, troubled, wretched, Scot. *wraik*, to vex
wrucked, i.69/190, thrown up as wrack
wytterly, i.108/197, certainly

yare, i.452/948 ; 490/2193, ready
yare, i.95/138, before, A.-S. *ær*
yarne, ii.432/450 ; 439/631, nimbly, quickly
yate, i.356/65 ; ii.274/72,80, gate
yearded, i.234/419, earthed, dwelt
yearne, i.231/381, A.-S. *georn*, eager.
 "yearn" is, I rather think, *airn* = iron, from the Norse *jern*.—*Brockie*
yenders, i.153/282, afternoon's
yerne, iii.64/185, iron ?
yerning, ii.117/1067, running or yearning
yode, i.158/429 ; iii.40/619, 343/575, A.-S. *eódon*, went
youd, i.250/46, yode, went away
youst, ii.219/47, you will

zely, iii.368/3, A.-Sax. *salig*, happy. lucky, blessed, prosperous.—*Bosworth*



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Avallen, s. f. An apple tree. Cornish Vocab. *malus*. Nans *avallen*, the valley of apple trees; *nomen loci*. W. *avullen*, *aballen*. Arm. *avalen*. Cf. nom. loci in Gaul, *Aballona*.—Williams's *Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum*
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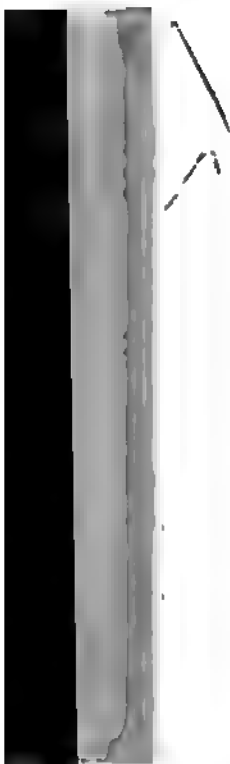
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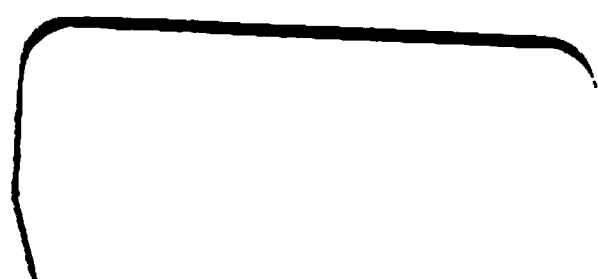
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